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WASHINGTON IRVING

VOL. X

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VOL. V.

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PREFACE.

THE present volume completes a work to which the author had long looked forward as the crowning effort of his literary career.

The idea of writing a life of Washington entered at an early day into his mind. It was especially pressed upon his attention nearly thirty years ago while he was in Europe, by a proposition of the late Mr. Archibald Constable, the eminent publisher of Edinburgh, and he resolved to undertake it as soon as he should return to the United States, and be within reach of the necessary documents. Various circumstances occurred to prevent him from carrying this resolution into prompt effect. It remained, however, a cherished purpose of his heart, which he has at length, though somewhat tardily, accomplished.

The manuscript for the present volume was nearly ready for the press some months since, but the author, by applying himself too closely in his eagerness to finish it, brought on a nervous indisposition, which unfitted

him for a time for the irksome but indispensable task of revision. In this he has been kindly assisted by his nephew, Pierre Munro Irving, who had previously aided him in the course of his necessary researches, and who now carefully collated the manuscript with the works, letters, and inedited documents from which the facts had been derived. He has likewise had the kindness to superintend the printing of the volume, and the correction of the proof sheets. Thus aided, the author is enabled to lay the volume before the public.

How far this, the last labor of his pen, may meet with general acceptation is with him a matter of hope rather than of confidence. He is conscious of his own shortcomings and of the splendid achievements of oratory of which the character of Washington has recently been made the theme. Grateful, however, for the kindly disposition which has greeted each successive volume, and with a profound sense of the indulgence he has experienced from the public through a long literary career, now extending through more than half a century, he resigns his last volume to its fate, with a feeling of satisfaction that he has at length reached the close of his task, and with the comforting assurance that it has been with him a labor of love, and as such has to a certain degree carried with it its own reward.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SUNNYSIDE, *April* 1859.

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LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

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CHAPTER I.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.—DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN RELATIONS.—WASHINGTON'S ANXIOUS POSITION.—ITS DIFFICULTIES.—WITHOUT CABINET OR CONSTITUTIONAL ADVISERS.—JOHN JAY.—HAMILTON.—HIS EFFICIENT SUPPORT OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THEORETIC DOUBTS.—JAMES MADISON.—KNOX.—HIS CHARACTERISTICS.

THE eyes of the world were upon Washington at the commencement of his administration. He had won laurels in the field; would they continue to flourish in the cabinet? His position was surrounded by difficulties. Inexperienced in the duties of civil administration, he was to inaugurate a new and untried system of government, composed of States and people, as yet a mere experiment, to which some looked forward with buoyant confidence,—many with doubt and apprehension.

He had moreover a high-spirited people to manage, in whom a jealous passion for freedom and independence had been strengthened by war, and who might bear with

impatience even the restraints of self-imposed government. The Constitution which he was to inaugurate had met with vehement opposition, when under discussion in the General and State governments. Only three States, New Jersey, Delaware, and Georgia, had accepted it unanimously. Several of the most important States had adopted it by a mere majority; five of them under an expressed expectation of specified amendments or modifications; while two States, Rhode Island and North Carolina, still stood aloof.

It is true, the irritation produced by the conflict of opinions in the general and State conventions, had, in a great measure subsided; but circumstances might occur to inflame it anew. A diversity of opinions still existed concerning the new government. Some feared that it would have too little control over the individual States: that the political connection would prove too weak to preserve order and prevent civil strife; others, that it would be too strong for their separate independence, and would tend toward consolidation and despotism.

The very extent of the country he was called upon to govern, ten times larger than that of any previous republic, must have pressed with weight upon Washington's mind. It presented to the Atlantic a front of fifteen hundred miles, divided into individual States, differing in the forms of their local governments, differing from each other in interests, in territorial magnitudes, in

amount of population, in manners, soils, climates and productions, and the characteristics of their several peoples.

Beyond the Alleghanies extended regions almost boundless, as yet for the most part wild and uncultivated, the asylum of roving Indians and restless, discontented white men. Vast tracts, however, were rapidly being peopled, and would soon be portioned into sections requiring local governments. The great natural outlet for the exportation of the products of this region of inexhaustible fertility, was the Mississippi; but Spain opposed a barrier to the free navigation of this river. Here was peculiar cause of solicitude. Before leaving Mount Vernon, Washington had heard that the hardy yeomanry of the far West were becoming impatient of this barrier, and indignant at the apparent indifference of Congress to their prayers for its removal. He had heard, moreover, that British emissaries were fostering these discontents, sowing the seeds of disaffection, and offering assistance to the Western people to seize on the city of New Orleans and fortify the mouth of the Mississippi; while, on the other hand, the Spanish authorities at New Orleans were represented as intriguing to effect a separation of the Western territory from the Union, with a view or hope of attaching it to the dominion of Spain.

Great Britain, too, was giving grounds for territorial solicitude in these distant quarters by retaining posses-

sion of the Western posts, the surrender of which had been stipulated by treaty. Her plea was, that debts due to British subjects, for which by the same treaty the United States were bound, remained unpaid. This the Americans alleged was a mere pretext: the real object of their retention being the monopoly of the fur trade; and to the mischievous influence exercised by these posts over the Indian tribes, was attributed much of the hostile disposition manifested by the latter along the Western frontier.

While these brooding causes of anxiety existed at home, the foreign commerce of the Union was on a most unsatisfactory footing, and required prompt and thorough attention. It was subject to maraud, even by the corsairs of Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, who captured American merchant vessels and carried their crews into slavery; no treaty having yet been made with any of the Barbary powers excepting Morocco.

To complete the perplexities which beset the new government, the finances of the country were in a lamentable state. There was no money in the treasury. The efforts of the former government to pay or fund its debts, had failed; there was a universal state of indebtedness, foreign and domestic, and public credit was prostrate.

Such was the condition of affairs when Washington entered upon his new field of action. He was painfully aware of the difficulties and dangers of an undertaking in which past history and past experience afforded nc

precedents. "I walk, as it were, on untrodden ground," said he; "so many untoward circumstances may intervene in such a new and critical situation, that I shall feel an insuperable diffidence in my own abilities. I feel in the execution of my arduous office, how much I shall stand in need of the countenance and aid of every friend to myself, of every friend to the Revolution, and of every lover of good government." *

As yet he was without the support of constitutional advisers, the departments under the new government not being organized; he could turn with confidence, however, for counsel in an emergency to John Jay, who still remained at the head of affairs, where he had been placed in 1784. He was sure of sympathy also in his old comrade, General Knox, who continued to officiate as Secretary of War; while the affairs of the treasury were managed by a board, consisting of Samuel Osgood, Walter Livingston, and Arthur Lee. Among the personal friends not in office, to whom Washington felt that he could safely have recourse for aid in initiating the new government, was Alexander Hamilton. It is true, many had their doubts of his sincere adhesion to it. In the Convention in Philadelphia, he had held up the British Constitution as a model to be approached as nearly as possible, by blending some of the advantages of monarchy with the republican form. The form finally adopted

* Letter to Edward Rutledge.

was too low-toned for him: he feared it might prove feeble and inefficient; but he voted for it as the best attainable, advocated it in the State Convention in New York, and in a series of essays, collectively known as "The Federalist," written conjunctively with Madison and Jay; and it was mainly through his efforts as a speaker and a writer that the Constitution was ultimately accepted. Still many considered him at heart a monarchist, and suspected him of being secretly bent upon bringing the existing government to the monarchical form. In this they did him injustice. He still continued, it is true, to doubt whether the republican theory would admit of a vigorous execution of the laws, but was clear that it ought to be adhered to as long as there was any chance for its success. "The idea of a perfect equality of political rights among the citizens, exclusive of all permanent or hereditary distinctions," had not hitherto, he thought, from an imperfect structure of the government, had a fair trial, and "was of a nature to engage the good wishes of every good man, whatever might be his theoretic doubts;" the endeavor, therefore, in his opinion, ought to be to give it "a better chance of success by a government more capable of energy and order." *

Washington, who knew and appreciated Hamilton's character, had implicit confidence in his sincerity, and

* Hamilton's *Writings*, iv. 273.

felt assured that he would loyally aid in carrying into effect the Constitution as adopted.

It was a great satisfaction to Washington, on looking round for reliable advisers at this moment, to see James Madison among the members of Congress; Madison, who had been with him in the convention, who had labored in the "Federalist," and whose talents as a speaker, and calm, dispassionate reasoner, whose extensive information and legislative experience, destined him to be a leader in the House. Highly appreciating his intellectual and moral worth, Washington would often turn to him for counsel. "I am troublesome," would he say, "but you must excuse me; ascribe it to friendship and confidence."

Knox, of whose sure sympathies we have spoken, was in strong contrast with the cool statesman just mentioned. His mind was ardent and active, his imagination vivid, as was his language. He had abandoned the military garb, but still maintained his soldier-like air. He was large in person, above the middle stature, with a full face, radiant and benignant, bespeaking his open, buoyant, generous nature. He had a sonorous voice, and sometimes talked rather grandly, flourishing his cane to give effect to his periods.* He was cordially appreciated by Washington, who had experienced his prompt and efficient talent in time of war, had considered him

* See Sullivan's *Letters on Public Characters*, p. 84.

one of the ablest officers of the Revolution, and now looked to him as an energetic man of business, capable of giving practical advice in time of peace, and cherished for him that strong feeling of ancient companionship in toil and danger, which bound the veterans of the Revolution firmly to each other.

CHAPTER II.

WASHINGTON'S PRIVACY BESET WITH VISITS OF COMPLIMENT.—QUERIES AS TO THE PROPER LINE OF CONDUCT IN HIS PRESIDENTIAL INTERCOURSE.—OPINIONS OF ADAMS AND HAMILTON.—JEFFERSON AS TO THE AUTHORS OF THE MINOR FORMS AND CEREMONIES.—HIS WHIMSICAL ANECDOTE OF THE FIRST LEVEE.—INAUGURAL BALL.

THE moment the inauguration was over Washington was made to perceive that he was no longer master of himself or of his home. "By the time I had done breakfast," writes he, "and thence till dinner, and afterwards till bed-time, I could not get rid of the ceremony of one visit before I had to attend to another. In a word, I had no leisure to read or to answer the despatches that were pouring in upon me from all quarters."

How was he to be protected from these intrusions? In his former capacity as commander-in-chief of the armies, his head-quarters had been guarded by sentinels and military etiquette; but what was to guard the privacy of a popular chief magistrate?

What, too, were to be the forms and ceremonials to be adopted in the presidential mansion, that would

maintain the dignity of his station, allow him time for the performance of its official duties, and yet be in harmony with the temper and feelings of the people, and the prevalent notions of equality and republican simplicity?

The conflict of opinions that had already occurred as to the form and title by which the President was to be addressed, had made him aware that every step at the outset of his career would be subject to scrutiny, perhaps cavil, and might hereafter be cited as a precedent. Looking round, therefore, upon the able men at hand, such as Adams, Hamilton, Jay, Madison, he propounded to them a series of questions as to a line of conduct proper for him to observe.

In regard to visitors, for instance, would not one day in the week be sufficient for visits of compliment, and one hour every morning (at eight o'clock for example) for visits on business?

Might he make social visits to acquaintances and public characters, not as President, but as private individual? And then as to his table—under the preceding form of government, the Presidents of Congress had been accustomed to give dinners twice a week to large parties of both sexes, and invitations had been so indiscriminate, that every one who could get introduced to the President conceived he had a right to be invited to his board. The table was, therefore, always crowded with a mixed company; yet, as it was in the nature of things impractica-

ble to invite everybody, as many offenses were given as if no table had been kept.

Washington was resolved not to give general entertainments of this kind, but in his series of questions he asked whether he might not invite, informally or otherwise, six, eight, or ten official characters, including in rotation the members of both Houses of Congress, to dine with him on the days fixed for receiving company, without exciting clamors in the rest of the community.

Adams in his reply talked of chamberlains, aides-de-camp, masters of ceremony, and evinced a high idea of the presidential office, and the state with which it ought to be maintained. "The office," writes he, "by its legal authority defined in the Constitution, has no equal in the world excepting those only which are held by crowned heads; nor is the royal authority in all cases to be compared to it. The royal office in Poland is a mere shadow in comparison with it. The Dogeship in Venice, and the Stadtholdership in Holland, are not so much — neither dignity nor authority can be supported in human minds, collected into nations or any great numbers, without a splendor and majesty in some degree proportioned to them. The sending and receiving ambassadors is one of the most splendid and important prerogatives of sovereigns, absolute or limited, and this in our Constitution is wholly in the President. If the state and pomp essential to this great department are not in a good degree

preserved, it will be in vain for America to hope for consideration with foreign powers." *

According to Mr. Adams, two days in a week would be required for the receipt of visits of compliment. Persons desiring an interview with the President should make application through the minister of state. In every case the name, quality or business of the visitor should be communicated to a chamberlain or gentleman in waiting, who should judge whom to admit, and whom to exclude. The time for receiving visits ought to be limited, as for example, from eight to nine or ten o'clock, lest the whole morning be taken up. The President might invite what official character, members of Congress, strangers, or citizens of distinction he pleased, in small parties without exciting clamors; but this should always be done without formality. His private life should be at his own discretion, as to giving or receiving informal visits among friends and acquaintances; but in his official character, he should have no intercourse with society but upon public business, or at his levees. Adams, in the conclusion of his reply, ingenuously confessed that his long residence abroad might have impressed him with views of things incompatible with the present temper and feelings of his fellow-citizens; and Jefferson seems to have been heartily of the same opinion, for speaking of Adams in his *Anas*, he observes that "the glare of royalty and nobility,

* *Life and Works of John Adams*, vol. viii. p. 943.

during his mission to England, had made him believe their fascination a necessary ingredient in government."* Hamilton, in his reply, while he considered it a primary object for the public good, that the dignity of the presidential office should be supported, advised that care should be taken to avoid so high a tone in the demeanor of the occupant, as to shock the prevalent notions of equality.

The President, he thought, should hold a levee at a fixed time once a week, remain half an hour, converse cursorily on indifferent subjects with such persons as invited his attention, and then retire.

He should accept no invitations, give formal entertainments twice, or at most, four times in the year; if twice, on the anniversaries of the declaration of independence and of his inauguration: if four times, the anniversary of the treaty of alliance with France and that of the definitive treaty with Great Britain to be added.

The President on levee days to give informal invitations to family dinners; not more than six or eight to be asked at a time, and the civility to be confined essentially to members of the legislature, and other official characters—the President never to remain long at table.

The heads of departments should, of course, have access to the President on business. Foreign ministers of some descriptions should also be entitled to it. "In

* Jefferson's *Works*, ix. 97.

Europe, I am informed," writes Hamilton, "ambassadors only have direct access to the chief magistrate. Something very near what prevails there would, in my opinion, be right. The distinction of rank between diplomatic characters requires attention, and the door of access ought not to be too wide to that class of persons. I have thought that the members of the Senate should also have a right of *individual* access on matters relative to the *public administration.* In England and France peers of the realm have this right. We have none such in this country, but I believe it will be satisfactory to the people to know that there is some body of men in the State who have a right of continual communication with the President. It will be considered a safeguard against secret combinations to deceive him." *

The reason alleged by Hamilton for giving the Senate this privilege, and not the Representatives, was, that in the Constitution "the Senate are coupled with the President in certain executive functions, treaties, and appointments. This makes them in a degree his constitutional counsellors, and gives them a peculiar claim to the right of access."

These are the only written replies that we have before us of Washington's advisers on this subject.

Colonel Humphreys, formerly one of Washington's aides-de-camp, and recently secretary of Jefferson's lega-

* Hamilton's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 3.

tion at Paris, was at present an inmate in the Presidential mansion. General Knox was frequently there; to these Jefferson assures us, on Washington's authority, was assigned the task of considering and prescribing the minor forms and ceremonies, the etiquette, in fact, to be observed on public occasions. Some of the forms proposed by them, he adds, were adopted. Others were so highly strained that Washington absolutely rejected them. Knox was no favorite with Jefferson, who had no sympathies with the veteran soldier, and styles him "a man of parade," and Humphreys, he appears to think captivated by the ceremonials of foreign courts. He gives a whimsical account, which he had at a second or third hand, of the first levee. An antechamber and presence room were provided, and, when those who were to pay their court were assembled, the President set out, preceded by Humphreys. After passing through the antechamber, the door of the inner room was thrown open, and Humphreys entered first, calling out with a loud voice, "The President of the United States." The President was so much disconcerted with it that he did not recover in the whole time of the levee, and, when the company was gone, he said to Humphreys, "Well, you have taken me in once, but by —, you shall never take me in a second time."

This anecdote is to be taken with caution, for Jefferson was disposed to receive any report that placed the forms adopted in a disparaging point of view.

He gives in his Ana a still more whimsical account on the authority of "a Mr. Brown," of the ceremonials at an inauguration ball at which Washington and Mrs. Washington presided in almost regal style. As it has been proved to be entirely incorrect, we have not deemed it worthy an insertion. A splendid ball was in fact given at the Assembly Rooms, and another by the French Minister, the Count de Moustier, at both of which Washington was present and danced; but Mrs. Washington was not at either of them, not being yet arrived, and on neither occasion were any mock regal ceremonials observed. Washington was the last man that would have tolerated anything of the kind. Our next chapter will show the almost casual manner in which the simple formalities of his republican court originated.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNEY OF MRS. WASHINGTON TO NEW YORK.—HONORS PAID HER IN HER PROGRESS.—RECEPTIONS AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—THE PRESIDENT'S EQUIPAGE.

N the 17th of May, Mrs. Washington, accompanied by her grandchildren, Eleanor Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, set out from Mount Vernon in her travelling carriage with a small escort of horse, to join her husband at the seat of government, as she had been accustomed to join him at head-quarters, in the intervals of his Revolutionary campaigns.

Throughout the journey she was greeted with public testimonials of respect and affection. As she approached Philadelphia, the President of Pennsylvania and other of the State functionaries, with a number of the principal inhabitants of both sexes, came forth to meet her, and she was attended into the city by a numerous cavalcade, and welcomed with the ringing of bells and firing of cannon.

Similar honors were paid her in her progress through New Jersey. At Elizabethtown she alighted at the resi-

dence of Governor Livingston, whither Washington came from New York to meet her. They proceeded thence by water, in the same splendid barge in which the general had been conveyed for his inauguration. It was manned, as on that occasion, by thirteen master pilots, arrayed in white, and had several persons of note on board. There was a salute of thirteen guns as the barge passed the Battery at New York. The landing took place at Peck Slip, not far from the presidential residence, amid the enthusiastic cheers of an immense multitude.

On the following day, Washington gave a demi-official dinner, of which Mr. Wingate, a senator from New Hampshire, who was present, writes as follows: "The guests consisted of the Vice-President, the foreign ministers, the heads of departments, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, and the Senators from New Hampshire and Georgia, the then most Northern and Southern States. It was the least showy dinner that I ever saw at the President's table, and the company was not large. As there was no chaplain present, the President himself said a very short grace as he was sitting down. After dinner and dessert were finished, *one glass* of wine was passed around the table, and *no toast.* The President rose, and all the company retired to the drawing-room, from which the guests departed as every one chose, without ceremony."

On the evening of the following day (Friday, May

29th), Mrs. Washington had a general reception, which was attended by all that was distinguished in official and fashionable society. Henceforward there were similar receptions every Friday evening, from eight to ten o'clock, to which the families of all persons of respectability, native or foreign, had access, without special invitation; and at which the President was always present. These assemblages were as free from ostentation and restraint as the ordinary receptions of polite society; yet the reader will find they were soon subject to invidious misrepresentation; and cavilled at as "court-like levees" and "queenly drawing-rooms."

Beside these public receptions, the presidential family had its private circle of social intimacy; the President, moreover, was always ready to receive visits by appointment on public or private business.

The sanctity and quiet of Sunday were strictly observed by Washington. He attended church in the morning, and passed the afternoon alone in his closet. No visitors were admitted, excepting perhaps an intimate friend in the evening, which was spent by him in the bosom of his family.

The household establishment was conducted on an ample and dignified scale, but without ostentation, and regulated with characteristic system and exactness. Samuel Fraunces, once landlord of the City Tavern in Broad street, where Washington took leave of the officers of the army in 1783, was now steward of the presidential house-

hold. He was required to render a weekly statement of receipts and expenditures, and warned to guard against waste and extravagance. "We are happy to inform our readers," says Fenno's "Gazette" of the day, "that the President is determined to pursue that system of regularity and economy in his household which has always marked his public and private life."

In regard to the deportment of Washington at this juncture, we have been informed by one who had opportunities of seeing him, that he still retained a military air of command which had become habitual to him. At levees and drawing-rooms he sometimes appeared cold and distant, but this was attributed by those who best knew him to the novelty of his position and his innate diffidence, which seemed to increase with the light which his renown shed about him. Though reserved at times, his reserve had nothing repulsive in it, and in social intercourse, where he was no longer under the eye of critical supervision, soon gave way to soldier-like frankness and cordiality. At all times his courtesy was genuine and benignant, and totally free from that stately condescension sometimes mistaken for politeness. Nothing, we are told, could surpass the noble grace with which he presided at a ceremonial dinner; kindly attentive to all his guests, but particularly attentive to put those at their ease and in a favorable light, who appeared to be most diffident.

As to Mrs. Washington, those who really knew her

at the time, speak of her as free from pretension or affectation; undazzled by her position, and discharging its duties with the truthful simplicity and real good-breeding of one accustomed to preside over a hospitable mansion in the "Ancient Dominion." She had her husband's predilection for private life. In a letter to an intimate she writes: "It is owing to the kindness of our numerous friends in all quarters that my new and unwished for situation is not indeed a burden to me. When I was much younger, I should probably have enjoyed the innocent gayeties of life as much as most persons of my age; but I had long since placed all the prospects of my future worldly happiness in the still enjoyments of the fireside at Mount Vernon.

"I little thought, when the war was finished, that any circumstances could possibly happen, which would call the general into public life again. I had anticipated that from that moment we should be suffered to grow old together in solitude and tranquillity. That was the first and dearest wish of my heart." *

Much has been said of Washington's equipages, when at New York, and of his having four, and sometimes six horses before his carriage, with servants and outriders in rich livery. Such style, we would premise, was usual at the time both in England and the colonies, and had been occasionally maintained by the Continental dignitaries,

* Quoted in a note to Sparks, p. 422.

and by governors of the several States, prior to the adoption of the new Constitution. It was still prevalent, we are told, among the wealthy planters of the South, and sometimes adopted by "merchant princes" and rich individuals at the North. It does not appear, however, that Washington ever indulged in it through ostentation. When he repaired to the Hall of Congress, at his inauguration, he was drawn by a single pair of horses in a chariot presented for the occasion, on the panels of which were emblazoned the arms of the United States.

Besides this modest equipage there was the ample family carriage which had been brought from Virginia. To this four horses were put when the family drove out into the country, the state of the roads in those days requiring it. For the same reason six horses were put to the same vehicle on journeys, and once on a state occasion. If there was anything he was likely to take a pride in, it was horses; he was passionately fond of that noble animal, and mention is occasionally made of four white horses of great beauty which he owned while in New York.* His favorite exercise when the weather

* For some of these particulars concerning Washington we are indebted to the late William A. Duer, president of Columbia College, who in his boyhood was frequently in the President's house, playmate of young Custis, Mrs. Washington's grandson.

Washington's Residences in New York.—The first presidential residence was at the junction of Pearl and Cherry streets, Franklin square. At the end of about a year, the President removed to the house on the west

permitted it was on horseback, accompanied by one or more of the members of his household, and he was noted always for being admirably mounted, and one of the best horsemen of his day.

side of Broadway, near Rector street, afterwards known as Bunker's Mansion House. Both of these buildings have disappeared, in the course of modern "improvements."

CHAPTER IV.

ALARMING ILLNESS OF THE PRESIDENT.—THE SENATE REJECTS ONE OF HIS NOMINATIONS.—HIS SENSITIVE VINDICATION OF IT.—DEATH OF HIS MOTHER.—HER CHARACTER.—THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENTS INSTITUTED.—SELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR THE TREASURY AND WAR DEPARTMENTS.—HAMILTON INSTRUCTED TO REPORT A FINANCIAL PLAN AT THE NEXT SESSION OF CONGRESS.—ARRANGEMENT OF THE JUDICIARY DEPARTMENT.—EDMUND RANDOLPH.—ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—ITS CHARACTER, BY FISHER AMES.

S soon as Washington could command sufficient leisure to inspect papers and documents, he called unofficially upon the heads of departments to furnish him with such reports in writing as would aid him in gaining a distinct idea of the state of public affairs. For this purpose also he had recourse to the public archives, and proceeded to make notes of the foreign official correspondence from the close of the war until his inauguration. He was interrupted in his task by a virulent attack of anthrax, which for several days threatened mortification. The knowledge of his perilous condition spread alarm through the community; he, however, remained unagitated. His medical adviser was Dr. Samuel Bard, of New York, an excellent physician and most estimable man, who attended him with unre-

mitting assiduity. Being alone one day with the doctor, Washington regarded him steadily, and asked his candid opinion as to the probable result of his case. "Do not flatter me with vain hopes," said he, with placid firmness; "I am not afraid to die, and therefore can bear the worst." The doctor expressed hope, but owned that he had apprehensions. "Whether to-night or twenty years hence, makes no difference," observed Washington. "I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence." His sufferings were intense, and his recovery very slow. For six weeks he was obliged to lie on his right side; but after a time he had his carriage so contrived that he could extend himself at full length in it, and take exercise in the open air.

While rendered morbidly sensitive by bodily pain, he suffered deep annoyance from having one of his earliest nominations, that of Benjamin Fishburn, for the place of naval officer of the port of Savannah, rejected by the Senate.

If there was anything in which Washington was scrupulously conscientious, it was in the exercise of the nominating power; scrutinizing the fitness of candidates; their comparative claims on account of public services and sacrifices, and with regard to the equable distribution of offices among the States; in all which he governed himself solely by considerations for the public good. He was especially scrupulous where his own friends and connections were concerned. "So far as I know my own

mind," would he say, "I would not be in the remotest degree influenced in making nominations by motives arising from the ties of family or blood."

He was principally hurt in the present instance by the want of deference on the part of the Senate, in assigning no reason for rejecting his nomination of Mr. Fishburn. He acquiesced, however, in the rejection; and forthwith sent in the name of another candidate; but at the same time administered a temperate and dignified rebuke. "Whatever may have been the reasons which induced your dissent," writes he to the Senate, "I am persuaded that they were such as you deemed sufficient. Permit me to submit to your consideration, whether, on occasions where the propriety of nominations appears questionable to you, it would not be expedient to communicate that circumstance to me, and thereby avail yourselves of the information which led me to make them, and which I would with pleasure lay before you. Probably my reasons for nominating Mr. Fishburn may tend to show that such a mode of proceeding, in such cases, might be useful. I will therefore detail them."

He then proceeds to state, that Colonel Fishburn had served under his own eye with reputation as an officer and a gentleman; had distinguished himself at the storming of Stony Point; had repeatedly been elected to the Assembly of Georgia as a representative from Chatham County, in which Savannah was situated; had been elected by the officers of the militia of that county Lieu-

tenant-colonel of the militia of the district; had been member of the Executive Council of the State, and president of the same; had been appointed by the Council to an office which he actually held, in the port of Savannah nearly similar to that for which Washington had nominated him.

"It appeared therefore to me," adds Washington, "that Mr. Fishburn must have enjoyed the *confidence* of the militia officers in order to have been elected to a military rank—the *confidence* of the freemen, to have been elected to the Assembly—the *confidence* of the Assembly to have been selected for the Council, and the *confidence* of the Council, to have been appointed collector of the port of Savannah."

We give this letter in some detail, as relating to the only instance in which a nomination by Washington was rejected. The reasons of the Senate for rejecting it do not appear. They seem to have felt his rebuke, for the nomination last made by him was instantly confirmed.

While yet in a state of convalescence, Washington received intelligence of the death of his mother. The event, which took place at Fredericksburg in Virginia, on the 25th of August, was not unexpected; she was eighty-two years of age, and had for some time been sinking under an incurable malady, so that when he last parted with her he had apprehended that it was a final separation. Still he was deeply affected by the intelligence; consoling himself, however, with the reflection

that "Heaven had spared her to an age beyond which few attain; had favored her with the full enjoyment of her mental faculties, and as much bodily health as usually falls to the lot of fourscore."

Mrs. Mary Washington is represented as a woman of strong plain sense, strict integrity, and an inflexible spirit of command. We have mentioned the exemplary manner in which she, a lone widow, had trained her little flock in their childhood. The deference for her, then instilled into their minds, continued throughout life, and was manifested by Washington when at the height of his power and reputation. Eminently practical, she had thwarted his military aspirings when he was about to seek honor in the British navy. During his early and disastrous campaigns on the frontier, she would often shake her head and exclaim, "Ah, George had better have staid at home and cultivated his farm." Even his ultimate success and renown had never dazzled, however much they may have gratified her. When others congratulated her, and were enthusiastic in his praise, she listened in silence, and would temperately reply that he had been a good son, and she believed he had done his duty as a man.

Hitherto the new government had not been properly organized, but its several duties had been performed by the officers who had them in charge at the time of Washington's inauguration. It was not until the 10th of September that laws were passed instituting a department of Foreign Affairs (afterwards termed Department of State),

a Treasury department, and a department of War, and fixing their respective salaries. On the following day, Washington nominated General Knox to the Department of War, the duties of which that officer had hitherto discharged.

The post of Secretary of the Treasury was one of far greater importance at the present moment. It was a time of financial exigency. As yet no statistical account of the country had been attempted; its fiscal resources were wholly unknown; its credit was almost annihilated, for it was obliged to borrow money even to pay the interest of its debts.

We have already quoted the language held by Washington in regard to this state of things before he had assumed the direction of affairs. "My endeavors shall be unremittingly exerted, even at the hazard of former fame, or present popularity, to extricate my country from the embarrassments in which it is entangled through want of credit."

Under all these circumstances, and to carry out these views, he needed an able and zealous coadjutor in the Treasury Department; one equally solicitous with himself on the points in question, and more prepared upon them by financial studies and investigations than he could pretend to be. Such a person he considered Alexander Hamilton, whom he nominated as Secretary of the Treasury, and whose qualifications for the office were so well understood by the Senate that his nomination was confirmed on the same day on which it was made.

Within a few days after Hamilton's appointment, the House of Representatives (September 21), acting upon the policy so ardently desired by Washington, passed a resolution, declaring their opinion of the high importance to the honor and prosperity of the United States, that an adequate provision should be made for the support of public credit; and instructing the Secretary of the Treasury to prepare a plan for the purpose, and report it at their next session.

The arrangement of the judicial department was one of Washington's earliest cares. On the 27th of September, he wrote unofficially to Edmund Randolph, of Virginia, informing him that he had nominated him Attorney-general of the United States, and would be highly gratified with his acceptance of that office. Some old recollections of the camp and of the early days of the Revolution, may have been at the bottom of this goodwill, for Randolph had joined the army at Cambridge in 1775, and acted for a time as aide-de-camp to Washington in place of Mifflin. He had since gained experience in legislative business as member of Congress, from 1779 to 1782, governor of Virginia in 1786, and delegate to the convention in 1787. In the discussions of that celebrated body, he had been opposed to a single executive, professing to discern in the unity of that power the "fœtus of monarchy;" and preferring an executive consisting of three; whereas, in the opinion of others, this plural executive would be "a kind of Cerberus with three

heads." Like Madison, he had disapproved of the equality of suffrage in the Senate, and been, moreover, of opinion, that the President should be ineligible to office after a given number of years.

Dissatisfied with some of the provisions of the Constitution as adopted, he had refused to sign it; but had afterward supported it in the State Convention of Virginia. As we recollect him many years afterward, his appearance and address were dignified and prepossessing; he had an expressive countenance, a beaming eye, and somewhat of the *ore rotundo* in speaking. Randolph promptly accepted the nomination, but did not take his seat in the cabinet until some months after Knox and Hamilton.

By the judicial system established for the Federal Government, the Supreme Court of the United States was to be composed of a chief justice and five associate judges. There were to be district courts with a judge in each State, and circuit courts held by an associate judge and a district judge. John Jay, of New York, received the appointment of Chief Justice, and in a letter inclosing his commission, Washington expressed the singular pleasure he felt in addressing him "as the head of that department which must be considered as the keystone of our political fabric."

Jay's associate judges were, John Rutledge of South Carolina, James Wilson of Pennsylvania, William Cushing of Massachusetts, John Blair of Virginia, and James

Iredell of North Carolina. Washington had originally nominated to one of the judgeships his former military secretary, Robert Harrison, familiarly known as *the old Secretary ;* but he preferred the office of chancellor of Maryland, recently conferred upon him.

On the 29th of September, Congress adjourned to the first Monday in January, after an arduous session, in which many important questions had been discussed, and powers organized and distributed. The actual Congress was inferior in eloquence and shining talent to the first Congress of the Revolution ; but it possessed men well fitted for the momentous work before them ; sober, solid, upright, and well informed. An admirable harmony had prevailed between the legislature and the executive, and the utmost decorum had reigned over the public deliberations.

Fisher Ames, then a young man, who had acquired a brilliant reputation in Massachusetts by the eloquence with which he had championed the new Constitution in the convention of that important State, and who had recently been elected to Congress, speaks of it in the following terms : "I have never seen an assembly where so little art was used. If they wish to carry a point, it is directly declared and justified. Its merits and defects are plainly stated, not without sophistry and prejudice, but without management. . . . . There is no intrigue, no caucusing, little of clanning together, little asperity in debate, or personal bitterness out of the House."

CHAPTER V.

THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE STILL WITHOUT A HEAD.—SKETCH OF JEFFERSON'S CHARACTER AND OPINIONS.—DEEPLY IMMERSED IN FRENCH POLITICS AT PARIS.—GOUVERNEUR MORRIS ABROAD.—CONTRAST OF HIS AND JEFFERSON'S VIEWS OF THE FRENCH CRISIS.—NEWS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION IN AMERICA.—POPULAR EXCITEMENT.—WASHINGTON'S CAUTIOUS OPINION ON THE SUBJECT.—HAMILTON'S APPREHENSIVE VIEW.—JEFFERSON OFFERED A PLACE IN THE CABINET AS SECRETARY OF STATE.

HE cabinet was still incomplete, the department of foreign affairs, or rather of State, as it was now called, was yet to be supplied with a head. John Jay would have received the nomination had he not preferred the bench. Washington next thought of Thomas Jefferson, who had so long filled the post of minister plenipotentiary at the Court of Versailles, but had recently solicited and obtained permission to return, for a few months, to the United States for the purpose of placing his children among their friends in their native country, and of arranging his private affairs, which had suffered from his protracted absence. And here we will venture a few particulars concerning this eminent statesman, introductory to the important influence he was to exercise on national affairs.

His political principles as a democratic republican, had been avowed at an early date in his draft of the Declaration of Independence, and subsequently in the successful war which he made upon the old cavalier traditions of his native State, its laws of entails and primogeniture, and its church establishment — a war which broke down the hereditary fortunes and hereditary families, and put an end to the hereditary aristocracy of the Ancient Dominion.

Being sent to Paris as minister plenipotentiary a year or two after the peace, he arrived there, as he says "when the American Revolution seemed to have awakened the thinking part of the French nation from the sleep of despotism in which they had been sunk."

Carrying with him his republican principles and zeal, his house became the resort of Lafayette and others of the French officers who had served in the American Revolution. They were mostly, he said, young men little shackled by habits and prejudices, and had come back with new ideas and new impressions which began to be disseminated by the press and in conversation. Politics became the theme of all societies, male and female, and a very extensive and zealous party was formed which acquired the appellation of the Patriot Party, who, sensible of the abuses of the government under which they lived, sighed for occasions of reforming it. "This party," writes Jefferson, "comprehended all the honesty of the kingdom sufficiently at leisure to think, the men of let-

ters, the easy bourgeois, the young nobility, partly from reflection, partly from the mode; for these sentiments became matter of mode, and, as such, united most of the young women to the party."

By this party Jefferson was considered high authority from his republican principles and experience, and his advice was continually sought in the great effort for political reform which was daily growing stronger and stronger. His absence in Europe had prevented his taking part in the debates on the new Constitution, but he had exercised his influence through his correspondence. "I expressed freely," writes he, "in letters to my friends, and most particularly to Mr. Madison and General Washington, my approbations and objections." * What those approbations and objections were appears by the following citations, which are important to be kept in mind as illustrating his after conduct:—

"I approved, from the first moment, of the great mass of what is in the new Constitution, the consolidation of the government, the organization into executive, legislative, and judiciary; the subdivision of the legislature, the happy compromise of the interests between the great and little States, by the different manner of voting in the different Houses, the voting by persons instead of States, the qualified negative on laws given to the executive, which, however, I should have liked better

* Autobiography, *Works*, i. 79.

if associated with the judiciary also, as in New York, and the power of taxation: what I disapproved from the first moment, was the want of a Bill of Rights to guard liberty against the legislative as well as against the executive branches of the government; that is to say, to secure freedom of religion, freedom of the press, freedom from monopolies, freedom from unlawful imprisonment, freedom from a permanent military, and a trial by jury in all cases determinable by the laws of the land."

What he greatly objected to was the perpetual reëligibility of the President. "This, I fear," said he, "will make that an office for life, first, and then hereditary. I was much an enemy to monarchies before I came to Europe, and am ten thousand times more so since I have seen what they are. There is scarcely an evil known in these countries which may not be traced to their king as its source, nor a good which is not derived from the small fibres of republicanism existing among them. I can further say, with safety, there is not a crowned head in Europe whose talents or merits would entitle him to be elected a vestryman by the people of any parish in America." *

In short, such a horror had he imbibed of kingly rule, that, in a familiar letter to Colonel Humphreys, who had been his secretary of legation, he gives it as the duty of our young republic "to besiege the throne of heaven with

* Letter to Washington, May 2, 1788. *Works*, ii. 375.

eternal prayers to extirpate from creation this class of human lions, tigers, and mammoths, called kings, from whom, let him perish who does not say, 'Good Lord, deliver us!'"

Jefferson's political fervor occasionally tended to exaltation, but it was genuine. In his excited state he regarded with quick suspicion everything in his own country that appeared to him to have a regal tendency. His sensitiveness had been awakened by the debates in Congress as to the title to be given to the President, whether or not he should be addressed as His Highness; and had been relieved by the decision that he was to have no title but that of office, namely, President of the United States. "I hope," said Jefferson, "the terms of Excellency, Honor, Worship, Esquire, forever disappear from among us from that moment. I wish that of Mr. would follow them." *

With regard to the reëligibility of the President, his anxiety was quieted for the present, by the elevation of Washington to the presidential chair. "Since the thing [reëligibility] is established," writes he, "I would wish it not to be altered during the lifetime of our great leader, whose executive talents are superior to those, I believe, of any man in the world, and who, alone, by the authority of his name, and the confidence reposed in his perfect integrity, is fully qualified to put the new govern-

* Letter to Mr. Carmichael. *Works*, iii. 88.

ment so under way as to secure it against the efforts of opposition. But, having derived from our error all the good there was in it, I hope we shall correct it the moment we can no longer have the same name at the helm." *

Jefferson, at the time of which we are speaking, was, as we have shown, deeply immersed in French politics and interested in the success of the "Patriot Party," in its efforts to reform the country. His despatches to government all proved how strongly he was on the side of the people. "He considered a successful reformation in France as insuring a general reformation throughout Europe, and the resurrection to a new life of their people now ground to dust by the abuses of the governing powers."

Gouverneur Morris, who was at that time in Paris on private business, gives a different view of the state of things produced by the Patriot Party. Morris had arrived in Paris on the 3d of February, 1789, furnished by Washington with letters of introduction to persons in England, France, and Holland. His brilliant talents, ready conversational powers, easy confidence in society, and striking aristocratical appearance, had given him great currency, especially in the court party and among the ancient nobility, in which direction his tastes most inclined. He had renewed his intimacy with Lafayette

* Letter to F. Hopkinson. *Works*, ii. 587.

whom he found "full of politics," but "too republican for the genius of his country."

In a letter to the French Minister, residing in New York, Morris writes on the 23d of February, 1789: "Your nation is now in a most important crisis, and the great question—shall we hereafter have a constitution, or shall will continue to be law—employs every mind and agitates every heart in France. Even voluptuousness itself rises from its couch of roses and looks anxiously abroad at the busy scene to which nothing can now be indifferent.

"Your nobles, your clergy, your people, are all in motion for the elections. A spirit which has been dormant for generations starts up and stares about, ignorant of the means of obtaining, but ardently desirous to possess its object—consequently active, energetic, easily led, but also easily, too easily, misled. Such is the instinctive love of freedom which now grows warm in the bosom of your country."

When the king was constrained by the popular voice to convene the States General at Versailles for the purpose of discussing measures of reform, Jefferson was a constant attendant upon the debates of that body. "I was much acquainted with the leading patriots of the Assembly," writes he, "being from a country which had successfully passed through similar reform; they were disposed to my acquaintance and had some confidence in me. I urged most strenuously an immediate compromise to secure what the government was now ready to yield.

and trust to future occasions for what might still be wanting."

The "leading patriots" here spoken of, were chiefly the deputies from Brittany, who, with others, formed an association called the Breton Club, to watch the matters debated in Parliament and shape the course of affairs.

Morris, speaking of Jefferson at this juncture, observes, "He and I differ in our system of politics. He, with all the leaders of liberty here is desirous of annihilating distinctions of order. How far such views may be right, respecting mankind in general, is, I think, extremely problematical. But, with respect to this nation, I am sure it is wrong and cannot eventuate well." *

Jefferson, in a letter to Thomas Paine (July 11), giving some account of the proceedings of the States General, observes, "The National Assembly (for that is the name they take) having shown, through every stage of these transactions, a coolness, wisdom, and resolution to set fire to the four corners of the kingdom, and to perish with it themselves rather than to relinquish an iota from their plan of a total change of government, are now in complete and undisputed possession of the Sovereignty. The executive and aristocracy are at their feet; the mass of the nation, the mass of the clergy, and the army are with them; they have prostrated the old government, and are now beginning to build one from the foundation."

* *Life of G. Morris*, i. 313.

It was but three days after the date of this letter that the people of Paris rose in their might, plundered the arsenal of the Invalides, furnished themselves with arms, stormed the Bastile; and a national guard, formed of the Bourgeoisie, with the tricolored cockade for an emblem and Lafayette as commander, took Paris under its protection.

Information of these events was given at midnight to the king at Versailles by Rochefoucauld-Liancourt. "It is a revolt," exclaimed the king. "Sire," replied Liancourt, "*it is a revolution!*"

Jefferson, in his despatches to government, spoke with admiration of the conduct of the people throughout the violent scenes which accompanied this popular convulsion. "There was a severity of honesty observed, of which no example has been known. Bags of money, offered on various occasions through fear or guilt, have been uniformly refused by the mobs. The churches are now occupied in singing '*De Profundis*' and '*Requiems*' for the repose of the souls of the brave and valiant citizens who have sealed, with their blood, the liberty of the nation. . . . . We cannot suppose this paroxysm confined to Paris alone; the whole country must pass successively through it, and happy if they get through as soon and as well as Paris has done." *

Gouverneur Morris, writing on the same subject to

* Letter to John Jay. Jefferson's *Works*, iii. 80.

Washington, on the 31st of July, observes: "You may consider the revolution as complete. The authority of the king and of the nobility is completely subdued; yet I tremble for the constitution. They have all the romantic spirit and all the romantic ideas of government, which, happily for America, we were cured of before it was too late."

The foregoing brief notices of affairs in revolutionary France, and of the feelings with which they were viewed by American statesmen resident there, will be found of service in illustrating subsequent events in the United States.

The first news of the revolution reached America in October, and was hailed by the great mass of the people with enthusiasm. Washington, in reply to his old comrade in arms, the Count de Rochambeau, observes: "I am persuaded I express the sentiments of my fellow-citizens, when I offer an earnest prayer that it may terminate in the permanent honor and happiness of your government and people."

But, in a reply of the same date (13th October) to Gouverneur Morris, he shows that his circumspect and cautious spirit was not to be hurried away by popular excitement. "The revolution which has been effected in France," writes he, "is of so wonderful a nature, that the mind can hardly realize the fact. If it ends as our last accounts to the 1st of August predict, that nation will be the most powerful and happy in Europe; but I

fear, though it has gone triumphantly through the first paroxysm, it is not the last it has to encounter before matters are finally settled. In a word, the revolution is of too great a magnitude to be effected in so short a space, and with the loss of so little blood. The mortification of the king, the intrigues of the queen, and the discontent of the princes and noblesse, will foment divisions, if possible, in the National Assembly; and they will, unquestionably, avail themselves of every *faux pas* in the formation of the constitution, if they do not give a more open, active opposition. In addition to these, the licentiousness of the people on one hand, and sanguinary punishments on the other, will alarm the best disposed friends to the measure, and contribute not a little to the overthrow of their object. Great temperance, firmness, and foresight are necessary in the movements of that body. To forbear running from one extreme to another is no easy matter: and should this be the case, rocks and shelves, not visible at present, may wreck the vessel and give a higher-toned despotism than the one which existed before."*

Hamilton, too, regarded the recent events in France with a mixture of pleasure and apprehension. In a letter to Lafayette he writes: "As a friend to mankind and to liberty, I rejoice in the efforts which you are making to establish it, while I fear much for the final success of

* *Writings of Washington*, x 39.

the attempts, for the fate of those who are engaged in it, and for the danger, in case of success, of innovations greater than will consist with the real felicity of your nation. . . . . I dread disagreements among those who are now united, about the nature of your constitution; I dread the vehement character of your people, whom, I fear, you may find it more easy to bring on, than to keep within proper bounds after you have put them in motion. I dread the interested refractoriness of your nobles, who cannot all be gratified, and who may be unwilling to submit to the requisite sacrifices. And I dread the reveries of your philosophic politicians, who appear in the moment to have great influence, and who, being mere speculatists, may aim at more refinement than suits either with human nature or the composition of your nation." *

The opposite views and feelings of Hamilton and Jefferson, with regard to the French revolution, are the more interesting, as these eminent statesmen were soon to be brought face to face in the cabinet, the policy of which would be greatly influenced by French affairs; for it was at this time that Washington wrote to Jefferson, offering him the situation of Secretary of State, but forbearing to nominate a successor to his post at the Court of Versailles, until he should be informed of his determination

* Hamilton's *Works*, v. 440.

CHAPTER VI.

WASHINGTON'S JOURNEY THROUGH THE EASTERN STATES.—JOHN HANCOCK.—CLASHING BETWEEN THE CIVIL AND MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES ON THE PRESIDENT'S ENTRY INTO BOSTON.—A CONTEST OF ETIQUETTE.—WASHINGTON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS ENTRY.—HIS RECEPTION.—A NEW PUNCTILIO.—ADDRESS OF THE CINCINNATI SOCIETY.—RETURN TO NEW YORK.

T the time of writing the letter to Jefferson, offering him the Department of State, Washington was on the eve of a journey through the Eastern States, with a view, as he said, to observe the situation of the country, and with a hope of perfectly reëstablishing his health, which a series of indispositions had much impaired. Having made all his arrangements, and left the papers appertaining to the office of Foreign Affairs under the temporary superintendence of Mr. Jay, he set out from New York on the 15th of October, travelling in his carriage with four horses, and accompanied by his official secretary, Major Jackson, and his private secretary, Mr. Lear. Though averse from public parade, he could not but be deeply affected and gratified at every step by the manifestations of a people's love. Wherever he came, all labor was suspended; business neglected

The bells were rung, the guns were fired; there were civic processions and military parades, and triumphal arches, and all classes poured forth to testify, in every possible manner, their gratitude and affection for the man whom they hailed as the Father of his country; and well did his noble stature, his dignified demeanor, his matured years, and his benevolent aspect, suit that venerable appellation.

On the 22d, just after entering Massachusetts, he was met by an express from the governor of the State (the Hon. John Hancock), inviting him to make his quarters at his house while he should remain in Boston, and announcing to him that he had issued orders for proper escorts to attend him, and that the troops with the gentlemen of the council would receive him at Cambridge and wait on him to town.

Washington, in a courteous reply, declined the governor's invitation to his residence, having resolved, he said, on leaving New York, to accept of no invitations of the kind while on his journey, through an unwillingness to give trouble to private families. He had accordingly instructed a friend to engage lodgings for him during his stay in Boston. He was highly sensible, he observed, of the honors intended him; but, could his wishes prevail, he would desire to visit the metropolis without any parade or extraordinary ceremony. It was never Washington's good fortune, on occasions of the kind, to have his modest inclinations consulted; in the present in-

stance they were little in accord with the habits and notions of the governor, who, accustomed to fill public stations and preside at public assemblies, which he did with the punctilio of the old school, was strictly observant of everything appertaining to official rank and dignity. Governor Hancock was now about fifty-two years of age, tall and thin, of a commanding deportment and graceful manner, though stooping a little and much afflicted with the gout. He was really hospitable, which his ample wealth enabled him to be, and was no doubt desirous of having Washington as a guest under his roof, but resolved, at all events, to give him a signal reception as the guest of the State over which he presided. Now it so happened that the "select men," or municipal authorities of Boston, had also made arrangements for receiving the President in their civic domain, and in so doing had proceeded without consulting the governor; as might have been expected, some clashing of rival plans was the result.

In pursuance of the governor's arrangement, the militia, with General Brooks at their head, and Mr. Samuel Adams, the lieutenant governor, at the head of the executive council, met Washington at Cambridge, and escorted him with great ceremony to town. Being arrived at the grand entrance, which is over what is called "The Neck," the lieutenant governor and the executive council were brought to a sudden halt by observing the municipal authorities drawn up in their carriages, in formal array,

to pay civic honors to the city's guest. Here ensued a great question of etiquette. The executive council insisted on the right of the governor, as chief of the State, to receive and welcome its guest, at the entrance of its capital. "He should have met him at the boundary of the State over which he presides," replied the others; "and there have welcomed him to the hospitalities of the commonwealth. When the President is about to enter the *town*, it is the delegated right of the *municipal authorities* thereof to receive and bid him welcome."

The contending parties remained drawn up resolutely in their carriages, while aides-de-camp and marshals were posting to and fro between them, carrying on a kind of diplomatic parley.

In the meantime the President, and Major Jackson, his secretary, had mounted on horseback, and were waiting on the Neck to be conducted into the town. The day was unusually cold and murky. Washington became chilled and impatient, and when informed of the cause of the detention, "Is there no other avenue into the town?" demanded he of Major Jackson. He was, in fact, on the point of wheeling about, when word was brought that the controversy was over, and that he would be received by the municipal authorities.

We give his own account of the succeeding part of the ceremony. "At the entrance, I was welcomed by the select men in a body. Then following the lieutenant governor and council in the order we came from Cam-

bridge (preceded by the town corps, very handsomely dressed), we passed through the citizens, classed in their different professions, and under their own banners, till we came to the State-house."

The streets, the doors, the windows, the housetops, were crowded with well-dressed people of both sexes. "He was on horseback," says an observer, "dressed in his old Continental uniform, with his hat off. He did not bow to the spectators as he passed, but sat on his horse with a calm, dignified air. He dismounted at the Old State-house, now City Hall,* and came out on a temporary balcony at the west end; a long procession passed before him, whose salutations he occasionally returned. These and other ceremonials being over, the lieutenant governor and council, accompanied by the Vice-President, conducted Washington to his lodgings, where they took leave of him." And now he is doomed to the annoyance of the new question of etiquette. He had previously accepted the invitation of Governor Hancock to an informal dinner, but had expected that that functionary would wait upon him as soon as he should arrive; instead of which he received a message from him, pleading that he was too much indisposed to do so. Washington distrusted the sincerity of the apology. He had been given to understand that the governor wished to evade paying the first visit, conceiving that, as gov-

* This was written some years ago.

ernor of a State, and within the bounds of that State, the point of etiquette made it proper that he should receive the first visit, even from the President of the United States. Washington determined to resist this pretension; he therefore excused himself from the informal dinner, and dined at his lodgings, where the Vice-President favored him with his company.

The next day the governor, on consultation with his friends, was persuaded to waive the point of etiquette, and sent "his best respects to the President," informing him that, if at home and at leisure, he would do himself the honor to visit him in half an hour, intimating that he would have done it sooner, had his health permitted, and that it was not without hazard to his health he did it now.

The following was Washington's reply, the last sentence of which almost savors of irony:—

"SUNDAY, 26th October, 1 o'clock.

"The President of the United States presents his best respects to the Governor, and has the honor to inform him that he shall be home till two o'clock.

"The President need not express the pleasure it will give him to see the Governor; but at the same time, he most earnestly begs that the Governor will not hazard his health on the occasion."

From Washington's diary we find that the governor

found strength enough to pay the litigated visit within the specified time—though, according to one authority, he went enveloped in red baize, and was borne, in the arms of servants, into the house.*

It does not appear that any harm resulted from the hazard to which the governor exposed himself. At all events, the hydra Etiquette was silenced and everything went on pleasantly and decorously throughout the remainder of Washington's sojourn in Boston.

Various addresses were made to him in the course of his visit, but none that reached his heart more directly than that of his old companions in arms, the Cincinnati Society of Massachusetts, who hailed him as "their glorious leader in war, their illustrious example in peace."

"Dear, indeed," said he, in reply, "is the occasion which restores an intercourse with my associates in prosperous and adverse fortune; and enhanced are the triumphs of peace participated with those whose virtue and valor so largely contributed to procure them. To that virtue and valor your country has confessed her obligations. Be mine the grateful task to add to the testimony of a connection which it was my pride to own in the field, and is now my happiness to acknowledge in the enjoyments of peace and freedom."

After remaining in Boston for a week, fêted in the most hospitable manner, he appointed eight o'clock, on Thurs-

* Sullivan's *Letters on Public Characters*, p. 15.

day the 29th, for his departure. The appointed time arrived, but not the escort; whereupon, punctual himself, and fearing, perhaps, to be detained by some new question of etiquette, he departed without them, and was overtaken by them on the road.

His journey eastward terminated at Portsmouth, whence he turned his face homeward by a middle route through the interior of the country to Hartford, and thence to New York, where he arrived between two and three o'clock on the 13th of November.

CHAPTER VII.

COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL.—MESSAGE TO WASHINGTON FROM LAFAYETTE.—JEFFERSON'S EMBARKATION FOR AMERICA.—WASHINGTON FORWARDS HIS COMMISSION AS SECRETARY OF STATE.—HIS ACCEPTANCE.

NOT long after Washington's return from his eastern tour, Colonel John Trumbull, his aide-de-camp in former days, now an historical painter of eminence, arrived from Europe, where he had been successfully prosecuting his art and preparing for his grand pictures, illustrative of our revolutionary history. At Mr. Jefferson's house in Paris, he had been enabled to sketch from the life the portraits of several of the French officers who had been present at the capture of Cornwallis, and were now among the popular agitators of France. He had renewed his military acquaintance with Lafayette; witnessed the outbreak of the revolution; the storming of the Bastile; and attended the marquis on one occasion, when the latter succeeded in calming the riotous excesses of a mob, principally workmen, in the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Trumbull brought an especial message from Lafayette. The marquis had been anxious that Washington should

know the state of affairs in France, and the progress and prospects of the momentous cause in which he was engaged, but, in the hurry of occupation, had not time to write with the necessary detail; finding, however, that Trumbull was soon to depart for the United States, he invited him to breakfast with him at an early hour and alone, for the express purpose of explaining matters to him frankly and fully, to be communicated by him to Washington, immediately on his arrival in America.

We give the colonel's report of Lafayette's conversation, as he has recorded it in his autobiography.

"You have witnessed the surface of things," said the marquis; "it is for me to explain the interior. The object which is aimed at by the Duke de Rochefoucauld, M. Condorcet, myself, and some others, who consider ourselves leaders, is to obtain from France a constitution nearly resembling that of England, which we regard as the most perfect model of government hitherto known. To accomplish this, it is necessary to diminish, very essentially, the power of the king; but our object is to retain the throne, in great majesty, as the first branch of the legislative power, but retrenching its executive power in one point, which, though very important in the British crown, we think is needless here. The peerage of France is already so numerous, that we would take from our king the right of creating new peers, except in cases where old families may become extinct. To all this, the king (who is one of the best of men, and sincerely desir-

ous of the happiness of his people) most freely and cordially consents.

"We wish a House of Peers with powers of legislation similar to that of England, restricted in number to one hundred members, to be elected by the whole body from among themselves, in the same manner as the Scotch peers are in the British Parliament. . . . . We wish, as the third branch of the legislative body, a House of Representatives, chosen by the great body of the people from among themselves, by such a ratio as shall not make the House too numerous; and this branch of our project meets unanimous applause. . . . . Unhappily, there is one powerful and wicked man, who, I fear, will destroy this beautiful fabric of human happiness—the Duke of Orleans. He does not, indeed, possess talent to carry into execution a great project, but he possesses immense wealth, and France abounds in marketable talents. Every city and town has young men eminent for abilities, particularly in the law—ardent in character, eloquent, ambitious of distinction, but poor. These are the instruments which the duke may command by money, and they will do his bidding. His hatred of the royal family can be satiated only by their ruin; his ambition, probably, leads him to aspire to the throne.

"You saw the other day, in the mob, men who were called *les Marseillois, les patriots par excellence.* You saw them particularly active and audacious in stimulating the discontented artisans and laborers, who composed

the great mass of the mob, to acts of violence and ferocity; these men are, in truth, desperadoes, assassins from the south of France, familiar with murder, robbery, and every atrocious crime, who have been brought up to Paris by the money of the Duke, for the very purpose in which you saw them employed, of mingling in all mobs, and exciting the passions of the people to frenzy.

"This is the first act of the drama. The second will be to influence the elections, to fill the approaching Assembly with ardent, inexperienced, desperate, ambitious young men, who, instead of proceeding to discuss calmly the details of the plan of which I have given you the general outline, and to carry it quietly into operation, will, under disguise of zeal for the people, and abhorrence of the aristocrats, drive every measure to extremity, for the purpose of throwing the affairs of the nation into utter confusion, when the master-spirit may accomplish his ultimate purpose." *

Such was the report of affairs in France which Lafayette transmitted by Trumbull to Washington. It was not long after this conversation of the colonel with the marquis that, the sittings of the National Assembly being transferred from Versailles to Paris, the Breton club fixed itself on the site of the convent of Jacobins; threw open its doors to the public, and soon, under the appella-

* Trumbull's *Autobiography*, 151.

tion of the JACOBIN CLUB, exercised the baleful influence in public affairs, which Lafayette apprehended.

Washington had listened with profound attention to the report rendered by Trumbull. In the course of a subsequent conversation the latter informed him that Mr. Jefferson had embarked for America, and, it was probable, had already landed at Norfolk in Virginia. Washington immediately forwarded to him his commission as Secretary of State, requesting to know his determination on the subject.

Jefferson, in reply, expressed himself flattered by the nomination, but dubious of his being equal to its extensive and various duties, while, on the other hand, he felt familiar with the duties of his present office. "But it is not for an individual to choose his path," said he. "You are to marshal us as may best be for the public good. . . . . Signify to me, by another line, your ultimate wish, and I shall conform to it cordially. If it should be to remain in New York, my chief comfort will be to work under your eye; my only shelter the authority of your name and the wisdom of measures to be dictated by you and implicitly executed by me." *

Washington, in answer, informed him that he considered the successful administration of the general government an object of almost infinite consequence to the present and future happiness of the citizens of the United

* Jefferson's *Works*, vol. iii. p. 125.

States; that he regarded the office of Secretary for the Department of State very important, and that he knew of no person who, in his judgment, could better execute the duties of it than himself.*

Jefferson accordingly accepted the nomination, but observed that the matters which had called him home, would probably prevent his setting out for New York before the month of March.

* Washington's *Writings*, x. 71.

CHAPTER VIII.

REASSEMBLING OF CONGRESS.—FINANCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.—ITS DEBT AT HOME AND ABROAD.—DEBTS OF THE STATES.—HAMILTON'S REPORT.—OPPOSITION TO IT.—DR. STUART'S WARNING LETTER TO WASHINGTON.—HIS REPLY.—JEFFERSON'S ARRIVAL AT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—NEW YORK AT THAT PERIOD.—JEFFERSON APPREHENDS MONARCHICAL DESIGNS.

CONGRESS reassembled on the 4th of January (1790), but a quorum of the two Houses was not present until the 8th, when the session was opened by Washington in form, with an address delivered before them in the Senate chamber.*

* As the degree of state with which the session was opened was subsequently a matter of comment, we extract from Washington's diary his own account of it, premising that the regulations were devised by General Knox and Colonel Humphreys.

"Friday 8th, according to appointment, at 11 o'clock, I set out for the City Hall in my coach, preceded by Colonel Humphreys and Major Jackson in uniform (on my two white horses), and followed by Messrs. Lear and Nelson in my chariot, and Mr. Lewis, on horseback, following them. In their rear was the Chief Justice of the United States and Secretaries of the Treasury and War Departments in their respective carriages, and in the order they are named. At the outer door of the Hall, I was met by the doorkeepers of the Senate and House and conducted to the door of the Senate chamber, and passing from thence to the chair through the Senate on the right and House of Representatives on the left, I took my seat.

Among the most important objects suggested in the address, for the deliberation of Congress, were provisions for national defense; provisions for facilitating intercourse with foreign nations, and defraying the expenses of diplomatic agents; laws for the naturalization of foreigners; uniformity in the currency, weights, and measures of the United States; facilities for the advancement of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures; attention to the post-office and post-roads; measures for the promotion of science and literature, and for the support of public credit.

This last object was the one which Washington had more immediately at heart. The government was now organized, apparently, to the satisfaction of all parties; but its efficiency would essentially depend on the success of a measure which Washington had pledged himself to institute, and which was yet to be tried; namely, a system of finance adapted to revive the national credit, and place the public debt in a condition to be paid off. The credit of the country was at a low ebb. The confederacy, by its articles, had the power of contracting debts for

The gentlemen who attended me followed and took their stands behind the senators; the whole rising as I entered. After being seated, at which time the members of both Houses also sat, I rose (as they also did), and made my speech, delivering one copy to the President of the Senate and another to the Speaker of the House of Representatives—after which, and being a few moments seated, I retired, bowing on each side to the assembly (who stood) as I passed, and descending to the lower hall attended as before, I returned with them to my house."

a national object, but no control over the means of payment. Thirteen independent legislatures could grant or withhold the means. The government was then a government under governments—the States had more power than Congress. At the close of the war the debt amounted to forty-two millions of dollars; but so little had the country been able to fulfill its engagements, owing to the want of a sovereign legislature having the sole and exclusive power of laying duties upon imports, and thus providing adequate resources, that the debt had swollen, through arrears of interest, to upwards of fifty-four millions. Of this amount nearly eight millions were due to France, between three and four millions to private lenders in Holland, and about two hundred and fifty thousand in Spain; making, altogether, nearly twelve millions due abroad. The debt contracted at home amounted to upwards of forty-two millions, and was due, originally, to officers and soldiers of the Revolutionary War, who had risked their lives for the cause; farmers who had furnished supplies for the public service, or whose property had been assumed for it; capitalists who, in critical periods of the war, had adventured their fortunes in support of their country's independence. The domestic debt, therefore, could not have had a more sacred and patriotic origin; but, in the long delay of national justice, the paper which represented these outstanding claims, had sunk to less than a sixth of its nominal value, and the larger portion of it had been

parted with at that depreciated rate, either in the course of trade, or to speculative purchasers, who were willing to take the risk of eventual payment, however little their confidence seemed to be warranted, at the time, by the pecuniary condition and prospects of the country.

The debt, when thus transferred, lost its commanding appeal to patriotic sympathy; but remained as obligatory in the eye of justice. In public newspapers, however, and in private circles, the propriety of a discrimination between the assignees and the original holders of the public securities, was freely discussed. Beside the foreign and domestic debt of the Federal government, the States, individually, were involved in liabilities contracted for the common cause, to an aggregate amount of about twenty-five millions of dollars; of which more than one-half was due from three of them; Massachusetts and South Carolina each owing more than five millions, and Virginia more than three and a half. The reputation and the well-being of the government were, therefore, at stake upon the issue of some plan to retrieve the national credit, and establish it upon a firm and secure foundation.

The Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Hamilton), it will be remembered, had been directed by Congress to prepare such a plan during its recess. In the one thus prepared, he asserted, what none were disposed to question, the propriety of paying the foreign debt according to its terms. He asserted, also, the equal validity of the origi-

nal claims of the American creditors of the government; whether those creditors were the original holders of its certificates or subsequent purchasers of them at a depreciated value. The idea of any distinction between them, which some were inclined to advance, he repudiated as alike unjust, impolitic, and impracticable. He urged, moreover, the assumption, by the general government, of the separate debts of the States, contracted for the common cause, and that a like provision should be made for their payment as for the payment of those of the Union. They were all contracted in the struggle for national independence, not for the independence of any particular part. No more money would be required for their discharge as Federal, than as State debts. Money could be raised more readily by the Federal government than by the States, and all clashing and jealousy between State and Federal debtors would thus be prevented. A reason, also, which, no doubt, had great weight with him, though he did not bring it under consideration in his report for fear, probably, of offending the jealousy of State sovereignty, dormant, but not extinct, was, that it would tend to unite the States financially, as they were united politically, and strengthen the central government by rallying capitalists around it; subjecting them to its influence, and rendering them agents of its will. He recommended, therefore, that the entire mass of debt be funded; the Union made responsible for it, and taxes imposed for its liquidation. He suggested, moreover, the expediency,

for the greater security of the debt and punctuality in the payment of interest, that the domestic creditors submit to an abatement of accruing interest.

The plan was reported to the House by Mr. Hamilton, the 14th of January, but did not undergo consideration until the 8th of February, when it was opposed with great earnestness, especially the point of assuming the State debts, as tending to consolidation, as giving an undue influence to the general government, and as being of doubtful constitutionality. This financial union of the States was reprobated, not only on the floor of Congress, but in different parts of the Union, as fraught with political evil. The Northern and Eastern States generally favored the plan, as did also South Carolina, but Virginia manifested a determined opposition. The measure, however, passed, in Committee of the Whole, on the 9th of March, by a vote of thirty-one to twenty-six.

The funding of the State debts was supposed to benefit, materially, the Northern States, in which was the entire capital of the country; yet South Carolina voted for the assumption. The fact is, opinions were honestly divided on the subject. The great majority were aiming to do their duty—to do what was right; but their disagreement was the result of real difficulties incident to the intricate and complicated problem with which they had to deal.

A letter from Washington's monitory friend, Dr. Stuart of Virginia (dated March 15th), spoke with alarm of the

jealous belief growing up in that quarter, that the Northern and Eastern States were combining to pursue their own exclusive interests. Many, he observed, who had heretofore been warm supporters of the government, were changing their sentiments, from a conviction of the impracticability of union with States whose interests were so dissimilar.

Washington had little sympathy with these sectional jealousies; and the noble language in which he rebukes them, cannot be too largely cited. "I am sorry," observes he, "such jealousies as you speak of, should be gaining ground and poisoning the minds of the southern people; but, admit the fact which is alleged as the cause of them, and give it full scope, does it amount to more than was known to every man of information before, at, and since the adoption of the Constitution? Was it not always believed that there are some points which peculiarily interest the Eastern States? And did any one who reads human nature, and more especially the character of the eastern people, conceive that they would not pursue them steadily, by a combination of their force? Are there not other points which equally concern the Southern States? If these States are less tenacious of their interest, or if, while the Eastern move in a solid phalanx to effect their views, the Southern are always divided, which of the two is most to be blamed? That there is a diversity of interests in the Union, none has denied. That this is the case, also, in every State,

is equally certain; and that it even extends to the counties of individual States, can be as readily proved. Instance the southern and northern parts of Virginia, the upper and lower parts of South Carolina. Have not the interests of these always been at variance? Witness the county of Fairfax. Have not the interests of the people of that county varied, or the inhabitants been taught to believe so? These are well-known truths, and yet it did not follow that separation was to result from the disagreement.

"To constitute a dispute, there must be two parties. To understand it well, both parties, and all the circumstances, must be fully heard; and, to accommodate differences, temper and mutual forbearance are requisite. Common danger brought the States into confederacy, and on their union our safety and importance depend. A spirit of accommodation was the basis of the present Constitution. Can it be expected, then, that the southern or eastern parts of the empire will succeed in all their measures? Certainly not. But I will readily grant that more points will be carried by the latter than the former, and for the reason which has been mentioned; namely, that in all great national questions, they move in unison, whilst the others are divided. But I ask again, which is most blameworthy, those who see and will steadily pursue their interest, or those who cannot see, or seeing, will not act wisely? And I will ask another question, of the highest magnitude in my mind,

to wit, if the Eastern and Northern States are dangerous in *union*, will they be less so in *separation?* If self-interest is their governing principle, will it forsake them, or be restrained by such an event? I hardly think it would. Then, independently of other considerations, what would Virginia, and such other States as might be inclined to join her, gain by a separation? Would they not, most unquestionably, be the weaker party?"

At this juncture (March 21st), when Virginian discontents were daily gaining strength, Mr. Jefferson arrived in New York to undertake the duties of the Department of State. We have shown his strong antipathies, while in Paris, to everything of a monarchical or aristocratical tendency; he had just been in Virginia, where the forms and ceremonials adopted at the seat of our government, were subjects of cavil and sneer; where it was reported that Washington affected a monarchical style in his official intercourse, that he held court-like levees, and Mrs. Washington "queenly drawing-rooms," at which none but the aristocracy were admitted; that the manners of both were haughty, and their personal habits reserved and exclusive.

The impressions thus made on Jefferson's mind, received a deeper stamp on his arrival in New York, from conversations with his friend Madison, in the course of which the latter observed, that "the satellites and sycophants which surrounded Washington, had wound up the ceremonials of the government to a pitch of stateliness

which nothing but his personal character could have supported, and which no character after him could ever maintain."

Thus prepossessed and premonished, Jefferson looked round him with an apprehensive eye, and appears to have seen something to startle him at every turn. We give, from his private correspondence, his own account of his impressions. "Being fresh from the French revolution, while in its first and pure stage, and, consequently, somewhat whetted up in my own republican principles, I found a state of things in the general society of the place, which I could not have supposed possible. The revolution I had left, and that we had just gone through in the recent change of our own government, being the common topics of conversation, I was astonished to find the general prevalence of monarchical sentiments, insomuch, that in maintaining those of republicanism, I had always the whole company on my hands, never scarcely finding among them a single co-advocate in that argument, unless some old member of Congress happened to be present. The furthest that any one would go in support of the republican features of our new government, would be to say, 'The present Constitution is well as a beginning, and may be allowed a fair trial, but it is, in fact, only a stepping-stone to something better.' "

This picture, given under excitement and with preconceived notions, is probably overcharged; but, allowing

it to be true, we can hardly wonder at it, viewed in connection with the place and times. New York, during the session of Congress, was the gathering place of politicians of every party. The revolution of France had made the forms of government once more the universal topics of conversation, and revived the conflict of opinions on the subject. As yet, the history of the world had furnished no favorable examples of popular government; speculative writers in England had contended that no government more popular than their own was consistent with either internal tranquillity, the supremacy of the laws, or a great extent of empire. Our republic was ten times larger than any that had yet existed. Jay, one of the calmest thinkers of the Union, expressed himself dubiously on the subject.

"Whether any people could long govern themselves in an equal, uniform, and orderly manner, was a question of vital importance, to the cause of liberty, but a question which, like others, whose solution depends on facts, could only be determined by experience—now, as yet, there had been very few opportunities of making the experiment."

Alexander Hamilton, though pledged and sincerely disposed to support the republican form, with regard to our country, preferred, *theoretically*, a monarchical form; and, being frank of speech, and, as Gouverneur Morris writes, "prone to mount his hobby," may have spoken openly in favor of that form as suitable to France; and as his admirers took their creed from him, opinions of the kind

may have been uttered pretty freely at dinner-tables. These, however, which so much surprised and shocked Mr. Jefferson, were probably merely speculative opinions, broached in unguarded hours, with no sinister design, by men who had no thought of paving the way for a monarchy. They made, however, a deep impression on his apprehensive mind, which sank deeper and deeper until it became a fixed opinion with him, that there was the desire and aim of a large party, of which Hamilton was the leader, to give regal form to the government.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ASSUMPTION OF THE STATE DEBTS DISCUSSED. — WASHINGTON IN FAVOR. —A MAJORITY OF TWO AGAINST IT. — HAMILTON'S APPEAL TO JEFFERSON ON THE SUBJECT. — THE LATTER ARRANGES FOR A COMPROMISE. — HIS ACCOUNT OF IT. — ADJUSTMENT ABOUT THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT. — ASSUMPTION CARRIED. — TREATY OF PEACE WITH THE CREEKS. — CAVILLINGS ABOUT PRESIDENTIAL ETIQUETTE. — WASHINGTON'S DEFENSE. — ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS. — FANCIED HARMONY OF THE CABINET. — JEFFERSON SUSPECTS HAMILTON OF FINESSE IN PROCURING HIS AGENCY IN THE ASSUMPTION.

THE question of the assumption of the State debts was resumed in Congress on the 29th of March, on a motion to commit, which was carried by a majority of two; the five members from North Carolina (now a State of the Union), who were strongly opposed to assumption, having taken their seats and reversed the position of parties on the question. An angry and intemperate discussion was revived, much to the chagrin of Washington, who was concerned for the dignity of Congress; and who considered the assumption of the State debts, under proper restrictions and scrutiny into accounts, to be just and reasonable.* On the 12th

* See Letter to David Stuart, *Writings*, x. 98.

of April, when the question to commit was taken, there was a majority of two against the assumption.

On the 26th the House was discharged, for the present, from proceeding on so much of the report as related to the assumption. Jefferson, who had arrived in New York in the midst of what he terms "this bitter and angry contest," had taken no concern in it; being, as he says, "a stranger to the ground, a stranger to the actors in it, so long absent as to have lost all familiarity with the subject, and to be unaware of its object." We give his own account of an earnest effort made by Hamilton, who, he says, was "in despair," to resuscitate, through his influence, his almost hopeless project. "As I was going to the President's one day, I met him [Hamilton] in the street. He walked me backwards and forwards before the President's door for half an hour. He painted pathetically the temper into which the legislature had been wrought; the disgust of those who were called the creditor States: the danger of the *secession* of their members, and the separation of the States. He observed that the members of the administration ought to act in concert; that though this question was not of my department, yet a common duty should make it a common concern; that the President was the centre on which all administrative questions ultimately rested, and that all of us should rally around him, and support, with joint efforts, measures approved by him; and that the question having been lost by a small majority only, it was probable that an

appeal from me to the judgment and discretion of some of my friends, might effect a change in the vote, and the machine of government, now suspended, might be again set into motion. I told him that I was really a stranger to the whole subject; that not having yet informed myself of the system of finance adopted, I knew not how far this was a necessary sequence; that undoubtedly, if its rejection endangered a dissolution of our Union at this incipient stage, I should deem that the most unfortunate of all consequences, to avert which all partial and temporary evils should be yielded. I proposed to him, however, to dine with me the next day, and I would invite another friend or two, bring them into conference together, and I thought it impossible that reasonable men, consulting together coolly, could fail, by some mutual sacrifices of opinion, to form a compromise which was to save the Union. The discussion took place. I could take no part in it but an exhortatory one, because I was a stranger to the circumstances which should govern it. But it was finally agreed, that whatever importance had been attached to the rejection of this proposition, the preservation of the Union and of concord among the States was more important, and that, therefore, it would be better that the vote of rejection should be rescinded, to effect which some members should change their votes. But it was observed that this pill would be peculiarly bitter to the Southern States, and that some concomitant measure should be adopted to sweeten it a little to them.

There had before been projects to fix the seat of government either at Philadelphia or at Georgetown on the Potomac; and it was thought that by giving it to Philadelphia for ten years, and to Georgetown permanently afterwards, this might, as an anodyne, calm in some degree the ferment which might be excited by the other measure alone. Some two of the Potomac members (White and Lee, but White with a revulsion of stomach almost convulsive) agreed to change their votes, and Hamilton undertook to carry the other point. In doing this, the influence he had established over the eastern members, with the agency of Robert Morris with those of the Middle States, effected his side of the engagement." *

The decision of Congress was ultimately in favor of assumption, though the form in which it finally passed differed somewhat from the proposition of Hamilton. A specific sum was assumed ($21,500,000), and this was distributed among the States in specific portions. Thus modified, it passed the Senate, July 22d, by the close vote of fourteen to twelve; and the House, July 24th, by thirty-four to twenty-eight, "after having," says Washington, "been agitated with a warmth and intemperance, with prolixity and threats which, it is to be feared, have lessened the dignity of Congress and decreased the respect once entertained for it."

* Jefferson's *Works*, ix. 93, The Anas.

The question about the permanent seat of government, which, from the variety of contending interests, had been equally a subject of violent contest, was now compromised. It was agreed that Congress should continue for ten years to hold its sessions at Philadelphia; during which time the public buildings should be erected at some place on the Potomac, to which the government should remove at the expiration of the above term. A territory, ten miles square, selected for the purpose on the confines of Maryland and Virginia, was ceded by those States to the United States, and subsequently designated as the District of Columbia.

One of the last acts of the Executive during this session was the conclusion of a treaty of peace and friendship with the Creek nation of Indians, represented at New York by Mr. M'Gillivray, and thirty of the chiefs and head men. By this treaty (signed August 7th), an extensive territory, claimed by Georgia, was relinquished greatly to the discontent of that State; being considered by it an unjustifiable abandonment of its rights and interests. Jefferson, however, lauded the treaty as important, "drawing a line," said he, "between the Creeks and Georgia, and enabling the government to do, as it will do, justice against either party offending."

In a familiar conversation with the President, Jefferson remonstrated frequently and earnestly against the points and ceremonies prevailing at the seat of government. Washington, in reply, gave the explanation which

we have stated in a preceding chapter; that they had been adopted at the advice of others, and that for himself he was indifferent to all forms. He soon, however, became painfully aware of the exaggerated notions on the subject prevalent in Virginia. A letter from his friend, Dr. Stuart, informed him that Patrick Henry had scouted the idea of being elected to the Senate; he was too old, he said, to fall into the awkward imitations which were now become fashionable. "From this expression," adds Mr. Stuart, "I suspect the old patriot has heard some extraordinary representations of the etiquette established at your levees." Another person, whom Dr. Stuart designates as Colonel B—, had affirmed "that there was more pomp used there than at St. James', where he had been, and that Washington's bows were more distant and stiff."

These misapprehensions and exaggerations, prevalent in his native State, touched Washington to the quick, and called forth a more sensitive reply than on such subjects he was accustomed to make.

"That I have not been able," writes he, "to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B— (who, by the by, I believe, never saw one of them), is to be regretted, especially, too, as, upon those occasions, they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskillfulness of my teacher, rather than

to pride and the dignity of office, which God knows, has no charms for me? For I can truly say, I had rather be at Mount Vernon with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe."

He then goes on to give a sketch of his levees, and the little ceremony that prevailed there. As to the visits made on those occasions to the presidential mansion, they were optional, and made without invitation. "Between the hours of three and four, every Tuesday, I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other, and act as they please; a porter shows them into the room, and they retire from it when they please, and without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can talk to, I do. What pomp there is in all this, I am unable to discover. Perhaps it consists in not sitting. To this, two reasons are opposed: first, it is unusual; secondly, which is a more substantial one, because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be sufficient to admit it.

"Similar to the above, but of a more sociable kind, are the visits every Friday afternoon to Mrs. Washington, where I always am. These public meetings, and a dinner once a week, to as many as my table will hold, with the references to and from the different departments of state, and other communications with all parts of the

Union, are as much, if not more, than I am able to undergo; for I have already had, within less than a year, two severe attacks—the last worse than the first. A third, more than probably, will put me to sleep with my fathers."

Congress adjourned on the 12th of August. Jefferson, commenting on the discord that had prevailed for a time among the members, observes, that in the latter part of the session, they had reacquired the harmony which had always distinguished their proceedings before the introduction of the two disagreeable subjects of the Assumption and the Residence: "these," said he, "really threatened, at one time, a separation of the legislature *sine die*."

"It is not foreseen," adds he, sanguinely, "that anything so generative of dissension can arise again; and, therefore, the friends of government hope that, that difficulty surmounted in the States, everything will work well." *

Washington, too, however grieved and disappointed he may have been by the dissensions which had prevailed in Congress, consoled himself by the fancied harmony of his cabinet. Singularly free himself from all jealousy of the talents and popularity of others, and solely actuated by zeal for the public good, he had sought the ablest men to assist him in his arduous task, and supposed them influenced by the same unselfish spirit. In a letter

* Jefferson's *Works*, iii. 184.

to Lafayette, he writes, "Many of your old acquaintances and friends are concerned with me in the administration of this government. By having Mr. Jefferson at the head of the department of State, Mr. Jay of the Judiciary, Hamilton of the Treasury, and Knox of War, I feel myself supported by able coadjutors who harmonize extremely well together."

Yet, at this very moment, a lurking spirit of rivalry between Jefferson and Hamilton was already existing and daily gaining strength. Jefferson, who, as we have intimated, already considered Hamilton a monarchist in his principles, regarded all his financial schemes with suspicion, as intended to strengthen the influence of the treasury and make its chief the master of every vote in the legislature, "which might give to the government the direction suited to his political views."

Under these impressions, Jefferson looked back with an angry and resentful eye, to the manner in which Hamilton had procured his aid in effecting the measure of assumption. He now regarded it as a finesse by which he had been entrapped, and stigmatized the measure itself as a "fiscal manœuvre, to which he had most ignorantly and innocently been made to hold the candle." *

* Jefferson's *Works*, ix. 92.

CHAPTER X.

LAFAYETTE AT THE HEAD OF THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.—HIS LETTER TO WASHINGTON.—GOUVERNEUR MORRIS' OPINION OF HIS POSITION.—WASHINGTON'S DUBIOUS AND ANXIOUS VIEWS.—PRESENTED BY LAFAYETTE WITH THE KEY OF THE BASTILE.—VISITS RHODE ISLAND AND MOUNT VERNON.

DURING these early stages of his administration the attention of Washington was often called off from affairs at home to affairs in France; and to the conspicuous and perilous part which his friend and disciple Lafayette, was playing in the great revolutionary drama.

"Your friend, the Marquis de Lafayette," writes the Marquis de la Luzerne, "finds himself at the head of the revolution; and, indeed, it is a very fortunate circumstance for the state that he is, but very little so for himself. Never has any man been placed in a more critical situation. A good citizen, a faithful subject, he is embarrassed by a thousand difficulties in making many people sensible of what is proper, who very often feel it not, and who sometimes do not understand what it is."

Lafayette, too, amid the perplexities of conducting a revolution, looked back to the time when, in his early

campaigns in America, he had shared Washington's councils, bivouacked with him on the field of battle, and been benefited by his guardian wisdom in every emergency.

"How often, my well-beloved general," writes he (January, 1790), "have I regretted your sage councils and friendly support. We have advanced in the career of the revolution without the vessel of state being wrecked against the rocks of aristocracy or faction. In the midst of efforts, always renewing, of the partisans of the past and of the ambitious, we advance towards a tolerable conclusion. At present, that which existed has been destroyed; a new political edifice is forming; without being perfect, it is sufficient to assure liberty. Thus prepared, the nation will be in a state to elect, in two years, a convention which can correct the faults of the constitution. . . . . The result will, I hope, be happy for my country and for humanity. One perceives the germs of liberty in other parts of Europe. I will encourage their development by all the means in my power."

Gouverneur Morris, who is no enthusiast of the revolution, regards its progress with a dubious eye. Lafayette, in the previous month of November, had asked his opinion of his situation. "I give it to him," writes Morris, "*sans ménagement.* I tell him that the time approaches when all good men must cling to the throne. That the present king is very valuable on account of his

moderation ; and if he should possess too great authority, might be persuaded to grant a proper constitution. That the thing called a constitution, which the Assembly have framed, is good for nothing. That, as to himself, his personal situation is very delicate. That he nominally, but not really, commands his troops. That I really cannot understand how he is to establish discipline among them, but, unless he can accomplish that object, he must be ruined sooner or later."

On the 22d of January, 1790, Morris writes to Washington, "Our friend, Lafayette, burns with desire to be at the head of an army in Flanders, and drive the Stadtholder into a ditch. He acts now a splendid, but dangerous part. Unluckily, he has given in to measures, as to the constitution, which he does not heartily approve, and heartily approves many things which experience will demonstrate to be injurious."*

Far removed as Washington was from the theatre of political action, and but little acquainted with many of the minute circumstances which might influence important decisions, he was cautious in hazarding opinions in his replies to his French correspondents. Indeed, the whole revolutionary movement appeared to him so extraordinary in its commencement, so wonderful in its progress, and so stupendous in its possible consequences, that he declared himself almost lost in the contemplation

* *Mem. de Lafayette*, tom. ii. 446.

of it. "Of one thing you may rest perfectly assured," writes he to the Marquis de la Luzerne, "that nobody is more anxious for the happy issue of that business than I am; as no one can wish more sincerely for the prosperity of the French nation than I do. Nor is it without the most sensible pleasure that I learn that our friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, has, in acting the arduous part which has fallen to his share, conducted himself with so much wisdom and apparently with such general satisfaction."

A letter subsequently received from Lafayette gives him two months' later tidings, extending to the middle of March. "Our revolution pursues its march as happily as is possible, with a nation which, receiving at once all its liberties, is yet subject to confound them with licentiousness. The Assembly has more of hatred against the ancient system, than of experience to organize the new constitutional government; the ministers regret their ancient power, and do not dare to make use of that which they have; in short, as all which existed has been destroyed, and replaced by institutions very incomplete, there is ample matter for critiques and calumnies. Add to this, we are attacked by two sorts of enemies; the aristocrats who aim at a counter-revolution, and the factious who would annihilate all authority, perhaps even attempt the life of the members of the reigning branch. These two parties foment all the troubles.

"After having avowed all this, my dear general, I will

tell you, with the same frankness, that we have made an admirable and almost incredible destruction of all the abuses, of all the prejudices; that all which was not useful to the people, all which did not come from them, has been retrenched; that, in considering the situation, topographical, moral, and political of France, we have effected more changes in ten months, than the most presumptuous patriots could have hoped, and that the reports about our anarchy, our internal troubles, are greatly exaggerated."

In concluding his letter, he writes: "Permit me, my dear general, to offer you a picture representing the Bastile, such as it was some days after I had given orders for its demolition. I make you homage, also, of the principal key of this fortress of despotism. It is a tribute which I owe you, as son to my adopted father, as aide-de-camp to my general, as missionary of liberty to its patriarch."

Thomas Paine was to have been the bearer of the key, but he forwarded it to Washington from London. "I feel myself happy," writes he, "in being the person through whom the marquis has conveyed this early trophy of the spoils of despotism, and the first ripe fruits of American principles, transplanted into Europe, to his great master and patron. That the principles of America opened the Bastile is not to be doubted, and, therefore, the key comes to the right place."

Washington received the key with reverence, as "a token of the victory gained by liberty over despotism;"

and it is still preserved at Mount Vernon, as a precious historical relic.*

His affectionate solicitude for the well-being of Lafayette, was somewhat relieved by the contents of his letter; but, while his regard for the French nation made him rejoice in the progress of the political reform which he considered essential to its welfare, he felt a generous solicitude for the personal safety of the youthful monarch, who had befriended America in its time of need.

"Happy am I, my good friend," writes he to the marquis, "that, amidst all the tremendous tempests which have assailed your political ship, you have had address and fortitude enough to steer her hitherto safely through the quicksands and rocks which threatened instant destruction on every side; and that your young king, in all things, seems so well disposed to conform to the wishes of the nation. In such an important, such a hazardous voyage, when everything dear and sacred is embarked, you know full well, my best wishes have never left you for a moment. Yet I will avow, that the accounts we received through the English papers, which were sometimes our only channels of information, caused our fears of failure almost to exceed our expectations of success."

Those fears were not chimerical; for, at the very time he penned this letter, the Jacobin club of Paris had already sent forth ramifications throughout France; cor-

* Sparks' *Life of Morris*, ii. 86.

responding clubs were springing up by hundreds in the provinces, and everything was hurrying forward to a violent catastrophe.

Three days after the despatch of the last-cited letter, and two days after the adjournment of Congress, Washington, accompanied by Mr. Jefferson, departed by water on a visit to Rhode Island, which State had recently acceded to the Union. He was cordially welcomed by the inhabitants, and returned to New York, after an absence of ten days, whence he again departed for his beloved Mount Vernon, there to cast off public cares as much as possible, and enjoy the pleasures of the country during the residue of the recess of Congress.

CHAPTER XI.

FRONTIER DIFFICULTIES WITH THE INDIANS.—GENERAL HARMER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THEM.—AMBUSCADE OF COLONEL HARDIN'S DETACHMENT.—ESCAPE OF CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG.—A SECOND DETACHMENT OF COLONEL HARDIN COMPELLED TO RETREAT.—WASHINGTON'S LONG ANXIETY AS TO THE RESULT OF THE ENTERPRISE.—FINAL TIDINGS.

REQUENT depredations had of late been made on our frontier settlements by what Washington termed "certain banditti of Indians" from the northwest side of the Ohio. Some of our people had been massacred and others carried into deplorable captivity.

Strict justice and equity had always formed the basis of Washington's dealings with the Indian tribes, and he had endeavored to convince them that such was the general policy of our government; but his efforts were often thwarted by the conduct of our own people; the encroachments of land speculators and the lawless conduct of our frontiersmen; and jealousies thus excited were fomented by the intrigues of foreign agents.

The Indians of the Wabash and the Miami rivers, who were the present aggressors, were numerous, warlike,

and not deficient in discipline. They were well armed, also, obtaining weapons and ammunition from the posts which the British still retained within the territories of the United States, contrary to the treaty of peace.

Washington had deprecated a war with these savages, whom he considered acting under delusion; but finding all pacific overtures unavailing, and rather productive of more daring atrocities, he felt compelled to resort to it, alike by motives of policy, humanity, and justice. An act had been provided for emergencies, by which the President was empowered to call out the militia for the protection of the frontier; this act he put in force in the interval of Congress; and under it an expedition was set on foot, which began its march on the 30th of September from Fort Washington (which stood on the site of the present city of Cincinnati). Brigadier-General Harmer, a veteran of the Revolution, led the expedition, having under him three hundred and twenty regulars, with militia detachments from Pennsylvania and Virginia (or Kentucky), making in all fourteen hundred and fifty-three men. After a march of seventeen days, they approached the principal village of the Miamis. The Indians did not await an attack, but set fire to the village and fled to the woods. The destruction of the place, with that of large quantities of provisions, was completed.

An Indian trail being discovered, Colonel Hardin, a continental officer who commanded the Kentucky militia,

was detached to follow it, at the head of one hundred and fifty of his men, and about thirty regulars, under Captain Armstrong and Ensign Hartshorn. They followed the trail for about six miles, and were crossing a plain covered by thickets, when suddenly there were volleys of rifles on each side, from unseen marksmen, accompanied by the horrid war-whoop. The trail had, in fact, decoyed them into an ambush of seven hundred savages, under the famous warrior Little Turtle. The militia fled, without firing a musket. The savages now turned upon the little handful of regulars, who stood their ground, and made a brave resistance with the bayonet until all were slain, excepting Captain Armstrong, Ensign Hartshorn, and five privates. The ensign was saved by falling behind a log, which screened him from his pursuers. Armstrong plunged into a swamp, where he sank up to his neck, and remained for several hours of the night, within two hundred yards of the field of action, a spectator of the war-dance of the savages over the slain. The two officers who escaped thus narrowly, found their way back to the camp about six miles distant.*

The army, notwithstanding, effected the main purpose of the expedition in laying waste the Indian villages and destroying their winter's stock of provisions, after which it commenced its march back to Fort Washington. On

* Butler's *Hist. of Kentucky*, 192.

the 21st of October, when it was halted about ten miles to the west of Chillicothe, an opportunity was given Colonel Hardin to wipe out the late disgrace of his arms. He was detached with a larger body of militia than before, and sixty regulars, under Major Willys, to seek and bring the savages to action. The accounts of these Indian wars are very confused. It appears, however, that he had another encounter with Little Turtle and his braves. It was a bloody battle, fought well on both sides. The militia behaved bravely, and lost many men and officers, as did the regulars; Major Willys fell at the commencement of the action. Colonel Hardin was at length compelled to retreat, leaving the dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy. After he had rejoined the main force, the whole expedition made its way back to Fort Washington on the banks of the Ohio.

During all this time, Washington had been rusticating at Mount Vernon, in utter ignorance of this expedition. Week after week elapsed without any tidings of its issue, progress, or even commencement. On the 2d of November he wrote to the Secretary of War (General Knox), expressing his surprise at this lack of information, and his anxiety as to the result of the enterprise, and requesting him to forward any official or other accounts that he might have relating to it.

"This matter," observed he, "favorable or otherwise in the issue, will require to be laid before Congress, that the motives which induced the expedition may appear."

Nearly another month elapsed; the time for the reassembling of Congress was at hand, yet Washington was still without the desired information. It was not until the last of November that he received a letter from Governor George Clinton of New York communicating particulars of the affair related to him by Brant, the celebrated Indian chief.

"If the information of Captain Brant be true," wrote Washington, in reply, "the issue of the expedition against the Indians will indeed prove unfortunate and disgraceful to the troops who suffered themselves to be ambuscaded."

CHAPTER XII.

CONGRESS REASSEMBLES AT PHILADELPHIA.—RESIDENCE OF WASHINGTON AT THE NEW SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—THE STATE CARRIAGE.—HAMILTON'S FINANCIAL ARRANGEMENTS.—IMPOST AND EXCISE BILL.—PASSAGE OF A BILL FOR A NATIONAL BANK.—JEFFERSON'S OBJECTIONS.—FORMATION OF TWO POLITICAL PARTIES UNDER HAMILTON AND JEFFERSON.—THEIR DIFFERENT VIEWS.—DISSATISFACTION OF CONGRESS AT THE REPORT OF HARMER'S EXPEDITION.—WASHINGTON'S ADDRESS TO THE SENECA CHIEFS.—HIS DESIRE TO CIVILIZE THE SAVAGES.—KENTUCKY AND VERMONT ADMITTED INTO THE UNION.—FIRST CONGRESS EXPIRES.—A NEW EXPEDITION PROJECTED AGAINST THE HOSTILE TRIBES UNDER GENERAL ST. CLAIR.—WASHINGTON'S SOLEMN WARNING ON TAKING LEAVE OF HIM.

CONGRESS reassembled, according to adjournment, on the first Monday in December, at Philadelphia, which was now, for a time, the seat of government. A house belonging to Mr. Robert Morris, the financier, had been hired by Washington for his residence, and at his request, had undergone additions and alterations "in a plain and neat, and not by any means in an extravagant style."

His secretary, Mr. Lear, had made every preparation for his arrival and accommodation, and, among other things, had spoken of the rich and elegant style in which the state carriage was fitted up. "I had rather have

heard," replied Washington, "that my repaired coach was plain and elegant than rich and elegant."

Congress at its opening, was chiefly occupied in financial arrangements, intended to establish the public credit and provide for the expenses of government. According to the statement of the Secretary of the Treasury, an additional annual revenue of eight hundred and twenty-six thousand dollars would be required, principally to meet the additional charges arising from the assumption of the State debts. He proposed to raise it by an increase of the impost on foreign distilled spirits, and a tax by way of excise on spirits distilled at home. An Impost and Excise bill was accordingly introduced into Congress, and met with violent opposition. An attempt was made to strike out the excise, but failed, and the whole bill was finally carried through the House.

Mr. Hamilton, in his former Treasury report, had recommended the establishment of a National Bank; he now, in a special report, urged the policy of the measure. A bill, introduced in conformity with his views, was passed in the Senate, but vehemently opposed in the House; partly on considerations of policy, but chiefly on the ground of constitutionality. On one side it was denied that the Constitution had given to Congress the power of incorporation; on the other side it was insisted that such power was incident to the power vested in Congress for raising money.

The question was argued at length, and with great

ardor, and after passing the House of Representatives by a majority of nineteen votes, came before the Executive for his approval. Washington was fully alive to the magnitude of the question and the interest felt in it by the opposing parties. The cabinet was divided on it. Jefferson and Randolph denied its constitutionality; Hamilton and Knox maintained it. Washington required of each minister the reasons of his opinion in writing; and, after maturely weighing them, gave his sanction to the act, and the bill was carried into effect.

The objection of Jefferson to a bank was not merely on constitutional grounds. In his subsequent writings he avows himself opposed to banks, as introducing a paper instead of a cash system—raising up a moneyed aristocracy, and abandoning the public to the discretion of avarice and swindlers. Paper money might have some advantages, but its abuses were inevitable, and by breaking up the measure of value, it made a lottery of all private property. These objections he maintained to his dying day; but he had others, which may have been more cogent with him in the present instance. He considered the bank as a powerful engine intended by Hamilton to complete the machinery by which the whole action of the legislature was to be placed under the direction of the Treasury, and shaped to further a monarchical system of government. Washington, he affirmed, was not aware of the drift or effect of Hamilton's schemes. "Unversed in financial projects and calcula-

tions and budgets, his approbation of them was bottomed on his confidence in the man."

Washington, however, was not prone to be swayed in his judgments by blind partiality. When he distrusted his own knowledge in regard to any important measure, he asked the written opinions of those of his council who he thought were better informed, and examined and weighed them, and put them to the test of his almost unfailing sagacity. This was the way he had acted as a general, in his military councils, and he found the same plan efficacious in his cabinet. His confidence in Hamilton's talents, information, and integrity had led him to seek his counsels; but his approbation of those counsels was bottomed on a careful investigation of them. It was the same in regard to the counsels of Jefferson; they were received with great deference, but always deliberately and scrupulously weighed. The opposite policy of these rival statesmen brought them into incessant collision. "Hamilton and myself," writes Jefferson, "were daily pitted in the cabinet like two cocks." The warm-hearted Knox always sided with his old companion in arms; whose talents he revered. He is often noticed with a disparaging sneer by Jefferson, in consequence. Randolph commonly adhered to the latter. Washington's calm and massive intellect overruled any occasional discord. His policy with regard to his constitutional advisers has been happily estimated by a modern statesman: "He sought no unit cabinet, according to the set

phrase of succeeding times. He asked no suppression of sentiment, no concealment of opinion; he exhibited no mean jealousy of high talent in others. He gathered around him the greatest public men of that day, and some of them to be ranked with the greatest of any day. He did not leave Jefferson and Hamilton without the cabinet, to shake, perhaps, the whole fabric of government in their fierce wars and rivalries, but he took them within, where he himself might arbitrate their disputes as they arose, and turn to the best account for the country their suggestions as they were made." *

In the meantime two political parties were forming throughout the Union, under the adverse standards of these statesmen. Both had the good of the country at heart, but differed as to the policy by which it was to be secured. The Federalists, who looked up to Hamilton as their model, were in favor of strengthening the general government so as to give it weight and dignity abroad and efficiency at home; to guard it against the encroachments of the individual States and a general tendency to anarchy. The other party, known as Republicans or Democrats, and taking Mr. Jefferson's view of affairs, saw in all the measures advocated by the Federalists, an intention to convert the Federal into a great central or consolidated government, preparatory to a change from a republic to a monarchy.

* Speech of R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia.

The particulars of General Harmer's expedition against the Indians, when reported to Congress, gave great dissatisfaction. The conduct of the troops, in suffering themselves to be surprised, was for some time stigmatized as disgraceful. Further troubles in that quarter were apprehended, for the Miamis were said to be less disheartened by the ravage of their villages than exultant at the successful ambuscades of Little Turtle.

Three Seneca chiefs, Cornplanter, Half Town, and Great Tree, being at the seat of government on business of their own nation, offered to visit these belligerent tribes, and persuade them to bury the hatchet. Washington, in a set speech encouraged them in the undertaking. "By this humane measure," said he, "you will render these mistaken people a great service, and probably prevent their being swept off the face of the earth. The United States require only that these people should demean themselves peaceably. But they may be assured that the United States are able, and will most certainly punish them severely for all their robberies and murders."

Washington had always been earnest in his desire to civilize the savages, but had little faith in the expedient which had been pursued, of sending their young men to our colleges; the true means, he thought, was to introduce the arts and habits of husbandry among them. In concluding his speech to the Seneca chiefs he observed, "When you return to your country, tell your nation that

it is my desire to promote their prosperity by teaching them the use of domestic animals, and the manner that the white people plough and raise so much corn; and if, upon consideration, it would be agreeable to the nation at large to learn those arts, I will find some means of teaching them at some places within their country as shall be agreed upon."

In the course of the present session, Congress received and granted the applications of Kentucky and Vermont for admission into the Union, the former after August, 1792; the latter immediately.

On the 3d of March the term of this first Congress expired. Washington, after reciting the various important measures that had been effected, testified to the great harmony and cordiality which had prevailed. In some few instances, he admitted, particularly in passing the law for higher duties on spirituous liquors, and more especially on the subject of the bank, "the line between the southern and eastern interests had appeared more strongly marked than could be wished," the former against and the latter in favor of those measures, "but the debates," adds he, "were conducted with temper and candor."

As the Indians on the northwest side of the Ohio still continued their hostilities, one of the last measures of Congress had been an act to augment the military establishments, and to place in the hands of the Executive more ample means for the protection of the frontiers. A

new expedition against the belligerent tribes had, in consequence, been projected. General St. Clair, actually governor of the territory west of the Ohio, was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces to be employed.

Washington had been deeply chagrined by the mortifying disasters of General Harmer's expedition to the Wabash, resulting from Indian ambushes. In taking leave of his old military comrade, St. Clair, he wished him success and honor, but gave him a solemn warning. "You have your instructions from the Secretary of War. I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word—Beware of a surprise! You know how the Indians fight. I repeat it—*Beware of a surprise!*" With these warning words sounding in his ear, St. Clair departed.*

* Rush's *Washington in Domestic Life*, p. 67.

CHAPTER XIII.

WASHINGTON'S TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTHERN STATES.—LETTER TO LAFAYETTE.—GLOOMY PICTURE OF FRENCH AFFAIRS BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.—HIS ALLUSION TO LAFAYETTE.—LAFAYETTE DEPICTS THE TROUBLES OF A PATRIOT LEADER. — WASHINGTON'S REPLY. — JEFFERSON'S ARDENT VIEWS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.—DISTRUST OF JOHN ADAMS.—HIS CONTRIBUTIONS TO FENNO'S "GAZETTE."—REPRINT OF PAINE'S RIGHTS OF MAN.—FLIGHT AND RECAPTURE OF LOUIS XVI.—JEFFERSON COMMUNICATES THE NEWS TO WASHINGTON.—HIS SATISFACTION WHEN THE KING ACCEPTS THE CONSTITUTION.

N the month of March, 1791, Washington set out on a tour through the Southern States; travelling with one set of horses and making occasional halts. The route projected, and of which he had marked off the halting places, was by Fredericksburg, Richmond, Wilmington (N. C.), and Charleston, to Savannah; thence to Augusta, Columbia, and the interior towns of North Carolina and Virginia, comprising a journey of eighteen hundred and eighty-seven miles; all which he accomplished without any interruption from sickness, bad weather, or any untoward accident. "Indeed," writes he, "so highly were we favored that we arrived at each place where I proposed to make any

halt, on the very day I fixed upon before we set out. The same horses performed the whole tour; and, although much reduced in flesh, kept up their full spirits to the last day."

He returned to Philadelphia on the 6th of July, much pleased with his tour. It had enabled him, he said, to see, with his own eyes, the situation of the country, and to learn more accurately the disposition of the people, than he could have done from any verbal information. He had looked around him, in fact, with a paternal eye, been cheered as usual by continual demonstrations of a nation's love, and his heart had warmed with the reflection how much of this national happiness had been won by his own patriotic exertions.

"Every day's experience of the government of the United States," writes he to David Humphreys, "seems to confirm its establishment, and to render it more popular. A ready acquiescence in the laws made under it shows, in a strong light, the confidence which the people have in their representatives, and in the upright views of those who administer the government. At the time of passing a law imposing a duty on home-made spirits, it was vehemently affirmed by many that such a law could never be executed in the Southern States, particularly in Virginia and South Carolina. . . . . But from the best information I could get on my journey respecting its operations on the minds of the people,—and I took some pains to obtain information on this point,—there

remains not a doubt but it will be carried into effect, not only without opposition, but with very general approbation, in those very parts where it was foretold that it never would be submitted to by any one."

"Our public credit," adds he, "stands on that ground, which, three years ago, it would have been madness to have foretold. The astonishing rapidity with which the newly instituted bank was filled, gives an unexampled proof of the resources of our countrymen and their confidence in public measures. On the first day of opening the subscription the whole number of shares (twenty thousand) were taken up in one hour, and application made for upwards of four thousand shares more than were granted by the institution, besides many others that were coming in from various quarters." *

To his comrade in arms, Lafayette, he also writes exultingly of the flourishing state of the country and the attachment of all classes to the government:—

"While in Europe, wars or commotions seem to agitate almost every nation, peace and tranquillity prevail among us, except in some parts of our Western frontiers, where the Indians have been troublesome, to reclaim or chastise whom, proper measures are now pursuing. This contrast between the situation of the people of the United States and those of Europe, is too striking to be passed over, even by the most superficial observer, and

* *Writings*, x. 171.

may, I believe, be considered as one great cause of leading the people here to reflect more attentively on their own prosperous state, and to examine more minutely, and consequently approve more fully of the government under which they live, than they otherwise would have done. But we do not wish to be the only people who may taste the sweets of an equal and good government. We look with an anxious eye to the time when happiness and tranquillity shall prevail in your country, and when all Europe shall be freed from commotion, tumults, and alarms."

Letters from Gouverneur Morris had given him a gloomy picture of French affairs. "This unhappy country," writes he, "bewildered in pursuit of metaphysical whimsies, presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. Like the remnants of ancient magnificence, we admire the architecture of the temple, while we detest the false god to whom it was dedicated. Daws and ravens, and the birds of night, now build their nests in its niches. The sovereign, humbled to the level of a beggar's pity, without resources, without authority, without a friend. The Assembly at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses all functions, though incapable of exercising any, and has taken from this fierce, ferocious people, every restraint of religion and of respect. . . . . Lafayette has hitherto acted a splendid part. The king obeys but detests him. He obeys because he fears. Whoever pos-

sesses the royal person may do whatever he pleases with the royal character and authority. Hence, it happens that the ministers are of Lafayette's appointment." *

Lafayette's own letters depict the troubles of a patriot leader in the stormy time of a revolution, a leader warm, generous, honest, impulsive, but not far-seeing. "I continue to be forever tossed about on an ocean of factions and commotions of every kind; for it is my fate to be attacked with equal animosity; on one side, by all that is aristocratic, servile, parliamentary, in a word, by all the adversaries of my free and leveling doctrine; on the other, by the Orleans and anti-monarchical factions, and all the workers of disorder and pillage. If it is doubtful whether I may escape personally from so many enemies, the success of our grand and good revolution is, at least, thank heaven, assured in France, and soon it will propagate itself in the rest of the world, if we succeed in establishing public order in this country. Unfortunately, the people have much better learnt how to overturn despotism, than to comprehend the duty of submission to law. It is to you, my dear general, the patriarch and generalissimo of the promoters of universal liberty, that I ought always to render a faithful account of the conduct of your aide-de-camp in the service of this grand cause."

And in a subsequent letter: "I would that I could give you the assurance that our troubles were terminated

* Sparks' *Life of G. Morris*, ii. 171–119.

and our constitution established. Nevertheless, though our horizon is still very dark, we commence to foresee the moment when a new legislative body will replace this Assembly; and, unless there come an intervention of foreign powers, I hope that four months from this your friend will have resumed the life of a peaceful and simple citizen.

"The rage of party, even between the different shades of patriots, has gone as far as possible without the effusion of blood; but if animosities are far from subsiding, present circumstances are somewhat less menacing of a collision between the different supporters of the popular cause. As to myself, I am always the butt for attacks of all parties, because they see in my person an insurmountable obstacle to their evil designs. In the meantime, what appears to me a species of phenomenon, my popularity hitherto has not been shaken."

And in another letter, he speaks of the multiplying dangers which menaced the progress of reform in France: "The refugees hovering about the frontiers, intrigues in most of the despotic and aristocratic cabinets, our regular army divided into tory officers and undisciplined soldiers, licentiousness among the people not easily repressed, the capital, that gives the tone to the empire, tossed about by anti-revolutionary or factious parties, the Assembly fatigued by hard labor, and very unmanageable. However, according to the popular motto, *ça ira*, it will do."

When Lafayette thus wrote, faction was predominant at Paris. Liberty and equality began to be the watch-words, and the Jacobin club had set up a journal, which was spreading the spirit of revolt and preparing the fate of royalty.

"I assure you," writes Washington, "I have often contemplated, with great anxiety, the danger to which you are personally exposed by your peculiar and delicate situation in the tumult of the time, and your letters are far from quieting that friendly concern. But to one who engages in hazardous enterprises for the good of his country, and who is guided by pure and upright views, as I am sure is the case with you, life is but a secondary consideration.

"The tumultuous populace of large cities are ever to be dreaded. Their indiscriminate violence prostrates, for the time, all public authority, and its consequences are sometimes extensive and terrible. In Paris, we may suppose these tumults are peculiarly disastrous at this time, when the public mind is in a ferment, and when, as is always the case on such occasions, there are not wanting wicked and designing men whose element is confusion, and who will not hesitate in destroying the public tranquillity to gain a favorite point."

Sympathy with the popular cause prevailed with a part of Washington's cabinet. Jefferson was ardent in his wishes that the revolution might be established. He felt, he said, that the permanence of our own revolution

leaned, in some degree, on that of France; that a failure there would be a powerful argument to prove there must be a failure here, and that the success of the French revolution was necessary to stay up our own and "prevent its falling back to that kind of half-way house, the English constitution."

Outside of the cabinet, the Vice-President, John Adams, regarded the French revolution with strong distrust. His official position, however, was too negative in its nature to afford him an opportunity of exerting influence on public affairs. He considered the post of Vice-President beneath his talents. "My country," writes he, "has, in its wisdom, contrived for me the most insignificant office that ever the invention of man contrived or his imagination conceived."* Impatient of a situation in which, as he said, he could do neither good nor evil, he resorted, for mental relief, to the press, and for upwards of a year had exercised his fertile and ever-ready pen, in furnishing Fenno's "Gazette of the United States" with a series of papers entitled, "Discourses on Davila," being an analysis of Davila's "History of the Civil Wars of France in the 16th Century." The aim of Mr. Adams, in this series, was to point out to his countrymen the dangers to be apprehended from powerful factions in ill-balanced forms of government; but his aim was mistaken, and he was charged with advocating mon-

* *Life*, i. 460.

archy, and laboring to prepare the way for an hereditary presidency. To counteract these "political heresies," a reprint of Paine's "Rights of Man," written in reply to Burke's pamphlet on the French revolution, appeared under the auspices of Mr. Jefferson.

While the public mind was thus agitated with conflicting opinions, news arrived in August, of the flight of Louis XVI. from Paris, and his recapture at Varennes. All Jefferson's hatred of royalty was aroused by this breach of royal faith. "Such are the fruits of that form of government," said he, scornfully, "which heaps importance on idiots, and which the tories of the present day are trying to preach into our favor. It would be unfortunate were it in the power of any one man to defeat the issue of so beautiful a revolution. I hope and trust that it is not, and that, for the good of suffering humanity all over the earth, that revolution will be established and spread all over the world."

He was the first to communicate the intelligence to Washington, who was holding one of his levees, and observes, "I never saw him so much dejected by any event in my life." Washington, himself, declares that he remained for some time in painful suspense, as to what would be the consequences of this event. Ultimately, when news arrived that the king had accepted the constitution from the hands of the National Assembly, he hailed the event as promising happy consequences to France, and to mankind in general; and what added to

his joy, was the noble and disinterested part which his friend, Lafayette, had acted in this great drama. "The prayers and wishes of the human race," writes he to the marquis, "have attended the exertions of your nation; and when your affairs are settled under an energetic and equal government, the hearts of all good men will be satisfied."

CHAPTER XIV.

RURAL HOURS AT MOUNT VERNON.—ASSEMBLING OF SECOND CONGRESS.—WASHINGTON'S OPENING SPEECH.—TWO EXPEDITIONS ORGANIZED AGAINST THE INDIANS, UNDER SCOTT AND WILKINSON.—THEIR FEEBLE RESULT.—THIRD EXPEDITION UNDER ST. CLAIR.—HIS DISASTROUS CONTEST AND DISMAL RETREAT.—HOW WASHINGTON RECEIVED THE INTELLIGENCE.

A FEW weeks of autumn were passed by Washington at Mount Vernon, with his family in rural enjoyment, and in instructing a new agent, Mr. Robert Lewis, in the management of his estate; his nephew, Major George A. Washington, who ordinarily attended to his landed concerns, being absent among the mountains in quest of health.

The second Congress assembled at Philadelphia on the 24th of October, and on the 25th Washington delivered his opening speech. After remarking upon the prosperous situation of the country, and the success which had attended its financial measures, he adverted to the offensive operations against the Indians, which government had been compelled to adopt for the protection of the Western frontier. Some of these operations, he observed, had been successful, others were still depending. A brief

statement will be sufficient for the successful operations alluded to. To reconcile some of the people of the West to the appointment of General St. Clair as commander-in-chief in that quarter, a local board of war had been formed for the Western country, empowered to act in conjunction with the commanding officer of the United States, in calling out the militia, sending out expeditions against the Indians, and apportioning scouts through the exposed parts of the district of Kentucky.

Under this arrangement two expeditions had been organized in Kentucky against the villages on the Wabash. The first, in May, was led by General Charles Scott, having General Wilkinson as second in command. The second, a volunteer enterprise, in August, was led by Wilkinson alone. Very little good was effected, or glory gained by either of these expeditions. Indian villages and wigwams were burned, and fields laid waste; some few warriors were killed and prisoners taken, and an immense expense incurred.

Of the events of a third enterprise, led by General St. Clair himself, no tidings had been received at the time of Washington's opening speech; but we will anticipate the official despatches, and proceed to show how it fared with that veteran soldier, and how far he profited by the impressive warning which he had received from the President at parting.

The troops for his expedition assembled early in September, in the vicinity of Fort Washington (now Cincin-

nati). There were about two thousand regulars, and one thousand militia. The regulars included a corps of artillery and several squadrons of horse. An arduous task was before them. Roads were to be opened through a wilderness; bridges constructed for the conveyance of artillery and stores, and forts to be built so as to keep up a line of communication between the Wabash and the Ohio, the base of operations. The troops commenced their march directly north, on the 6th or 7th of September, cutting their way through the woods, and slowly constructing the line of forts. The little army, on the 24th of October, according to the diary of an officer, was respectable in numbers—"upon paper"—but, adds he, "the absence of the first regiment, and desertions from the militia, had very much reduced us. With the residue there was too generally wanting the essential stamina of soldiers. Picked up and recruited from the offscourings of large towns and cities, enervated by idleness, debauchery, and every species of vice, it was impossible they could have been made competent to the arduous duties of Indian warfare. An extraordinary aversion to service was also conspicuous amongst them, and demonstrated by repeated desertions; in many instances to the very foe we were to combat. The late period at which they had been brought into the field, left no leisure nor opportunity to discipline them. They were, moreover, badly clothed, badly paid, and badly fed. . . . . The military stores and arms were sent on in infamous order

Notwithstanding pointed orders against firing, and a penalty of one hundred lashes, game was so plenty and presented such a strong temptation, that the militia and the levies were constantly offending, to the great injury of the service and the destruction of all order in the army." *

After placing garrisons in the forts, the general continued his march. It was a forced one with him, for he was so afflicted with the gout that he could not walk, and had to be helped on and off of his horse; but his only chance to keep his little army together was to move on. A number of the Virginia troops had already, on the 27th of October, insisted on their discharges; there was danger that the whole battalion would follow their example, and the time of the other battalions was nearly up. The plan of the general was to push so far into the enemy's country, that such detachments as might be entitled to their discharges, would be afraid to return.

The army had proceeded six days after leaving Fort Jefferson, and were drawing near a part of the country where they were likely to meet with Indians, when, on the 30th of October, sixty of the militia deserted in a body; intending to supply themselves by plundering the convoys of provisions which were coming forward in the rear. The first United States regiment, under Major Hamtranck, was detached to march back beyond Fort

* Diary of Colonel Winthrop Sargent, Adjutant General of the U. S. army during the campaign of 1791.

Jefferson, apprehend these deserters, if possible, and, at all events, prevent the provisions that might be on the way, from being rifled. The force thus detached, consisted of three hundred of the best disciplined men in the service, with experienced officers.

Thus reduced to 1,400 effective rank and file, the army continued its march to a point about twenty-nine miles from Fort Jefferson, and ninety-seven from Fort Washington, and fifteen miles south of the Miami villages, where it encamped, November 3d, on a rising ground with a stream forty feet wide in front, running westerly. This stream was mistaken by General St. Clair for the St. Mary, which empties itself into the Miami of the lakes; but it was, in fact, a tributary of the Wabash.

A number of new and old Indian camps showed that this had been a place of general resort; and in the bends of the stream were tracks of a party of fifteen, horse and foot; a scouting party most probably, which must have quitted the ground just before the arrival of the army.

The troops were encamped in two lines, the right wing composed of Butler, Clarke, and Patterson's battalions, commanded by Major-general Butler, forming the first line; Patterson on the right, and four pieces of artillery on the right of Butler. The left wing, consisting of Beddinger and Gaither's battalions, and the second United States regiment, commanded by Colonel Darke, formed the second line; with an interval of about seventy yards, which was all that the ground allowed. The length of

the lines was nearly four hundred yards : the rear somewhat more, and the front somewhat less. A troop of horse, commanded by Captain Truman, and a company of riflemen under Captain Faulkner, were upon the right flank, and Snowden's troop of horse on the left.

The ground descended gradually in front of the encampment to the stream, which, at this time, was fordable, and meandered in its course ; in some places, one hundred yards distant from the camp, in others not more than twenty-five. The immediate spot of the encampment was very defensible against regular troops ; but it was surrounded by close woods, dense thickets, and the trunks of fallen trees, with here and there a ravine, and a small swamp—all the best kind of cover for stealthy Indian warfare.

The militia were encamped beyond the stream about a quarter of a mile in the advance, on a high flat ; a much more favorable position than that occupied by the main body ; and capacious enough to have accommodated the whole, and admitted any extent of lines.

It was the intention of St. Clair to throw up a slight work on the following day, and to move on to the attack of the Indian villages as soon as he should be rejoined by Major Hamtranck and the first United States regiment. The plan of this work he concerted in the evening with Major Ferguson of the artillery, a cool, indefatigable, determined man. In the meantime, Colonel Oldham, the commanding officer of the militia, was

directed to send out two detachments that evening, to explore the country and gain information concerning the enemy. The militia, however, showed signs of insubordination. They complained of being too much fatigued for the purpose; in short, the service was not, and probably could not be enforced. Sentinels posted around the camp, about fifty paces distant from each other, formed the principal security.

About half an hour before sunrise on the next morning (November 4th), and just after the troops had been dismissed on parade, a horrible sound burst forth from the woods around the militia camp, resembling, says an officer, the jangling of an infinitude of horse-bells. It was the direful Indian yell, followed by the sharp reports of the deadly rifle. The militia returned a feeble fire and then took to flight, dashing helter-skelter into the other camp. The first line of the continental troops, which was hastily forming, was thrown into disorder. The Indians were close upon the heels of the flying militia, and would have entered the camp with them, but the sight of troops drawn up with fixed bayonets to receive them, checked their ardor, and they threw themselves behind logs and bushes at the distance of seventy yards; and immediately commenced an attack upon the first line, which soon was extended to the second. The great weight of the attack was upon the centre of each line where the artillery was placed. The artillery, if not well served, was bravely fought; a quantity of canister

and some round shot were thrown in the direction whence the Indians fired; but, concealed as they were, and only seen occasionally as they sprang from one covert to another, it was impossible to direct the pieces to advantage. The artillerists themselves were exposed to a murderous fire, and every officer, and more than two thirds of the men, were killed and wounded. Twice the Indians pushed into the camp, delivering their fire and then rushing on with the tomahawk, but each time they were driven back. General Butler had been shot from his horse, and was sitting down to have his wound dressed, when a daring savage darted into camp, tomahawked and scalped him. He failed to carry off his trophy, being instantly slain.

The veteran St. Clair, who, unable to mount his horse, was borne about on a litter, preserved his coolness in the midst of the peril and disaster, giving his orders with judgment and self-possession. Seeing to what disadvantage his troops fought with a concealed enemy, he ordered Colonel Darke, with his regiment of regulars, to rouse the Indians from their covert with the bayonet, and turn their left flank. This was executed with great spirit: the enemy were driven three or four hundred yards; but, for want of cavalry or riflemen, the pursuit slackened, and the troops were forced to give back in turn. The savages had now got into the camp by the left flank; again several charges were made, but in vain. Great carnage was suffered from the enemy concealed in

the woods; every shot seemed to take effect; all the officers of the second regiment were picked off, excepting three. The contest had now endured for more than two hours and a half. The spirits of the troops flagged under the loss of the officers; half the army was killed, and the situation of the remainder was desperate. There appeared to be no alternative but a retreat.

At half-past nine, General St. Clair ordered Colonel Darke, with the second regiment, to make another charge, as if to turn the right wing of the enemy, but, in fact, to regain the road from which the army was cut off. This object was effected. "Having collected in one body the greatest part of the troops," writes one of the officers, "and such of the wounded as could possibly hobble along with us, we pushed out from the left of the rear line, sacrificing our artillery and baggage." Some of the wounded officers were brought off on horses, but several of the disabled men had to be left on the ground. The poor fellows charged their pieces before they were left: and the firing of musketry heard by the troops after they quitted the camp, told that their unfortunate comrades were selling their lives dear.

It was a disorderly flight. The troops threw away arms, ammunition, and accoutrements; even the officers, in some instances, divested themselves of their fusees. The general was mounted on a pack horse which could not be pricked out of a walk. Fortunately, the enemy

did not pursue above a mile or two, returning, most probably, to plunder the camp.

By seven in the evening, the fugitives reached Fort Jefferson, a distance of twenty-nine miles. Here they met Major Hamtranck with the first regiment; but, as this force was far from sufficient to make up for the losses of the morning, the retreat was continued to Fort Washington, where the army arrived on the 8th at noon, shattered and broken-spirited. Many poor fellows fell behind in the retreat, and fancying the savages were upon them, left the road, and some of them were wandering several days, until nearly starved.

In this disastrous battle the whole loss of regular troops and levies amounted to five hundred and fifty killed, and two hundred wounded. Out of ninety-five commissioned officers who were on the field, thirty-one were slain and twenty-four wounded. Of the three hundred and nineteen militia, Colonel Oldham and three other officers were killed and five wounded; and of non-commissioned officers and privates, thirty-eight were killed and twenty-nine wounded. Fourteen artificers and ten pack-horsemen were also killed, and thirteen wounded. So that, according to Colonel Sargent's estimate, the whole loss amounted to six hundred and seventy-seven killed, including thirty women, and two hundred and seventy-one wounded.

Poor St. Clair's defeat has been paralleled with that of Braddock. No doubt, when he realized the terrible

havoc that had been made, he thought sadly of Washington's parting words, "Beware of a surprise!"

We have a graphic account of the manner in which the intelligence of the disaster was received by Washington at Philadelphia. Towards the close of a winter's day in December, an officer in uniform dismounted in front of the President's house, and, giving the bridle to his servant, knocked at the door. He was informed by the porter that the President was at dinner and had company. The officer was not to be denied; he was on public business, he brought despatches for the President. A servant was sent into the dining-room to communicate the matter to Mr. Lear. The latter left the table and went into the hall, where the officer repeated what he had said to the porter. Mr. Lear, as secretary of the President, offered to take charge of the despatches and deliver them at the proper time. The officer replied that he was just arrived from the Western army; his orders were to deliver the despatches promptly to the President in person: but that he would wait his directions. Mr. Lear returned, and, in a whisper, communicated to the President what had passed. Washington rose from the table and went into the hall, whence he returned in a short time and resumed his seat, apologizing for his absence, but without alluding to the cause of it. One of the company, however, overheard him, as he took his seat, mutter to himself, with an ejaculation of extreme impatience, "I knew it would be so!"

Mrs. Washington held her drawing-room that evening. The gentlemen repaired thither from the table. Washington appeared there with his usual serenity; speaking courteously to every lady, as was his custom. By ten o'clock all the company had gone; Mrs. Washington retired soon after, and Washington and his secretary alone remained.

The general walked slowly backward and forward for some minutes in silence. As yet there had been no change in his manner. Taking a seat on a sofa by the fire he told Mr. Lear to sit down; the latter had scarce time to notice that he was extremely agitated, when he broke out suddenly: "It's all over!—St. Clair's defeated!—routed: the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete; too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" All this was uttered with great vehemence. Then pausing and rising from the sofa, he walked up and down the room in silence, violently agitated, but saying nothing. When near the door he stopped short; stood still for a few moments, when there was another terrible explosion of wrath.

"Yes," exclaimed he, "HERE, on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions from the Secretary of War,' said I, 'I had a strict eye to them, and will add but one word, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE! You know how the Indians fight us. I repeat it, BEWARE OF A SURPRISE.' He went off with that, my last warning, thrown into his ears. And yet! To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butch-

ered, tomahawked, by a surprise — the very thing I guarded him against—O God! O God!" exclaimed he, throwing up his hands, and while his very frame shook with emotion, "he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!"

Mr. Lear remained speechless; awed into breathless silence by the appalling tones in which this torrent of invective was poured forth. The paroxysm passed by. Washington again sat down on the sofa—he was silent—apparently uncomfortable, as if conscious of the ungovernable burst of passion which had overcome him. "This must not go beyond this room," said he at length, in a subdued and altered tone—there was another and a longer pause; then, in a tone quite low: "General St. Clair shall have justice," said he. "I looked hastily through the despatches; saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice." *

Washington had recovered his equanimity. "The storm," we are told, "was over, and no sign of it was afterwards seen in his conduct or heard in his conversation." How well he kept his word, in regard to General St. Clair, will hereafter be shown.

* Rush's *Washington in Domestic Life.*

CHAPTER XV.

THE APPORTIONMENT BILL.—WASHINGTON'S VETO.—HIS CONCERN AT THE GROWING ASPERITIES OF CONGRESS.—INTENDED RETIREMENT.—JEFFERSON'S DETERMINATION TO RETIRE AT THE SAME TIME.—REMONSTRANCE OF WASHINGTON.—HIS REQUEST TO MADISON TO PREPARE VALEDICTORY.—WAYNE APPOINTED TO SUCCEED ST. CLAIR.—CONGRESS ADJOURNS.—WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.—SUGGESTS TOPICS FOR HIS FAREWELL ADDRESS.—MADISON'S DRAFT.—JEFFERSON URGES HIS CONTINUANCE

IN the course of the present session of Congress a bill was introduced for apportioning representatives among the people of the several States, according to the first enumeration.

The Constitution had provided that the number of representatives should not exceed one for every thirty thousand persons, and the House of Representatives passed a bill allotting to each State one member for this amount of population. This ratio would leave a fraction, greater or less, in each State. Its operation was unequal, as in some States a large surplus would be unrepresented, and hence, in one branch of the legislature, the relative power of the State be affected. That, too, was the popular branch, which those who feared a strong executive, desired to provide with the counterpoise of as full a representation as possible.

To obviate this difficulty the Senate adopted a new principle of apportionment. They assumed the total population of the United States, and not the population of each State, as the basis on which the whole number of representatives should be ascertained. This aggregate they divided by thirty thousand : the quotient gave one hundred and twenty as the number of representatives; and this number they apportioned upon the several States according to their population ; allotting to each one member for every thirty thousand, and distributing the residuary members (to make up the one hundred and twenty) among the States having the largest fractions.

After an earnest debate, the House concurred, and the bill came before the President for his decision. The sole question was as to its constitutionality ; that being admitted, it was unexceptionable. Washington took the opinion of his cabinet. Jefferson and Randolph considered the act at variance with the Constitution. Knox was undecided. Hamilton thought the clause of the Constitution relating to the subject, somewhat vague, and was in favor of the construction given to it by the legislature.

After weighing the arguments on both sides, and maturely deliberating, the President made up his mind that the act was unconstitutional. It was the obvious intent of the Constitution to apply the ratio of representation according to the separate numbers of each State, and not to the aggregate of the population of the United States.

Now this bill allotted to eight of the States more than one representative for thirty thousand inhabitants. He accordingly returned the bill with his objections, being the first exercise of the veto power. A new bill was substituted, and passed into a law; giving a representative for every thirty-three thousand to each State.

Great heat and asperity were manifested in the discussions of Congress throughout the present session. Washington had observed with pain the political divisions which were growing up in the country; and was deeply concerned at finding that they were pervading the halls of legislation. The press, too, was contributing its powerful aid to keep up and increase the irritation. Two rival papers existed at the seat of government; one was Fenno's "Gazette of the United States," in which John Adams had published his "Discourses on Davila;" the other was the "National Gazette, edited by Philip Freneau. Freneau had been editor of the "New York Daily Advertiser," but had come to Philadelphia in the autumn of 1791 to occupy the post of translating clerk in Mr. Jefferson's office, and had almost immediately (October 31) published the first number of his "Gazette." Notwithstanding his situation in the office of the Secretary of State, Freneau became and continued to be throughout the session, a virulent assailant of most of the measures of government; excepting such as originated with Mr. Jefferson, or were approved by him.

Heart-weary by the political strifes and disagreements

which were disturbing the country and marring the harmony of his cabinet, the charge of government was becoming intolerably irksome to Washington; and he longed to be released from it, and to be once more master of himself, free to indulge those rural and agricultural tastes which were to give verdure and freshness to his future existence. He had some time before this expressed a determination to retire from public life at the end of his presidential term. But one more year of that term remained to be endured; he was congratulating himself with the thought, when Mr. Jefferson intimated that it was his intention to retire from office at the same time with himself.

Washington was exceedingly discomposed by this determination. Jefferson, in his "Anas," assures us that the President remonstrated with him against it, "in an affectionate tone." For his own part, he observed, many motives compelled him to retire. It was only after much pressing that he had consented to take a part in the new government and get it under way. Were he to continue in it longer, it might give room to say that, having tasted the sweets of office, he could not do without them.

He observed, moreover, to Jefferson, that he really felt himself growing old; that his bodily health was less firm, and his memory, always bad, was becoming worse. The other faculties of his mind, perhaps, might be evincing to others a decay of which he himself might be in-

sensible. This apprehension, he said, particularly oppressed him.

His activity, too, had declined; business was consequently more irksome, and the longing for tranquillity and retirement had become an irresistible passion. For these reasons he felt himself obliged, he said, to retire; yet he should consider it unfortunate if, in so doing, he should bring on the retirement of the great officers of government, which might produce a shock on the public mind of a dangerous consequence.

Jefferson, in reply, stated the reluctance with which he himself had entered upon public employment, and the resolution he had formed on accepting his station in the cabinet, to make the resignation of the President the epoch of his own retirement from labors of which he was heartily tired. He did not believe, however, that any of his brethren in the administration had any idea of retiring; on the contrary, he had perceived at a late meeting of the trustees of the sinking fund, that the Secretary of the Treasury had developed the plan he intended to pursue, and that it embraced years in its view.

Washington rejoined, that he considered the Treasury Department a limited one, going only to the single object of revenue, while that of the Secretary of State, embracing nearly all the objects of administration, was much more important, and the retirement of the officer, therefore, would be more noticed; that though the government had set out with a pretty general good-will, yet

that symptoms of dissatisfaction had lately shown themselves, far beyond what he could have expected; and to what height these might arise, in case of too great a change in the administration, could not be foreseen.

Jefferson availed himself of this opportunity to have a thrust at his political rival. "I told him" (the President), relates he, "that in my opinion there was only a single source of these discontents. Though they had, indeed, appeared to spread themselves over the War Department also, yet I considered that as an overflowing only from their real channel, which would never have taken place if they had not first been generated in another department, to wit, that of the Treasury. That a system had there been contrived for deluging the States with paper money instead of gold and silver, for withdrawing our citizens from the pursuits of commerce, manufactures, buildings, and other branches of useful industry, to occupy themselves and their capitals in a species of gambling, destructive of morality, and which had introduced its poison into the government itself." *

Mr. Jefferson went on, in the same strain, to comment at large upon the measures of Mr. Hamilton, but records no reply of importance on the part of Washington, whose object in seeking the conversation had been merely to persuade his Secretary to remain in the cabinet; and who had no relish for the censorious comments to which it had given rise.

* Jefferson's *Works*, ix. 102.

Yet with all this political rivalry, Jefferson has left on record his appreciation of the sterling merit of Hamilton. In his "Anas," he speaks of him as "of acute understanding, disinterested, honest, and honorable in all private transactions; amiable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life. Yet so bewitched and perverted by the British example, as to be under thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation."

In support of this sweeping exception to Mr. Hamilton's political orthodoxy, Mr. Jefferson gives, in his "Anas," a conversation which occurred between that gentleman and Mr. Adams, at his (Mr. Jefferson's) table, *after the cloth was removed.* "Conversation," writes he, "began on other matters, and by some circumstance was led to the British constitution, on which Mr. Adams observed, 'Purge that constitution of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man.' Hamilton paused and said, 'Purge it of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an *impracticable* government; as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government which ever existed.'" *

This after-dinner conversation appears to us very

* Jefferson's *Works,* vol. ix. p. 96.

loose ground on which to found the opinion continually expressed by Mr. Jefferson, that "Mr. Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption."

Subsequent to Washington's remonstrance with Mr. Jefferson above cited, he had confidential conversations with Mr. Madison on the subject of his intended retirement from office at the end of the presidential term, and asked him to think what would be the proper time and mode of announcing his intention to the public; and intimating a wish that Mr. Madison would prepare for him the announcement.

Mr. Madison remonstrated in the most earnest manner against such a resolution, setting forth, in urgent language, the importance to the country of his continuing in the presidency. Washington listened to his reasoning with profound attention, but still clung to his resolution.

In consequence of St. Clair's disastrous defeat and the increasing pressure of the Indian war, bills had been passed in Congress for increasing the army, by adding three regiments of infantry and a squadron of cavalry (which additional force was to serve for three years, unless sooner discharged), also for establishing a uniform militia system.

The question now came up as to the appointment of an officer to command in the Western frontier. General St. Clair, in a letter to Washington, expressed a wish that a court of inquiry might be instituted to investigate his

conduct in the late expedition. "Your desire," replied Washington, March 28th, "of rectifying any errors of the public opinion relative to your conduct, by an investigation of a court of inquiry, is highly laudable, and would be readily complied with, were the measure practicable. But a total deficiency of officers in actual service, of competent rank to form a legal court for that purpose, precludes the power of gratifying your wishes on this occasion.

"The intimation of your wishes to afford your successor all the information of which you are capable, although unnecessary for my personal conviction, must be regarded as an additional evidence of the goodness of your heart, and of your attachment to your country."

In a letter dated March 31st, St. Clair urged reasons for being permitted to retain his commission "until an opportunity should be presented, if necessary, of investigating his conduct in every mode presented by law."

These reasons, Washington replied, would be conclusive with him under any other circumstances than the present. "But the establishment of the troops," observes he, "allows only of one major-general. You have manifested your intention of retiring, and the essential interests of the public require that your successor should be immediately appointed, in order to repair to the frontiers.

"As the House of Representatives have been pleased to institute an inquiry into the causes of the failure of

the late expedition, I should hope an opportunity would thereby be afforded you of explaining your conduct in a manner satisfactory to the public and yourself."

St. Clair resigned his commission, and was succeeded in his Western command by General Wayne, the Mad Anthony of the Revolution, still in the vigor of his days, being forty-seven years of age. "He has many good points as an officer," writes Washington, "and it is to be hoped that time, reflection, good advice, and, above all, a due sense of the importance of the trust which is committed to him, will correct his foibles, or cast a shade over them." *

Washington's first thought was that a decisive expedition conducted by this energetic man of the sword, might retrieve the recent frontier disgrace, and put an end to the persevering hostility of the Indians. In deference, however, to the clamors which had been raised against the war and its expenses, and to meet what appeared to be the prevalent wish of the nation, he reluctantly relinquished his more energetic policy, and gave in to that which advised further negotiations for peace; though he was far from anticipating a beneficial result.

In regard to St. Clair, we will here add: that a committee of the House of Representatives ultimately inquired into the cause of the failure of his expedition, and rendered a report, in which he was explicitly exculpated

* Letter to Governor Lee. *Washington's Writings*, x. 248.

His adjutant-general also (Winthrop Sargent), in his private diary, testifies to St. Clair's coolness and bravery, though debilitated by illness. Public sentiment, however, remained for a long time adverse to him; but Washington, satisfied with the explanations which had been given, continued to honor him with his confidence and friendship.

Congress adjourned on the 8th of May, and soon afterward Washington set off on a short visit to Mount Vernon. The season was in all its beauty, and never had this rallying place of his affections appeared to him more attractive. How could he give up the prospect of a speedy return to its genial pursuits and pleasures from the harassing cares and janglings of public life. On the 20th of May, he wrote to Mr. Madison on the subject of their late conversation. "I have not been unmindful," says he, "of the sentiments expressed by you. On the contrary, I have again and again revolved them with thoughtful anxiety, but without being able to dispose my mind to a longer continuation in the office I have now the honor to hold. I, therefore, still look forward with the fondest and most ardent wishes to spend the remainder of my days, which I cannot expect to be long, in ease and tranquillity."

He now renewed the request he had made Mr. Madison, for advice as to the proper time and mode for announcing his intention of retiring, and for assistance in preparing the announcement. "In revolving this sub-

ject myself," writes he, "my judgment has always been embarrassed. On the one hand, a previous declaration to retire, not only carries with it the appearance of vanity and self-importance, but it may be construed into a manœuvre to be invited to remain; and, on the other hand, to say nothing, implies consent, or, at any rate, would leave the matter in doubt; and to decline afterwards might be deemed as bad and uncandid."

"I would fain carry my request to you further," adds he. "As the recess [of Congress] may afford you leisure, and, I flatter myself, you have dispositions to oblige me, I will, without apology, desire, if the measure in itself should strike you as proper, or likely to produce public good, or private honor, that you would turn your thoughts to a valedictory address from me to the public."

He then went on to suggest a number of the topics and ideas which the address was to contain; all to be expressed in "plain and modest terms." But, in the main, he left it to Mr. Madison to determine whether, in the first place, such an address would be proper; if so, what matters it ought to contain and when it ought to appear; whether at the same time with his [Washington's] declaration of his intention to retire, or at the close of his career.

Madison, in reply, approved of the measure, and advised that the notification and address should appear together, and be promulgated through the press in time

to pervade every part of the Union by the beginning of November. With the letter he sent a draft of the address. "You will readily observe," writes he, "that in executing it, I have aimed at that plainness and modesty of language, which you had in view, and which, indeed, are so peculiarly becoming the character and the occasion; and that I had little more to do as to the matter, than to follow the just and comprehensive outline which you had sketched. I flatter myself, however, that, in everything which has depended on me, much improvement will be made, before so interesting a paper shall have taken its last form." *

Before concluding his letter, Madison expressed a hope that Washington would reconsider his idea of retiring from office, and that the country might not, at so important a conjuncture, be deprived of the inestimable advantage of having him at the head of its councils.

On the 23d of May, Jefferson also addressed a long letter to Washington on the same subject. "When you first mentioned to me your purpose of retiring from the government, though I felt all the magnitude of the event, I was in a considerable degree silent. I knew that, to such a mind as yours, persuasion was idle and impertinent; that, before forming your decision, you had weighed all the reasons for and against the measure, had made up your mind in full view of them, and that there

* *Washington's Writings.* Sparks, xii. 382.

could be little hope of changing the result. Pursuing my reflections, too, I knew we were some day to try to walk alone, and, if the essay should be made while you should be alive and looking on, we should derive confidence from that circumstance, and resource if it failed. The public mind, too, was then calm and confident, and therefore in a favorable state for making the experiment. But the public mind is no longer so confident and serene; and that from causes in which you are no ways personally mixed."

Jefferson now launched out against the public debt and all the evils which he apprehended from the funding system, the ultimate object of all which was, said he, "to prepare the way for a change from the present republican form of government to that of a monarchy, of which the English constitution is to be the model." He concluded by pronouncing the continuance of Washington at the head of affairs, to be of the last importance.

"The confidence of the whole Union," writes he, "is centered in you. Your being at the helm will be more than an answer to every argument which can be used to alarm and lead the people in any quarter into violence or secession. North and South will hang together, if they have you to hang on; and, if the first corrective of a numerous representation should fail in its effect, your presence will give time for trying others not inconsistent with the union and peace of the States.

"I am perfectly aware of the oppression under which

your present office lays your mind, and of the ardor with which you pant for retirement to domestic life. But there is sometimes an eminence of character on which society have such peculiar claims, as to control the predilections of the individual for a particular walk of happiness, and restrain him to that alone, arising from the present and future benediction of mankind. This seems to be your condition, and the law imposed on you by Providence, in forming your character, and fashioning the events on which it was to operate; and it is to motives like these, and not to personal anxieties of mine or others, who have no right to call on you for sacrifices, that I appeal from your former determination and urge a revisal of it, on the ground of change in the aspect of things. Should an honest majority result from the new and enlarged representation, should those acquiesce, whose principles or interests they may control, your wishes for retirement would be gratified with less danger, as soon as that shall be manifest, without awaiting the completion of the second period of four years. One or two sessions will determine the crisis; and I cannot but hope, that you can resolve to add one or two more to the many years you have already sacrificed to the good of mankind." *

* *Writings*, x. 508.

CHAPTER XVI.

JEFFERSON'S SUSPICION.—CONTEMNED BY HAMILTON.—WASHINGTON'S EXPOSTULATION.—COMPLAINS OF THE CONDUCT OF FRENEAU'S PAPER.—HAMILTON AND RANDOLPH URGE HIM TO A REËLECTION.—A WARRING CABINET.—HAMILTON'S ATTACK ON JEFFERSON.—WASHINGTON'S HEALING ADMONITIONS.—REPLIES OF THE TWO SECRETARIES.—CONTINUED HOSTILITY TO THE EXCISE LAW.—WASHINGTON'S PROCLAMATION.—RENEWED EFFORT TO ALLAY THE DISCORD IN HIS CABINET.

THE letter of Jefferson was not received by Washington until after his return to Philadelphia, and the purport of it was so painful to him, that he deferred from day to day having any conversation with that statesman on the subject. A letter written in the meantime, by Jefferson to Lafayette, shows the predominant suspicion, or rather belief, which had fixed itself in the mind of the former, and was shaping his course of action.

"A sect," writes he, "has shown itself among us, who declare they espoused our Constitution not as a good and sufficient thing in itself, but only as a step to an English constitution, the only thing good and sufficient in itself, in their eyes. It is happy for us that these are preachers without followers, and that our people are firm and con-

stant in their republican purity. You will wonder to be told that it is from the eastward chiefly, that these champions for a king, lords, and commons, come. They get some important associates from New York, and are puffed up by a tribe of Agioteurs which have been hatched in a bed of corruption, made up after the model of their beloved England. Too many of these stock-jobbers and king-jobbers have come into our legislature, or rather, too many of our legislature have become stock-jobbers and king-jobbers. However, the voice of the people is beginning to make itself heard, and will probably cleanse their seats at the next election." *

In regard to the suspicions and apprehensions avowed in the above letter, and which apparently were haunting Jefferson's mind, Hamilton expressed himself roundly in one of his cabinet papers :—

"The idea of introducing a monarchy or aristocracy into this country, by employing the influence and force of a government continually changing hands, towards it, is one of those visionary things that none but madmen could meditate and that no wise man will believe. If it could be done at all, which is utterly incredible, it would require a long series of time, certainly beyond the life of any individual, to effect it—who, then, would enter into such a plot? for what purpose of interest or ambition?"

And as to the charge of stock-gambling in the legisla-

* Jefferson's *Works*, iii. 450.

ture, Hamilton indignantly writes: "As far as I know, there is not a member of the legislature who can properly be called a stock-jobber or a paper-dealer. There are several of them who were proprietors of public debt, in various ways; some for money lent and property furnished for the use of the public during the war, others for sums received in payment of debts, and it is supposable enough that some of them had been purchasers of the public debt, with intention to hold it as a valuable and convenient property, considering an honorable provision for it as a matter of course.

"It is a strange perversion of ideas, and as novel as it is extraordinary, that men should be deemed corrupt and criminal for becoming proprietors in the funds of their country. Yet, I believe the number of members of Congress is very small, who have ever been considerable proprietors in the funds. As to improper speculations on measures depending before Congress, I believe never was any body of men freer from them." *

On the 10th of July, Washington had a conversation with Jefferson on the subject of the letter he had recently received from him; and endeavored with his usual supervising and moderating assiduity to allay the jealousies and suspicions which were disturbing the mind of that ardent politician. These, he intimated, had been carried a great deal too far. There might be

* Hamilton's *Works*, iv. 268.

desires, he said, among a few in the higher walks of life, particularly in the great cities, to change the form of government into a monarchy, but he did not believe there were any *designs;* and he believed the main body of the people in the Eastern States were as steadily for republicanism as in the Southern.

He now spoke with earnestness about articles in the public papers, especially in the "Gazette" edited by Freneau, the object of which seemed to be to excite opposition to the government, and which had actually excited it in Pennsylvania, in regard to the excise law. "These articles," said he, feelingly, "tend to produce a separation of the Union, *the most dreadful of calamities;* and whatever tends to produce anarchy, tends, of course, to produce a resort to monarchical government."

The articles in question had, it is true, been chiefly leveled at the Treasury Department, but Washington accepted no immunity from attacks pointed at any department of his government, assuming that they were aimed directly at himself. "In condemning the administration of the government, they condemned me," said he, "for, if they thought these were measures pursued contrary to my sentiments, they must conceive me too careless to attend to them or too stupid to understand them."

He acknowledged, indeed, that he had signed many acts of which he did not approve in all their parts; but never had he put his hand to one which he did not think eligible, on the whole.

As to the bank which had been so much complained of, he observed that, until there was some infallible criterion of reason, a difference of opinion must be tolerated. He did not believe the discontents extended far from the seat of government. He had seen and spoken with many people in Maryland and Virginia in his late journey, and had found them contented and happy.

Jefferson's observations in reply tended, principally to iterate and enforce what he had already urged in his letter. The two great popular complaints were, he said, that the national debt was unnecessarily increased by the Assumption, and that it had furnished the means of corrupting both branches of the legislature. In both Houses there was a considerable squadron whose votes were devoted to the paper and stock-jobbing interest. On examining the votes of these men they would be found uniformly for every treasury measure, and as most of these measures had been carried by small majorities, they had been carried by these very votes. It was a cause of just uneasiness, therefore, when we saw a legislature legislating for their own interests in opposition to those of the people.

"Washington," observed Jefferson, "said not a word on the corruption of the legislature." He probably did not feel disposed to contend against what he may have considered jealous suspicions and deductions. But he took up the other point and defended the Assumption, agreeing, says Jefferson, that it had not increased the debt, *for that all of it was honest debt.*

He justified the excise law, too, as one of the best laws that could be passed, as nobody would pay the tax who did not choose to do it.

We give this conversation as noted down by Jefferson in his "Anas." It is one of the very few instances we have of Washington's informal discussions with the members of his cabinet, and it bears the stamp of that judgment, considerateness, delicacy, and good faith which enabled him to moderate and manage the wayward passions and impulses of able men.

Hamilton was equally strenuous with Jefferson in urging upon Washington the policy of a reëlection, as it regarded the public good, and wrote to him fully on the subject. It was the opinion of every one, he alleged, with whom he had conversed, that the affairs of the national government were not yet firmly established: that its enemies, generally speaking, were as inveterate as ever; that their enmity had been sharpened by its success and all the resentments which flow from disappointed predictions and mortified vanity; that a general and strenuous effort was making in every State to place the administration of it in the hands of its enemies, as if they were its safest guardians; that the period of the next House of Representatives was likely to prove the crisis of its national character; that if Washington continued in office, nothing materially mischievous was to be apprehended; but, if he should quit, much was to be dreaded; that the same motives which had induced him to accept originally,

ought to decide him to continue till matters had assumed a more determinate aspect; that, indeed, it would have been better as it regarded his own character, that he had never consented to come forward, than now to leave the business unfinished and in danger of being undone; that in the event of storms arising, there would be an imputation either of want of foresight or want of firmness; and, in fine, that on public and personal accounts, on patriotic and prudential considerations, the clear path to be pursued by him would be again to obey the voice of his country; which, it was not doubted, would be as earnest and as unanimous as ever.

In concluding his letter, Hamilton observes, "The sentiments I have delivered upon this occasion, I can truly say, proceed exclusively from an anxious concern for the public welfare and an affectionate personal attachment."

Mr. Edmund Randolph also, after a long letter on the "jeopardy of the Union," which seemed to him "at the eve of a crisis," adds: "The fuel which has been already gathered for combustion wants no addition. But how awfully might it be increased, were the violence, which is now suspended by a universal submission to your pretensions, let loose by your resignation. Permit me, then, in the fervor of a dutiful and affectionate attachment to you, to beseech you to penetrate the consequences of a dereliction of the reins. The Constitution would never have been adopted but from a knowledge that you had

once sanctioned it, and an expectation that you would execute it. It is in a state of probation. The most inauspicious struggles are past, but the public deliberations need stability. You alone can give them stability. You suffered yourself to yield when the voice of your country summoned you to the administration. Should a civil war arise, you cannot stay at home. And how much easier will it be to disperse the factions, which are rushing to this catastrophe, than to subdue them after they shall appear in arms? It is the fixed opinion of the world, that you surrender nothing incomplete." *

Not the cabinet, merely, divided as it was in its political opinions, but all parties, however discordant in other points, concurred in a desire that Washington should continue in office—so truly was he regarded as the choice of the nation.

But though the cabinet was united in feeling on this one subject, in other respects its dissensions were increasing in virulence. Hamilton, aggrieved by the attacks made in Freneau's paper upon his funding and banking system, his duty on home-made spirits, and other points of his financial policy, and upon himself, by holding him up as a monarchist at heart, and considering these attacks as originating in the hostility of Freneau's patron, Mr. Jefferson, addressed a note signed T. L. to the editor of the "Gazette of the United States," in which he observes

* *Washington's Writings*, x. 514.

that the editor of the "National Gazette" received a salary from government, adding the significant query—whether this salary was paid him for translations or publications, the design of which was to vilify those to whom the voice of the people had committed the administration of our public affairs, to oppose the measures of government, and, by false insinuations, to disturb the public peace? "In common life it is thought ungrateful for a man to bite the hand that puts bread in his mouth; but, if the man is hired to do it, the case is altered."

In another article, dated August 4th, Mr. Hamilton, under the signature of "An American," gave some particulars of the negotiations which ended in the establishment of the "National Gazette," devoted to the interests of a certain party, of which Mr. Jefferson was the head. "An experiment," said he, "somewhat new in the history of political manœuvres in this country; a newspaper instituted by a public officer, and the editor of it regularly pensioned with the public money in the disposal of that officer. . . . . But, it may be asked, is it possible that Mr. Jefferson, the head of a principal department of the government, can be the patron of a paper, the evident object of which is to decry the government and its measures? If he disapproves of the government itself and thinks it deserving of his opposition, can he reconcile it to his own personal dignity and the principles of probity, to hold an office under it, and employ the means of official influence in that opposition? If he

disapproves of the leading measures which have been adopted in the course of his administration, can he reconcile it with the principles of delicacy and propriety, to hold a place in that administration, and at the same time to be instrumental in vilifying measures which have been adopted by majorities of both branches of the legislature, *and sanctioned by the chief magistrate of the Union?*"

This attack brought out an affidavit from Mr. Freneau, in which he declared that his coming to Philadelphia was his own voluntary act; that, as an editor of a newspaper, he had never been urged, advised, or influenced by Mr. Jefferson, and that not a single line of his "Gazette" was ever directly or indirectly written, dictated, or composed for it, by the Secretary of State.

Washington had noticed this growing feud with excessive pain, and at length found it necessary to interfere and attempt a reconciliation between the warring parties. In the course of a letter to Jefferson (August 23d), on the subject of Indian hostilities, and the possibility of their being furnished by foreign agents to check, as far as possible, the rapid increase, extension, and consequence of the United States, "How unfortunate then," observes he, "and how much to be regretted that, while we are encompassed on all sides with armed enemies and insidious friends, internal dissensions should be harrowing and tearing our vitals. The latter, to me, is the most serious, the most alarming, and the most afflicting of the two; and without more charity for the opinions and acts

of one another in governmental matters, or some more infallible criterion by which the truth of speculative opinions, before they have undergone the test of experience, are to be prejudged, than has yet fallen to the lot of fallibility, I believe it will be difficult, if not impracticable, to manage the reins of government, or to keep the parts of it together; for if, instead of laying our shoulders to the machine after measures are decided on, one pulls this way and another that, before the utility of the thing is fairly tried, it must inevitably be torn asunder; and, in my opinion, the fairest prospect of happiness and prosperity that ever was presented to man, will be lost perhaps forever.

"My earnest wish and fondest hope, therefore, is, that instead of wounding suspicions and irritating charges, there may be liberal allowances, mutual forbearances, and temporizing yieldings on all sides. Under the exercise of these, matters will go on smoothly, and, if possible, more prosperously. Without them, everything must rub; the wheels of government will clog; our enemies will triumph, and, by throwing their weight into the disaffected scale, may accomplish the ruin of the goodly fabric we have been erecting."

Admonitions to the same purport were addressed by him to Hamilton. "Having premised these things," adds he, "I would fain hope that liberal allowances will be made for the political opinions of each other; and, instead of those wounding suspicions and irritating

charges, with which some of our gazettes are so strongly impregnated, and which cannot fail, if persevered in, of pushing matters to extremity, and thereby tearing the machine asunder, that there may be mutual forbearance and temporizing yielding *on all sides.* Without these I do not see how the reins of government are to be managed, or how the Union of the States can be much longer preserved." . . . .

"I do not mean to apply this advice to any measures which are passed, or to any particular character. I have given it in the same *general* terms to other officers of the government. My earnest wish is, that balsam may be poured into *all* the wounds which have been given, to prevent them from gangrening, and from those fatal consequences, which the community may sustain if it is withheld." *

Hamilton was prompt and affectionate in his reply, expressing sincere regret at the circumstances which had given rise to the uneasy sensations experienced by Washington. "It is my most anxious wish," writes he, "as far as may depend upon me, to smooth the path of your administration, and to render it prosperous and happy. And, if any prospect shall open of healing or terminating the differences which exist, I shall most cheerfully embrace it; though I consider myself as the deeply injured party. The recommendation of such a

* *Writings,* x. 284.

spirit is worthy of the moderation and wisdom which dictated it."

He then frankly acknowledged that he had had "some instrumentality" in the retaliations which of late had fallen upon certain public characters.

"I considered myself compelled to this conduct," adds he, "by reasons public as well as personal, of the most cogent nature. I *know* I have been an object of uniform opposition from Mr. Jefferson, from the moment of his coming to the city of New York to enter upon his present office. I *know*, from the most authentic sources, that I have been the frequent subject of the most unkind whispers and insinuations from the same quarter. I have long seen a formed party in the legislature under his auspices, bent upon my subversion. I cannot doubt, from the evidence I possess, that the 'National Gazette' was instituted by him for political purposes, and that one leading object of it has been to render me and all the measures connected with my department as odious as possible." "Nevertheless," proceeds he, "I can truly say, that, excepting explanations to confidential friends, I never, directly or indirectly, retaliated or countenanced retaliation till very lately. . . . . But when I no longer doubted that there was a formed party deliberately bent upon the subversion of measures which, in its consequences, would subvert the government; when I saw that the undoing of the funding system in particular (which, whatever may be the original measures of that

system, would prostrate the credit and honor of the nation, and bring the government into contempt with that description of men who are in every society the only firm supporters of government) was an avowed object of the party; and that all possible pains were taken to produce that effect, by rendering it odious to the body of the people, I considered it a duty to endeavor to resist the torrent, and, as an effectual means to this end, to draw aside the veil from the principal actors. To this strong impulse, to this decided conviction, I have yielded; and I think events will prove that I have judged rightly."

"Nevertheless, I pledge my hand to you, sir, that, if you shall hereafter form a plan to reunite the members of your administration upon some steady principle of coöperation, I will faithfully concur in executing it during my continuance in office. And I will not, directly or indirectly, say or do a thing that shall endanger a feud."

Jefferson, too, in a letter of the same date, assured Washington that to no one had the dissensions of the cabinet given deeper concern than to himself—to no one equal mortification at being himself a part of them. His own grievances, which led to those dissensions, he traced back to the time when Hamilton, in the spring of 1790, procured his influence to effect a change in the vote on Assumption. "When I embarked in the government," writes he, "it was with a determination to intermeddle

not at all with the legislature, and as little as possible with my co-departments. The first and only instance of variance from the former part of my resolution, I was duped into by the Secretary of the Treasury, and made a tool for forwarding his schemes, not then sufficiently understood by me; and of all the errors of my political life, this has occasioned me the deepest regret." . . . . "If it has been supposed that I have ever intrigued among the members of the legislature to defeat the plans of the Secretary of the Treasury, it is contrary to all truth. . . . . That I have utterly, in my private conversations, disapproved of the system of the Secretary of the Treasury, I acknowledge and avow; and this was not merely a speculative difference. His system flowed from principles adverse to liberty, and was calculated to undermine and demolish the republic by creating an influence of his department over the members of the legislature."

In regard to Freneau's "Gazette," Mr. Jefferson absolutely denied that he had set it up, but admitted that, on its first establishment, and subsequently from time to time, he had furnished the editor with the Leyden "Gazette," requesting that he would always translate and publish the material intelligence contained in them. "But as to any other direction or indication," adds he, "of my wish how his press should be conducted, what sort of intelligence he should give, what essays encourage, I can protest, in the presence of Heaven, that I

never did, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, say a syllable, nor attempt any kind of influence. I can further protest in the same awful presence, that I never did, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, write, dictate, or procure any one sentence or sentiment to be inserted *in his or any other Gazette*, to which my name was not affixed, or that of my office. . . . .

"Freneau's proposition to publish a paper having been about the time that the writings of 'Publicola' and the 'Discourses on Davila' had a good deal excited the public attention, I took it for granted, from Freneau's character, which had been marked as that of a good whig, that he would give free place to pieces written against the aristocratical and monarchical principles these papers had inculcated.

"As to the merits or demerits of his paper, they certainly concern me not. He and Fenno [editor of the 'United States Gazette'] are rivals for the public favor; the one courts them by flattery, the other by censure; and I believe it will be admitted that the one has been as servile as the other severe. But is not the dignity and even decency of government committed, when one of its principal ministers enlists himself as an anonymous writer or paragraphist for either the one or the other of them?"

Mr. Jefferson considered himself particularly aggrieved by charges against him in Fenno's "Gazette," which he ascribed to the pen of Mr. Hamilton, and intimated the

possibility, that after his retirement from office, he might make an appeal to the country, should his own justification or the interests of the Republic require it, subscribing his name to whatever he might write, and using with freedom and truth the facts and names necessary to place the cause in its just form before that tribunal. "To a thorough disregard of the honors and emoluments of office, I join as great a value for the esteem of my countrymen; and conscious of having merited it by an integrity which cannot be reproached, and by an enthusiastic devotion to their rights and liberty, I will not suffer my retirement to be clouded by the slanders of a man, whose history, from the moment at which history can stoop to notice him, is a tissue of machinations against the liberty of the country which has not only received and given him bread, but heaped its honors on his head."

Washington's solicitude for harmony in his cabinet had been rendered more anxious by public disturbances in some parts of the country. The excise law on ardent spirits distilled within the United States, had, from the time of its enactment by Congress in 1791, met with opposition from the inhabitants of the western counties of Pennsylvania. It had been modified and rendered less offensive within the present year; but the hostility to it had continued. Combinations were formed to defeat the execution of it, and the revenue officers were riotously opposed in the execution of their duties.

Determined to exert all the legal powers with which

he was invested to check so daring and unwarrantable a spirit, Washington, on the 15th of September, issued a proclamation, warning all persons to desist from such unlawful combinations and proceedings, and requiring all courts, magistrates, and officers, to bring the infractors of the law to justice; copies of which proclamation were sent to the governors of Pennsylvania and of North and South Carolina.

On the 18th of October, Washington made one more effort to allay the discord in his cabinet. Finding it impossible for the rival secretaries to concur in any system of politics, he urged them to accommodate their differences by mutual yieldings. "A measure of this sort," observed he, "would produce harmony and consequent good in our public councils, and the contrary will inevitably produce confusion and serious mischiefs; and all for what? Because mankind cannot think alike, but would adopt different means to attain the same end. For I will frankly and solemnly declare, that I believe the views of both to be pure and well meant, and that experience only will decide with respect to the salutariness of the measures which are the subjects of this dispute."

"Why, then, when some of the best citizens of the United States—men of discernment—uniform and tried patriots—who have no sinister views to promote, but are chaste in their ways of thinking and acting, are to be found, some on one side and some on the other of the questions which have caused these agitations—why

should either of you be so tenacious of your opinions as to make no allowance for those of the other?

. . . . . .

"I have a great, a sincere esteem and regard for you both; and ardently wish that some line could be marked out by which both of you could walk."

CHAPTER XVII.

WASHINGTON UNANIMOUSLY REËLECTED.—OPENING OF SESSION OF CONGRESS.—TOPICS OF THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECH.—ABORTIVE ATTACK UPON THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—WASHINGTON INSTALLED FOR HIS SECOND TERM.

IT was after a long and painful conflict of feelings that Washington consented to be a candidate for a reëlection. There was no opposition on the part of the public, and the vote for him in the Electoral College was unanimous. In a letter to a friend, he declared himself gratefully impressed by so distinguished and honorable a testimony of public approbation and confidence. In truth he had been apprehensive of being elected by but a meagre majority, which he acknowledged would have been a matter of chagrin.

George Clinton of New York, was held up for the Vice-presidency, in opposition to John Adams; but the latter was reëlected by a majority of twenty-seven electoral votes.

But though gratified to find that the hearts of his countrymen were still with him, it was with no emotion of pleasure that Washington looked forward to another

term of public duty, and a prolonged absence from the quiet retirement of Mount Vernon.

The session of Congress, which was to close his present term, opened on the fifth of November. The continuance of the Indian war formed a painful topic in the President's address. Efforts at pacification had as yet been unsuccessful: two brave officers, Colonel Hardin and Major Trueman, who had been sent to negotiate with the savages, had been severally murdered. Vigorous preparations were therefore making for an active prosecution of hostilities, in which Wayne was to take the field. Washington, with benevolent earnestness, dwelt upon the humane system of civilizing the tribes, by inculcating agricultural tastes and habits.

The factious and turbulent opposition which had been made in some parts of the country to the collection of duties on spirituous liquors distilled in the United States, was likewise adverted to by the President, and a determination expressed to assert and maintain the just authority of the laws; trusting in the "full coöperation of the other departments of government, and the zealous support of all good citizens."

In a part of the speech addressed to the House of Representatives, he expressed a strong hope that the state of the national finances was now sufficiently matured to admit of an arrangement for the redemption and discharge of the public debt. "No measure," said he, "can be more desirable, whether viewed with an eye to

its intrinsic importance, or to the general sentiment and wish of the nation."

The address was well received by both houses, and a disposition expressed to concur with the President's views and wishes. The discussion of the subjects to which he had called their attention, soon produced vehement conflicts of opinion in the House, marking the growing virulence of parties. The Secretary of the Treasury, in reporting, at the request of the House, a plan for the annual reduction of so much of the national debt as the United States had a right to redeem, spoke of the expenses of the Indian war, and the necessity of additional internal taxes. The consideration of the report was parried or evaded, and a motion made to reduce the military establishment. This gave an opportunity for sternly criticising the mode in which the Indian war had been conducted; for discussing the comparative merits and cost of regular and militia forces, and for inveighing against standing armies, as dangerous to liberty. These discussions, while they elicited much heat, led to no present result, and gave way to an inquiry into the conduct of the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to certain loans, which the President, in conformity to acts of Congress, had authorized him to make; but concerning the management of which he had not furnished detailed reports to the legislature.

The subject was opened by Mr. Giles of Virginia, who moved in the House of Representatives a series of reso-

lutions seeking information in the matter, and who followed his resolutions by a speech, charging the Secretary of the Treasury with official misconduct, and intimating that a large balance of public money had not been accounted for.

A report of the Secretary gave all the information desired; but the charges against him continued to be urged with great acrimony to the close of the session, when they were signally rejected, not more than sixteen members voting for any one of them.

The veneration inspired by the character of Washington, and the persuasion that he would never permit himself to be considered the head of a party, had hitherto shielded him from attack; a little circumstance, however, showed that the rancor of party was beginning to glance at him.

On his birthday (February 22) many of the members of Congress were desirous of waiting on him in testimony of respect as chief magistrate of the Union, and a motion was made to adjourn for half an hour for the purpose. It met with serious opposition as a species of homage—it was setting up an idol dangerous to liberty—it had a bias towards monarchy!

Washington, though he never courted popularity, was attentive to the signs of public opinion, and disposed to be guided by them when right. The time for entering upon his second term of Presidency was at hand. There had been much caviling at the parade attending his first

installation. Jefferson especially had pronounced it "not at all in character with the simplicity of republican government, and looking, as if wishfully, to those of European Courts."

To guide him on the coming occasion, Washington called the heads of departments together, and desired they would consult with one another, and agree on any changes they might consider for the better, assuring them he would willingly conform to whatever they should advise.

They held such consultation, and ultimately gave their individual opinions in writing, with regard to the time, manner, and place of the President's taking the oath of office. As they were divided in opinion, and gave no positive advice as to any change, no change was made. On the 4th of March, the oath was publicly administered to Washington by Mr. Justice Cushing, in the Senate chamber, in presence of the heads of departments, foreign ministers, such members of the House of Representatives as were in town, and as many other spectators as could be accommodated.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS MINISTER AT THE FRENCH COURT.—HIS REPRESENTATIONS OF THE STATE OF AFFAIRS.—WASHINGTON'S CONCERN FOR LAFAYETTE.—JEFFERSON ANNOYED AT HIS FOREBODINGS.—OVERTHROW OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY.—IMPRISONMENT OF LAFAYETTE.—JEFFERSON CONCERNED, BUT NOT DISCOURAGED AT THE REPUBLICAN MASSACRES.—WASHINGTON SHOCKED.—HIS LETTER TO THE MARCHIONESS LAFAYETTE.

EARLY in 1792, Gouverneur Morris had received the appointment of minister plenipotentiary to the French court. His diplomatic correspondence from Paris gave shocking accounts of the excesses attending the revolution. France, he represented as governed by Jacobin clubs. Lafayette, by endeavoring to check their excesses, had completely lost his authority. "Were he to appear just now in Paris, unattended by his army," writes Morris, "he would be torn to pieces." Washington received these accounts with deep concern. What was to be the fate of that distracted country—what was to be the fate of his friend!

Jefferson was impatient of these gloomy picturings; especially when he saw their effect upon Washington's mind. "The fact is," writes he, "that Gouverneur Morris, a high-flying monarchy man, shutting his eyes and

his faith to every fact against his wishes, and believing everything he desires to be true, has kept the President's mind constantly poisoned with his forebodings."

His forebodings, however, were soon verified. Lafayette addressed from his camp a letter to the Legislative Assembly, formally denouncing the conduct of the Jacobin club as violating the declaration of rights and the constitution.

His letter was of no avail. On the 20th of June bands from the Faubourg St. Antoine, armed with pikes, and headed by Santerre, marched to the Tuileries, insulted the king in the presence of his family, obliging him to put on the *bonnet rouge*, the baleful cap of liberty of the revolution. Lafayette, still loyal to his sovereign, hastened to Paris, appeared at the bar of the Assembly, and demanded, in the name of the army, the punishment of those who had thus violated the constitution, by insulting, in his palace, the chief of the executive power. His intervention proved of no avail, and he returned with a sad and foreboding heart to his army.

On the 9th of August, Paris was startled by the sound of the fatal tocsin at midnight. On the 10th the chateau of the Tuileries was attacked, and the Swiss guard who defended it, were massacred. The king and queen took refuge in the National Assembly, which body decreed the suspension of the king's authority.

It was at once the overthrow of the monarchy, the annihilation of the constitutional party, and the commence-

ment of the reign of terror. Lafayette, who was the head of the constitutionalists, was involved in their downfall. The Jacobins denounced him in the National Assembly; his arrest was decreed, and emissaries were sent to carry the decree into effect. At first he thought of repairing at once to Paris and facing his accusers, but, on second thoughts, determined to bend before the storm and await the return of more propitious days.

Leaving everything in order in his army, which remained encamped at Sedan, he set off with a few trusty friends for the Netherlands, to seek an asylum in Holland or the United States, but, with his companions, was detained a prisoner at Rochefort, the first Austrian post.

"Thus his circle is completed," writes Morris. "He has spent his fortune on a revolution, and is now crushed by the wheel which he put in motion. He lasted longer than I expected."

Washington looked with a sadder eye on this catastrophe of Lafayette's high-hearted and gallant aspirations, and mourned over the adverse fortunes of his friend.

The reign of terror continued. "We have had one week of unchecked murders, in which some thousands have perished in this city," writes Morris to Jefferson, on the 10th of September. "It began with between two and three hundred of the clergy, who had been shot because they would not take the oaths prescribed by the law, and which they said were contrary to their con-

science." Thence *these executors of speedy justice* went to the *abbaye* where persons were confined who were at court on the 10th of August. These were despatched also, and afterwards they visited the other prisons. "All those who were confined either on the accusation or suspicion of crimes, were destroyed."

The accounts of these massacres grieved Mr. Jefferson. They were shocking in themselves, and he feared they might bring great discredit upon the Jacobins of France, whom he considered republican patriots, bent on the establishment of a free constitution. They had acquiesced for a time, said he, in the experiment of retaining an hereditary executive, but finding, if pursued, it would insure the reëstablishment of a despotism, they considered it absolutely indispensable to expunge that office. "In the struggle which was necessary, many guilty persons fell without the forms of trial, and with them, some innocent. These I deplore as much as anybody, and shall deplore some of them to the day of my death. But I deplore them as I should have done had they fallen in battle. It was necessary to use the arm of the people, a machine not quite so blind as balls and bombs, but blind to a certain degree. A few of their cordial friends met at their hands the fate of enemies. But time and truth will rescue and embalm their memories, while their posterity will be enjoying that very liberty for which they would never have hesitated to offer up their lives. The liberty of the whole earth was depending on the issue of

the contest, and was ever such a prize won with so little innocent blood? My own affections have been deeply wounded by some of the martyrs to this cause, but rather than it should have failed, I would have seen half the earth desolated; were there but an Adam and Eve left in every country, and left free, it would be better than as it is now." *

Washington, who contemplated the French revolution with a less sanguine eye than Jefferson, was simply shocked at the atrocities which disgraced it and at the dangers to be apprehended from an unrestrained populace. A letter which he received from Gouverneur Morris (dated October 23d), placed the condition of the unfortunate Louis XVI., the ancient friend and ally of America, in a light to awaken his benevolent sympathy. "You will have seen," writes Morris, "that the king is accused of high crimes and misdemeanors; but I verily believe that he wished sincerely for this nation, the enjoyment of the utmost degree of liberty, which their situation and circumstances will permit. He wished for a good constitution, but, unfortunately, he had not the means to obtain it, or if he had, he was thwarted by those about him. What may be his fate God only knows, but history informs us that the passage of dethroned monarchs is short from the prison to the grave."

Nothing, however, in all the eventful tidings from

* Letter to Mr. Short. Jefferson's *Works*, iii. 501.

France, gave Washington greater concern than the catastrophe of his friend Lafayette. His first thoughts prompted the consolation and assistance of the marchioness. In a letter to her he writes: "If I had words that could convey to you an adequate idea of my feelings on the present situation of the Marquis Lafayette, this letter would appear to you in a different garb. The sole object in writing to you now, is to inform you that I have deposited in the hands of Mr. Nicholas Van Staphorst of Amsterdam, two thousand three hundred and ten guilders, Holland currency, equal to two hundred guineas, subject to your orders.

"This sum is, I am certain, the least I am indebted for services rendered me by the Marquis de Lafayette, of which I never yet have received the account. I could add much, but it is best, perhaps, that I should say little on this subject. Your goodness will supply my deficiency.

"The uncertainty of your situation, after all the inquiries I have made, has occasioned a delay in this address and remittance; and even now the measure adopted is more the effect of a desire to find where you are, than from any knowledge I have obtained of your residence."

Madame de Lafayette, in fact, was at that time a prisoner in France, in painful ignorance of her husband's fate. She had been commanded by the Jacobin committee to repair to Paris about the time of the massacres, but was subsequently permitted to reside at Chavaniac, under the surveillance of the municipality.

We will anticipate events by adding here, that some time afterwards, finding her husband was a prisoner in Austria, she obtained permission to leave France, and ultimately, with her two daughters, joined him in his prison at Olmutz. George Washington Lafayette, the son of the general, determined to seek an asylum in America.

In the meantime, the arms of revolutionary France were crowned with great success. "Towns fall before them without a blow," writes Gouverneur Morris, "and the declaration of rights produces an effect equal at least to the trumpets of Joshua." But Morris was far from drawing a favorable augury from this success. "We must observe the civil, moral, religious, and political institutions," said he. "These have a steady and lasting effect, and these only. . . . . Since I have been in this country, I have seen the worship of many idols, and but little of the true God. I have seen many of those idols broken, and some of them beaten to dust. I have seen the late constitution, in one short year, admired as a stupendous monument of human wisdom, and ridiculed as an egregious production of folly and vice. I wish much, very much, the happiness of this inconstant people. I love them. I feel grateful for their efforts in our cause, and I consider the establishment of a good constitution here as the principal means, under Divine Providence, of extending the blessings of freedom to the many millions of my fellow-men, who groan in bondage

on the continent of Europe. But I do not greatly indulge the flattering illusions of hope, because I do not yet perceive that reformation of morals, without which, liberty is but an empty sound." *

* *Life of Morris*, ii. 248.

CHAPTER XIX.

WASHINGTON'S ENTRANCE UPON HIS SECOND TERM.—GLOOMY AUSPICES.—EXECUTION OF LOUIS XVI.—FRANCE DECLARES WAR AGAINST ENGLAND.—BELLIGERENT EXCITEMENT IN AMERICA.—PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY.—FRENCH MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES.—GENET ARRIVES IN CHARLESTON.—HIS RECEPTION IN PHILADELPHIA.—VIEWS OF JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.—WASHINGTON'S DISPASSIONATE OPINION.

IT was under gloomy auspices, a divided cabinet, an increasing exasperation of parties, a suspicion of monarchical tendencies, and a threatened abatement of popularity, that Washington entered upon his second term of presidency. It was a portentous period in the history of the world, for in a little while came news of that tragical event, the beheading of Louis XVI. It was an event deplored by many of the truest advocates of liberty in America, who, like Washington, remembered that unfortunate monarch as the friend of their country in her revolutionary struggle; but others, zealots in the cause of political reform, considered it with complacency, as sealing the downfall of the French monarchy and the establishment of a republic.

An event followed hard upon it to shake the quiet of the world. Early in April intelligence was received that

France had declared war against England. Popular excitement was now wound up to the highest pitch. What, it was asked, were Americans to do in such a juncture? Could they remain unconcerned spectators of a conflict between their ancient enemy and republican France? Should they fold their arms and look coldly on a war, begun, it is true, by France, but threatening the subversion of the republic, and the reëstablishment of a monarchical government?

Many, in the wild enthusiasm of the moment, would at once have precipitated the country into a war. Fortunately this belligerent impulse was not general, and was checked by the calm, controlling wisdom of Washington. He was at Mount Vernon when he received news of the war, and understood that American vessels were already designated, and some even fitting out to serve in it as privateers. He forthwith despatched a letter to Jefferson on the subject. "War having actually commenced between France and Great Britain," writes he, "it behooves the government of this country to use every means in its power to prevent the citizens thereof from embroiling us with either of those powers, by endeavoring to maintain a strict neutrality."

Hastening back to Philadelphia, he held a cabinet council on the 19th of April, to deliberate on the measures proper to be observed by the United States in the present crisis; and to determine upon a general plan of conduct for the Executive.

In this council it was unanimously determined that a proclamation should be issued by the President, "forbidding the citizens of the United States to take part in any hostilities on the seas, and warning them against carrying to the belligerents any articles deemed contraband according to the modern usages of nations, and forbidding all acts and proceedings inconsistent with the duties of a friendly nation towards those at war."

It was unanimously agreed also, that should the republic of France send a minister to the United States, he should be received.

No one at the present day questions the wisdom of Washington's proclamation of neutrality. It was our true policy to keep aloof from European war, in which our power would be inefficient, our loss certain. The measure, however, was at variance with the enthusiastic feelings and excited passions of a large portion of the citizens. They treated it for a time with some forbearance, out of long-cherished reverence for Washington's name; but his popularity, hitherto unlimited, was no proof against the inflamed state of public feeling. The proclamation was stigmatized as a royal edict; a daring assumption of power; an open manifestation of partiality for England and hostility to France.

Washington saw that a deadly blow was aimed at his influence and his administration, and that both were at hazard; but he was convinced that neutrality was the true national policy, and he resolved to maintain it,

whatever might be his immediate loss of popular favor. His resolution was soon put to the test.

The French republic had recently appointed Edmond Charles Genet, or "Citizen Genet," as he was styled, minister to the United States. He was represented as a young man of good parts, very well educated, and of an ardent temper. He had served in the bureau of Foreign Affairs, under the ministry of Vergennes, and been employed in various diplomatic situations until the overthrow of the monarchy, when he joined the popular party, became a political zealot, and member of the Jacobin club, and was rewarded with the mission to America.

A letter from Gouverneur Morris apprised Mr. Jefferson that the Executive Council had furnished Genet with three hundred blank commissions for privateers, to be given clandestinely to such persons as he might find in America inclined to take them. "They suppose," writes Morris, "that the avidity of some adventurers may lead them into measures which would involve altercations with Great Britain, and terminate finally in a war."

Genet's conduct proved the correctness of this information. He had landed at Charleston, South Carolina, from the French frigate the *Ambuscade*, on the 8th of April, a short time before the proclamation of neutrality, and was received with great rejoicing and extravagant demonstrations of respect. His landing at a port several hundred miles from the seat of government, was a

singular move for a diplomat; but his object in so doing was soon evident. It is usual for a foreign minister to present his credentials to the government to which he comes, and be received by it in form before he presumes to enter upon the exercise of his functions. Citizen Genet, however, did not stop for these formalities. Confident in his nature, heated in his zeal, and flushed with the popular warmth of his reception, he could not pause to consider the proprieties of his mission and the delicate responsibilities involved in diplomacy. The contiguity of Charleston to the West Indies made it a favorable port for fitting out privateers against the trade of these islands; and during Genet's short sojourn there he issued commissions for arming and equipping vessels of war for that purpose, and manning them with Americans.

In the latter part of April, Genet set out for the north by land. As he proceeded on his journey the newspapers teemed with accounts of the processions and addresses with which he was greeted, and the festivities which celebrated his arrival at each place. Jefferson, in a letter to Madison written from Philadelphia on the 5th of May, observes with exultation: "The war between France and England seems to be producing an effect not contemplated. All the old spirit of 1776, rekindling the newspapers from Boston to Charleston, proves this; and even the monocrat papers are obliged to publish the most furious philippics against England. A French frig-

ate* took a British prize [the *Grange*] off the Capes of Delaware the other day, and sent her up here. Upon her coming into sight, thousands and thousands of the *yeomanry* of the city crowded and covered the wharves. Never was there such a crowd seen there; and when the British colors were seen reversed, and the French flying above them, they burst into peals of exultation. I wish we may be able to repress the spirit of the people within the limits of a fair neutrality. . . . . We expect Genet daily."

A friend of Hamilton writes in a different vein. Speaking of Genet, he observes: "He has a good person, a fine ruddy complexion, quite active, and seems always in a bustle, more like a busy man than a man of business. A Frenchman in his manners, he announces himself in all companies as the minister of the republic, etc., talks freely of his commission, and, like most Europeans, seems to have adopted mistaken notions of the penetration and knowledge of the people of the United States. His system, I think, is to laugh us into the war if he can."

On the 16th of May Genet arrived at Philadelphia. His belligerent operations at Charleston had already been made a subject of complaint to the government by Mr. Hammond, the British minister; but they produced no abatement in the public enthusiasm. "It was suspected," writes Jefferson, "that there was not a clear mind in the President's counselors to receive Genet

* The *Ambuscade*.

The citizens, however, determined to receive him. Arrangements were taken for meeting him at Gray's Ferry in a great body. He escaped that, by arriving in town with the letters which brought information that he was on the road." *

On the following day, various societies and a large body of citizens waited upon him with addresses, recalling with gratitude the aid given by France in the achievement of American independence, and extolling and rejoicing in the success of the arms of the French republic. On the same day, before Genet had presented his credentials and been acknowledged by the President, he was invited to a grand republican dinner, "at which," we are told, "the company united in singing the Marseilles Hymn. A deputation of French sailors presented themselves, and were received by the guests with the 'fraternal embrace.' The table was decorated with the 'tree of liberty,' and a red cap, called the cap of liberty, was placed on the head of the minister, and from his travelled in succession from head to head round the table." †

This enthusiasm of the multitude was regarded with indulgence, if not favor, by Jefferson, as being the effervescence of the true spirit of liberty; but was deprecated by Hamilton as an infatuation that might "do us much harm, and could do France no good." A letter, written

* Letter to Madison. *Works*, iii. 562.
† Jay's *Life*, vol. i. p. 301.

by him at the time, is worthy of full citation as embodying the sentiments of that party of which he was the leader. "It cannot be without danger and inconvenience to our interests to impress on the nations of Europe an idea that we are actuated by the same spirit which has for some time past fatally misguided the measures of those who conduct the affairs of France, and sullied a cause once glorious, and that might have been triumphant. The cause of France is compared with that of America during its late Revolution. Would to Heaven that the comparison were just! Would to Heaven we could discern, in the mirror of French affairs, the same decorum, the same gravity, the same order, the same dignity, the same solemnity, which distinguished the cause of the American Revolution! Clouds and darkness would not then rest upon the issue as they now do. I own I do not like the comparison. When I contemplate the horrid and systematic massacres of the 2d and 3d of September; when I observe that a Marat and a Robespierre, the notorious prompters of those bloody scenes, sit triumphantly in the convention, and take a conspicuous part in its measures—that an attempt to bring the assassins to justice has been obliged to be abandoned; when I see an unfortunate prince, whose reign was a continued demonstration of the goodness and benevolence of his heart, of his attachment to the people of whom he was the monarch, who, though educated in the lap of despotism, had given repeated proofs that he was

not the enemy of liberty, brought precipitately and ignominiously to the block without any substantial proof of guilt, as yet disclosed—without even an authentic exhibition of motives, in decent regard to the opinions of mankind; when I find the doctrines of atheism openly advanced in the convention, and heard with loud applauses; when I see the sword of fanaticism extended to force a political creed upon citizens who were invited to submit to the arms of France as the harbingers of liberty; when I behold the hand of rapacity outstretched to prostrate and ravish the monuments of religious worship, erected by those citizens and their ancestors; when I perceive passion, tumult, and violence usurping those seats where reason and cool deliberation ought to preside, I acknowledge that I am glad to believe there is no real resemblance between what was the cause of America and what is the cause of France; that the difference is no less great than that between liberty and licentiousness. I regret whatever has a tendency to confound them, and I feel anxious, as an American, that the ebullitions of inconsiderate men among us may not tend to involve our reputation in the issue." *

Washington, from his elevated and responsible situation endeavored to look beyond the popular excitement, and regard the affairs of France with a dispassionate and impartial eye, but he confessed that he saw in the turn

* Hamilton's *Works*, v. 566.

they had lately taken the probability of a terrible confusion, to which he could predict no certain issue: a boundless ocean whence no land was to be seen. He feared less, he said, for the cause of liberty in France from the pressure of foreign enemies, than from the strifes and quarrels of those in whose hands the government was intrusted, who were ready to tear each other to pieces, and would more probably prove the worst foes the country had.

CHAPTER XX.

GENET PRESENTS HIS LETTER OF CREDENCE. — HIS DIPLOMATIC SPEECH. — WASHINGTON'S CONVERSATION WITH JEFFERSON. — CAPTURE OF THE SHIP "GRANGE" AND OTHER BRITISH VESSELS. — QUESTION OF RESTITUTION. — DISSATISFACTION OF GENET. — DEMANDS RELEASE OF TWO AMERICAN CITIZENS. — WASHINGTON'S SENSITIVENESS TO THE ATTACKS OF THE PRESS. — HIS UNSHAKEN DETERMINATION.

N the 18th of May, Genet presented his letter of credence to the President; by whom, notwithstanding his late unwarrantable proceedings at Charleston, he was well received; Washington taking the occasion to express his sincere regard for the French nation.

Jefferson, who, as Secretary of State, was present, had all his warm sympathies in favor of France, roused by Genet's diplomatic speech. "It was impossible," writes he to Madison, "for anything to be more affectionate, more magnanimous, than the purport of Genet's mission. 'We wish you to do nothing,' said he, 'but what is for your own good, and we will do all in our power to promote it. Cherish your own peace and prosperity. You have expressed a willingness to enter into a more liberal commerce with us; I bring full powers to

form such a treaty, and a preliminary decree of the National Convention to lay open our country and its colonies to you, for every purpose of utility, without your participating the burdens of maintaining and defending them. We see in you the only person on earth who can love us sincerely, and merit to be so loved.' In short he offers everything and asks nothing."

"Yet I know the offers will be opposed," adds Jefferson, "and suspect they will not be accepted. In short, my dear sir, it is impossible for you to conceive what is passing in our conclave; and it is evident that one or two, at least, under pretense of avoiding war on the one side, have no great antipathy to run foul of it on the other, and to make a part in the confederacy of princes against human liberty."

The "one or two," in the paragraph above cited, no doubt, imply Hamilton and Knox.

Washington again, in conversation, endeavored to counteract these suspicions which were swaying Jefferson's mind against his contemporaries. We give Jefferson's own account of the conversation. "He (Washington) observed that, if anybody wanted to change the form of our government into a monarchy, he was sure it was only a few individuals, and that no man in the United States would set his face against it more than himself; but, that this was not what he was afraid of; his fears were from another quarter; that *there was more danger of anarchy being introduced.*"

He then adverted to Freneau's paper and its partisan hostilities. He despised, he said, all personal attacks upon himself, but observed that there never had been an act of the government which that paper had not abused. "He was evidently sore and warm," adds Jefferson, "and I took his intention to be, that I should interpose in some way with Freneau; perhaps withdraw his appointment of translating clerk in my office. But I will not do it."

It appears to us rather an ungracious determination on the part of Jefferson, to keep this barking cur in his employ, when he found him so annoying to the chief whom he professed, and we believe with sincerity, to revere. Neither are his reasons for so doing satisfactory, savoring, as they do, of those strong political suspicions already noticed. "His (Freneau's) paper," observed he, "has saved our constitution, which was galloping fast into monarchy, and has been checked by no means so powerfully as by that paper. It is well and universally known, that it has been that paper which checked the career of the monocrats; the President, not sensible of the designs of the party, has not, with his usual good sense and *sang froid*, looked on the efforts and effects of this free press, and seen that, though some bad things have passed through it to the public, yet the good have preponderated immensely." *

* *Works*, ix. 143.

Jefferson was mistaken. Washington had regarded the efforts and effects of this free press with his usual good sense; and the injurious influence it exercised in public affairs was presently manifested in the transactions of the government with Genet. The acts of this diplomatic personage at Charleston, had not been the sole ground of the complaint preferred by the British minister. The capture of the British vessel, the *Grange*, by the frigate *Embuscade*, formed a graver one. Occurring within our waters, it was a clear usurpation of national sovereignty, and a violation of neutral rights. The British minister demanded a restitution of the prize, and the cabinet were unanimously of opinion that restitution should be made; nor was there any difficulty with the French minister on this head; but restitution was likewise claimed of other vessels captured on the high seas, and brought into port by the privateers authorized by Genet. In regard to these there was a difference of sentiment in the cabinet. Hamilton and Knox were of opinion that the government should interpose to restore the prizes; it being the duty of a neutral nation to remedy any injury sustained by armaments fitted out in its ports. Jefferson and Randolph contended that the case should be left to the decision of the courts of justice. If the courts adjudged the commissions issued by Genet to be invalid, they would, of course, decide the captures made under them to be void, and the property to remain in the original owners; if, on the other hand, the legal right to the

property had been transferred to the captors, they would so decide.

Seeing this difference of opinion in the cabinet, Washington reserved the point for further deliberation; but directed the Secretary of State to communicate to the ministers of France and Britain the principles in which they concurred; these being considered as settled. Circular letters, also, were addressed to the governors of several States, requiring their coöperation, with force, if necessary, to carry out the rules agreed upon.

Genet took umbrage at these decisions of the government, and expressed his dissatisfaction in a letter, complaining of them as violations of natural right, and subversive of the existing treaties between the two nations. His letter, though somewhat wanting in strict decorum of language, induced a review of the subject in the cabinet; and he was informed that no reason appeared for changing the system adopted. He was further informed that in the opinion of the Executive, the vessels which had been illegally equipped, should depart from the ports of the United States.

Genet was not disposed to acquiesce in these decisions. He was aware of the grateful feelings of the nation to France: of the popular disposition to go all lengths short of war, in her favor; of the popular idea, that republican interests were identical on both sides of the Atlantic; that a royal triumph over republicanism in Europe, would be followed by a combination to destroy it in this

country. He had heard the clamor among the populace, and uttered in Freneau's "Gazette" and other newspapers, against the policy of neutrality; the people, he thought, were with him, if Washington was not, and he believed the latter would not dare to risk his popularity in thwarting their enthusiasm. He persisted, therefore, in disregarding the decisions of the government, and spoke of them as a departure from the obligations it owed to France; a cowardly abandonment of friends when danger menaced.

Another event added to the irritation of Genet. Two American citizens, whom he had engaged at Charleston, to cruise in the service of France, were arrested on board of the privateer, conducted to prison, and prosecutions commenced against them. The indignant feelings of Genet were vented in an extraordinary letter to the Secretary of State. When speaking of their arrest, "The crime laid to their charge," writes he—"the crime which my mind cannot conceive, and which my pen almost refuses to state—is the serving of France, and defending with her children the common glorious cause of liberty.

"Being ignorant of any positive law or treaty, which deprives Americans of this privilege, and authorizes officers of police arbitrarily to take mariners in the service of France from on board of their vessels, I call upon your intervention, sir, and that of the President of the United States, in order to obtain the immediate release-ment of the above-mentioned officers, who have acquired,

by the sentiments animating them, and by the act of their engagement, anterior to any act to the contrary, the right of French citizens, if they have lost that of American citizens."

The lofty and indignant tone of this letter had no effect in shaking the determination of government, or obtaining the release of the prisoners. Washington confesses, however, that he was very much harried and perplexed by the "disputes, memorials, and what not," with which he was pestered, by one or other of the powers at war. It was a sore trial of his equanimity, his impartiality, and his discrimination, and wore upon his spirits and his health. "The President is not well," writes Jefferson to Madison (June 9th); "little lingering fevers have been hanging about him for a week or ten days, and affected his looks most remarkably. He is also extremely affected by the attacks made and kept up on him, in the public papers. I think he feels these things more than any other person I ever yet met with. I am sincerely sorry to see them."

Jefferson's sorrow was hardly in accordance with the resolution expressed by him, to retain Freneau in his office, notwithstanding his incessant attacks upon the President and the measures of his government. Washington might well feel sensitive to these attacks, which Jefferson acknowledges were the more mischievous, from being planted on popular ground, on the universal love of the people to France and its cause. But he was not

to be deterred by personal considerations from the strict line of his duty. He was aware that, in withstanding the public infatuation in regard to France, he was putting an unparalleled popularity at hazard; but he put it at hazard without hesitation; and, in so doing, set a magnanimous example for his successors in office to endeavor to follow.

CHAPTER XXI.

WASHINGTON CALLED TO MOUNT VERNON.—THE CASE OF THE "LITTLE SARAH" COMES UP IN HIS ABSENCE.—GOVERNOR MIFFLIN DETERMINED TO PREVENT HER DEPARTURE.—RAGE OF GENET.—JEFFERSON URGES DETENTION OF THE PRIVATEER UNTIL THE PRESIDENT'S RETURN.—EVASIVE ASSURANCE OF GENET.—DISTRUST OF HAMILTON AND KNOX.—WASHINGTON RETURNS TO PHILADELPHIA.—A CABINET COUNCIL.—ITS DETERMINATION COMMUNICATED TO GENET.—THE VESSEL SAILS IN DEFIANCE OF IT.—FORMATION OF THE DEMOCRATIC SOCIETY.—THE RECALL OF GENET DETERMINED ON.—THE RIBALD LAMPOON.—WASHINGTON'S OUTBURST.

N the latter part of July, Washington was suddenly called to Mount Vernon by the death of Mr. Whiting, the manager of his estates. During his brief absence from the seat of government occurred the case of the *Little Sarah*. This was a British merchant vessel which had been captured by a French privateer, and brought into Philadelphia, where she had been armed and equipped for privateering; manned with one hundred and twenty men, many of them Americans, and her name changed into that of *Le Petit Democrat*. This, of course, was in violation of Washington's decision, which had been communicated to Genet.

General Mifflin, now governor of Pennsylvania, being

informed, on the 6th of July, that the vessel was to sail the next day, sent his secretary, Mr. Dallas, at midnight to Genet, to persuade him to detain her until the President should arrive, intimating that otherwise force would be used to prevent her departure.

Genet flew into one of the transports of passion to which he was prone; contrasted the treatment experienced by him from the officers of government, with the attachment to his nation professed by the people at large; declared that the President was not the sovereign of the country, and had no right, without consulting Congress, to give such instructions as he had issued to the State governors; threatened to appeal from his decision to the people, and to repel force by force, should an attempt be made to seize the privateer.

Apprised of this menace, Governor Mifflin forthwith ordered out one hundred and twenty of the militia to take possession of the privateer, and communicated the circumstances of the case to the cabinet.

Mr. Jefferson now took the matter in hand, and, on the 7th of July, in an interview with Genet, repeated the request that the privateer be detained until the arrival of the President. Genet, he writes, instantly took up the subject in a very high tone, and went into an immense field of declamation and complaint. Jefferson made a few efforts to be heard, but, finding them ineffectual, suffered the torrent of vituperation to pour on. He sat in silence, therefore, while Genet charged the government

with having violated the treaties between the two nations; with having suffered its flag to be insulted and disregarded by the English; who stopped its vessels on the high seas, and took out of them whatever they suspected to be French property. He declared that he had been thwarted and opposed in everything he had to do with the government; so that he sometimes thought of packing up and going away, as he found he could not be useful to his nation in anything. He censured the Executive for the measures it had taken without consulting Congress, and declared, that, on the President's return, he would certainly press him to convene that body.

He had by this time exhausted his passion and moderated his tone, and Jefferson took occasion to say a word. "I stopped him," writes he, "at the subject of calling Congress; explained our Constitution to him as having divided the functions of government among three different authorities, the executive, legislative, and judiciary, each of which were supreme on all questions belonging to their department, and independent of the others; that all the questions which had arisen between him and us, belonged to the executive department, and, if Congress were sitting, could not be carried to them, nor would they take notice of them."

Genet asked with surprise, if Congress were not the sovereign.

"No," replied Jefferson. "They are sovereign only in making laws; the executive is the sovereign in executing

them, and the judiciary in construing them, where they relate to that department."

"But, at least," cried Genet, "Congress are bound to see that the treaties are observed." "No," rejoined Jefferson. "There are very few cases, indeed, arising out of treaties, which they can take notice of. The President is to see that treaties are observed."

"If he decides against the treaty," demanded Genet, "to whom is a nation to appeal?" "The Constitution," replied Jefferson, "has made the President the last appeal."

Genet, perfectly taken aback at finding his own ignorance in the matter, shrugged his shoulders, made a bow, and said, "he would not compliment Mr. Jefferson on such a Constitution."

He had now subsided into coolness and good humor, and the subject of the *Little Sarah* being resumed, Jefferson pressed her detention until the President's return; intimating that her previous departure would be considered a very serious offense.

Genet made no promise, but expressed himself very happy to be able to inform Mr. Jefferson that the vessel was not in a state of readiness; she had to change her position that day, he said, and fall down the river, somewhere about the lower end of the town, for the convenience of taking some things on board, and would not depart yet.

When Jefferson endeavored to extort an assurance that

she would await the President's return, he evaded a direct committal, intimating however, by look and gesture, that she would not be gone before that time. "But let me beseech you," said he, "not to permit any attempt to put men on board of her. She is filled with high-spirited patriots, and they will unquestionably resist. And there is no occasion, for I tell you she will not be ready to depart for some time."

Jefferson was accordingly impressed with the belief that the privateer would remain in the river until the President should decide on her case, and, on communicating this conviction to the governor, the latter ordered the militia to be dismissed.

Hamilton and Knox, on the other hand, were distrustful, and proposed the immediate erection of a battery on Mud Island, with guns mounted to fire at the vessel, and even to sink her, if she attempted to pass. Jefferson, however, refusing to concur in the measure, it was not adopted. The vessel, at that time, was at Gloucester Point, but soon fell down to Chester.

Washington arrived at Philadelphia on the 11th of July; when papers requiring "instant attention" were put into his hands. They related to the case of the *Little Sarah*, and were from Jefferson, who, being ill with fever, had retired to his seat in the country. Nothing could exceed the displeasure of Washington when he examined these papers.

In a letter written to Jefferson, on the spur of the

moment, he puts these indignant queries: "What is to be done in the case of the *Little Sarah*, now at Chester? Is the minister of the French republic to set the acts of this government at defiance *with impunity?* And then threaten the executive with an appeal to the people! What must the world think of such conduct, and of the government of the United States in submitting to it?

"These are serious questions. Circumstances press for decision, and, as you have had time to consider them (upon me they come unexpectedly), I wish to know your opinion upon them, even before to-morrow, for the vessel may then be gone."

Mr. Jefferson, in a reply of the same date, informed the President of his having received assurance, that day, from Mr. Genet, that the vessel would not be gone before his (the President's) decision.

In consequence of this assurance of the French minister, no immediate measures of a coercive nature were taken with regard to the vessel; but, in a cabinet council held the next day, it was determined to detain in port all privateers which had been equipped within the United States by any of the belligerent powers.

No time was lost in communicating this determination to Genet; but, in defiance of it, the vessel sailed on her cruise.

It must have been a severe trial to Washington's spirit to see his authority thus braved and insulted, and to find that the people, notwithstanding the indignity thus

offered to their chief magistrate, sided with the aggressors, and exulted in their open defiance of his neutral policy.

About this time a society was formed under the auspices of the French minister, and in imitation of the Jacobin clubs of Paris. It was called the Democratic Society, and soon gave rise to others throughout the Union; all taking the French side in the present questions. The term democrat, thenceforward, began to designate an ultra-republican.

Fresh mortifications awaited Washington, from the distempered state of public sentiment. The trial came on of Gideon Henfield, an American citizen, prosecuted under the advice of the Attorney-general, for having enlisted, at Charleston, on board of a French privateer which had brought prizes into the port of Philadelphia. The populace took part with Henfield. He had enlisted before the proclamation of neutrality had been published, and even if he had enlisted at a later date, was he to be punished for engaging with their ancient ally, France, in the cause of liberty against the royal despots of Europe? His acquittal exposed Washington to the obloquy of having attempted a measure which the laws would not justify. It showed him, moreover, the futility of attempts at punishment for infractions of the rules proclaimed for the preservation of neutrality; while the clamorous rejoicing by which the acquittal of Henfield had been celebrated, evinced the popular disposition to

thwart that line of policy which he considered most calculated to promote the public good. Nothing, however, could induce him to swerve from that policy. "I have consolation within," said he, "that no earthly effort can deprive me of, and that is, that neither ambitious nor interested motives have influenced my conduct. The arrows of malevolence, therefore, however barbed and well pointed, can never reach the most vulnerable part of me; though, whilst I am set up as a *mark* they will be continually aimed."*

Hitherto Washington had exercised great forbearance toward the French minister, notwithstanding the little respect shown by the latter to the rights of the United States; but the official communications of Genet were becoming too offensive and insulting to be longer tolerated. Meetings of the heads of departments and the Attorney-general were held at the President's on the 1st and 2d of August, in which the whole of the official correspondence and conduct of Genet was passed in review; and it was agreed that his recall should be desired. Jefferson recommended that the desire should be expressed with great delicacy; the others were for peremptory terms. Knox was for sending him off at once, but this proposition was generally scouted. In the end it was agreed that a letter should be written to Gouverneur Morris, giving a statement of the case, with accompany-

* Letter to Gov. Lee. Sparks, x. 359.

ing documents, that he might lay the whole before the executive council of France, and explain the reason for desiring the recall of Mr. Genet.

It was proposed that a publication of the whole correspondence, and a statement of the proceedings, should be made by way of appeal to the people. This produced animated debates. Hamilton spoke with great warmth in favor of an appeal. Jefferson opposed it. "Genet," said he, "will appeal also; it will become a contest between the President and Genet. Anonymous writers will take it up. There will be the same difference of opinion in *public* as in our cabinet—there will be the same difference in *Congress*, for it must be laid before them. It would work, therefore, very unpleasantly *at home*. How would it work *abroad?*"

Washington, already weary and impatient, under the incessant dissensions of his cabinet, was stung by the suggestion that he might be held up as in conflict with Genet, and subjected, as he had been, to the ribaldry of the press. At this unlucky moment Knox blundered forth with a specimen of the scandalous libels already in circulation, a pasquinade lately printed, called the "Funeral of George Washington," wherein the President was represented as placed upon a guillotine, a horrible parody on the late decapitation of the French king. "The President," writes Jefferson, "now burst forth into one of those transports of passion beyond his control; inveighed against the personal abuse which had been

bestowed upon him, and defied any man on earth to produce a single act of his since he had been in the government that had not been done on the purest motives.

"He had never repented but once the having slipped the moment of resigning his office, and that was every moment since. In the agony of his heart he declared that he had rather be in his grave than in his present situation; that he had rather be on his farm than to be made emperor of the world—and yet, said he, indignantly, they are charging me with wanting to be a king!

"All were silent during this burst of feeling—a pause ensued—it was difficult to resume the question. Washington, however, who had recovered his equanimity, put an end to the difficulty. There was no necessity, he said, for deciding the matter at present; the propositions agreed to, respecting the letter to Mr. Morris, might be put into a train of execution, and perhaps events would show whether the appeal would be necessary or not."*

* Jefferson's *Works*, ix. 164.

CHAPTER XXII.

THREATENED DISSOLUTION OF THE CABINET. — ACTION BETWEEN THE "AMBUSCADE" AND "BOSTON."—TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF THE FORMER TO NEW YORK. — A FRENCH FLEET ARRIVES SAME DAY.—EXCITEMENT OF THE PEOPLE. — GENET ARRIVES IN THE MIDST OF IT.—HIS ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION. — IS INFORMED BY JEFFERSON OF THE MEASURES FOR HIS RECALL. —HIS RAGE AND REPLY.—DECLINE OF HIS POPULARITY.

WASHINGTON had hitherto been annoyed and perplexed by having to manage a divided cabinet; he was now threatened with that cabinet's dissolution. Mr. Hamilton had informed him by letter, that private as well as public reasons had determined him to retire from office towards the close of the next session; probably with a view to give Congress an opportunity to examine into his conduct. Now came a letter from Mr. Jefferson, dated July 31st, in which he recalled the circumstances which had induced him to postpone for a while his original intention of retiring from office at the close of the first four years of the republic. These circumstances, he observed, had now ceased to such a degree as to leave him free to think again of a day on which to withdraw; "at the close, therefore, of the ensuing month of September, I shall

beg leave to retire to scenes of greater tranquillity, from those for which I am every day more and more convinced that neither my talents, tone of mind, nor time of life fit me."

Washington was both grieved and embarrassed by this notification. Full of concern, he called upon Jefferson at his country residence near Philadelphia; pictured his deep distress at finding himself, in the present perplexing juncture of affairs, about to be deserted by those of his cabinet on whose counsel he had counted, and whose places he knew not where to find persons competent to supply; and, in his chagrin, again expressed his repentance that he himself had not resigned as he had once meditated.

The public mind, he went on to observe, was in an alarming state of ferment; political combinations of various kinds were forming; where all this would end he knew not. A new Congress was to assemble, more numerous than the last, perhaps of a different spirit; the first expressions of its sentiments would be important, and it would relieve him considerably if Jefferson would remain in office, if it were only until the end of the session.

Jefferson, in reply, pleaded an excessive repugnance to public life; and what seems to have influenced him more sensibly, the actual uneasiness of his position. He was obliged, he said, to move in exactly the circle which he knew to bear him peculiar hatred; "the wealthy aristocrats, the merchants connected closely with Eng-

land; the newly-created paper fortunes." Thus surrounded, his words were caught, multiplied, misconstrued, and even fabricated, and spread abroad to his injury.

Mr. Jefferson pleaded, moreover, that the opposition of views between Mr. Hamilton and himself was peculiarly unpleasant, and destructive of the necessary harmony. With regard to the republican party he was sure it had not a view which went to the frame of the government; he believed the next Congress would attempt nothing material but to render their own body independent: the manœuvres of Mr. Genet might produce some little embarrassment, but the republicans would abandon that functionary the moment they knew the nature of his conduct.

Washington replied, that he believed the views of the republican party to be perfectly pure: "but when men put a machine into motion," said he, "it is impossible for them to stop it exactly where they would choose, or to say where it will stop. The Constitution we have is an excellent one, if we can keep it where it is."

He again adverted to Jefferson's constant suspicion that there was a party disposed to change the Constitution into a monarchical form, declaring that there was not a man in the United States who would set his face more decidedly against such a change than himself.

"No rational man in the United States suspects you of any other disposition," cried Jefferson: "but there does

not pass a week in which we cannot prove declarations dropping from the monarchical party, that our government is good for nothing; is a milk-and-water thing which cannot support itself; that we must knock it down and set up something with more energy."

"If that is the case," rejoined Washington, "it is a proof of their insanity, for the republican spirit of the Union is so manifest and so solid that it is astonishing how any one can expect to move it."

We have only Jefferson's account of this and other interesting interviews of a confidential nature which he had with the President, and we give them generally almost in his own words, through which, partial as they may have been, we discern Washington's constant efforts to moderate the growing antipathies between the eminent men whom he had sought to assist him in conducting the government. He continued to have the highest opinion of Jefferson's abilities, his knowledge of foreign affairs, his thorough patriotism; and it was his earnest desire to retain him in his cabinet through the whole of the ensuing session of Congress; before the close of which he trusted the affairs of the country relating to foreign powers, Indian disturbances, and internal policy, would have taken a more decisive, and it was to be hoped agreeable form than they then had. A compromise was eventually made, according to which Jefferson was to be allowed a temporary absence in the autumn, and on his return was to continue in office till January.

In the meantime Genet had proceeded to New York, which very excitable city was just then in a great agitation. The frigate *Ambuscade*, while anchored in the harbor, had been challenged to single combat by the British frigate *Boston*, Captain Courtney, which was cruising off the Hook. The challenge was accepted; a severe action ensued; Courtney was killed; and the *Boston*, much damaged, was obliged to stand for Halifax. The *Ambuscade* returned triumphant to New York, and entered the port amid the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. On the same day, a French fleet of fifteen sail arrived from the Chesapeake and anchored in the Hudson River. The officers and crews were objects of unbounded favor with all who inclined to the French cause. Bompard, the commander of the *Ambuscade*, was the hero of the day. Tri-colored cockades, and tri-colored ribbons were to be seen on every side, and rude attempts to chant the Marseilles Hymn and the Carmagnole resounded through the streets.

In the midst of this excitement, the ringing of bells and the firing of cannon announced that Citizen Genet was arrived at Powles Hook Ferry, directly opposite the city. There was an immediate assemblage of the republican party in the fields now called the Park. A committee was appointed to escort Genet into the city. He entered it amid the almost frantic cheerings of the populace. Addresses were made to him, expressing devoted attachment to the French republic, and abjuring all neu-

trality in regard to its heroic struggle. "The cause of France is the cause of America," cried the enthusiasts, "it is time to distinguish its friends from its foes." Genet looked round him. The tri-colored cockade figured in the hats of the shouting multitude; tri-colored ribbons fluttered from the dresses of females in the windows; the French flag was hoisted on the top of the Tontine Coffee House (the City Exchange), surmounted by the cap of liberty. Can we wonder that what little discretion Genet possessed was completely overborne by this tide of seeming popularity?

In the midst of his self-gratulation and complacency, however, he received a letter from Mr. Jefferson (September 15th, acquainting him with the measures taken to procure his recall, and inclosing a copy of the letter written for that purpose to the American minister at Paris. It was added that, out of anxious regard lest the interests of France might suffer, the Executive would, in the meantime, receive his (M. Genet's) communications in writing, and admit the continuance of his functions so long as they should be restrained within the law as theretofore announced to him, and should be of the tenor usually observed towards independent nations, by the representative of a friendly power residing with them.

The letter of the Secretary of State threw Genet into a violent passion, and produced a reply (September 18th), written while he was still in a great heat. In this he attributed his disfavor with the American government to

the machinations of "those gentlemen who had so often been represented to him as aristocrats, partisans of monarchy, partisans of England and her constitution, and consequently enemies of the principles which all good Frenchmen had embraced with religious enthusiasm." "These persons," he said, "alarmed by the popularity which the zeal of the American people for the cause of France had shed upon her minister; alarmed also by his inflexible and incorruptible attachment to the severe maxims of democracy, were striving to ruin him in his own country, after having united all their efforts to calumniate him in the minds of their fellow-citizens."

"These people," observes he, "instead of a democratic ambassador, would prefer a minister of the ancient regime, very complaisant, very gentle, very disposed to pay court to people in office, to conform blindly to everything which flattered their views and projects; above all, to prefer to the sure and modest society of good farmers, simple citizens, and honest artisans, that of distinguished personages who speculate so patriotically in the public funds, in the lands, and the paper of government."

In his heat, Genet resented the part Mr. Jefferson had taken, notwithstanding their cordial intimacy, in the present matter, although this part had merely been the discharge of an official duty. "Whatever, sir," writes Genet, "may be the result of the exploit of which you have rendered yourself the generous instrument, after having made me believe that you were my friend, after

having initiated me in the mysteries which have influenced my hatred against all those who aspire to absolute power, there is an act of justice which the American people, which the French people, which all free people are interested in demanding; it is, that a particular inquiry should be made, in the approaching Congress, into the motives which have induced the chief of the executive power of the United States to take upon himself to demand the recall of a public minister, whom the sovereign people of the United States had received fraternally and recognized, before the diplomatic forms had been fulfilled in respect to him at Philadelphia."

The wrongs of which Genet considered himself entitled to complain against the Executive, commenced before his introduction to that functionary. It was the proclamation of neutrality which first grieved his spirit. "I was extremely wounded," writes he, "that the President of the United States should haste, before knowing what I had to transmit on the part of the French republic, to proclaim sentiments over which decency and friendship should at least have thrown a veil."

He was grieved, moreover, that on his first audience, the President had spoken only of the friendship of the United States for France, without uttering a word or expressing a single sentiment in regard to its revolution, although all the towns, all the villages from Charleston to Philadelphia, had made the air resound with their ardent voices for the French republic. And what fur-

ther grieved his spirit was, to observe "that this first magistrate of a free people had decorated his saloon with certain medallions of Capet [meaning Louis XVI.] and his family, which served in France for rallying signs."

We forbear to cite further this angry and ill-judged letter. Unfortunately for Genet's ephemeral popularity, a rumor got abroad that he had expressed a determination to appeal from the President to the people. This at first was contradicted, but was ultimately established by a certificate of Chief Justice Jay and Mr. Rufus King of the United States Senate, which was published in the papers.

The spirit of audacity thus manifested by a foreign minister shocked the national pride. Meetings were held in every part of the Union to express the public feeling in the matter. In these meetings the proclamation of neutrality and the system of measures flowing from it, were sustained, partly from a conviction of their wisdom and justice, but more from an undiminished affection for the person and character of Washington; for many who did not espouse his views were ready to support him in the exercise of his constitutional functions. The warm partisans of Genet, however, were the more vehement in his support from the temporary ascendency of the other party. They advocated his right to appeal from the President to the people. The President, they argued, was invested with no sanctity to make such an act criminal. In a republican country the people were the real sovereigns.

CHAPTER XXIII.

NEUTRALITY ENDANGERED BY GREAT BRITAIN.—HER ILL-ADVISED MEASURES. —DETENTION OF VESSELS BOUND FOR FRANCE.—IMPRESSMENT OF AMERICAN SEAMEN. — PERSISTENCE IN HOLDING THE WESTERN POSTS. — CONGRESS ASSEMBLES IN DECEMBER. — THE PRESIDENT'S OPENING SPEECH.— HIS CENSURE OF GENET.—THE VICE-PRESIDENT'S ALLUSION TO IT.—THE ADMINISTRATION IN A MINORITY IN THE HOUSE.—PROCLAMATION OF NEUTRALITY SUSTAINED.—JEFFERSON'S REPORT.—RETIRES FROM THE CABINET. —HIS PARTING REBUKE TO GENET.—HIS CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

WHILE the neutrality of the United States, so jealously guarded by Washington, was endangered by the intrigues of the French minister, it was put to imminent hazard by ill-advised measures of the British cabinet.

There was such a scarcity in France, in consequence of the failure of the crops, that a famine was apprehended. England, availing herself of her naval ascendency, determined to increase the distress of her rival by cutting off all her supplies from abroad. In June, 1793, therefore, her cruisers were instructed to detain all vessels bound to France with cargoes of corn, flour, or meal, take them into port, unload them, purchase the cargoes, make a proper allowance for the freight, and then release the

vessels; or to allow the masters of them, on a stipulated security, to dispose of their cargoes in a port in amity with England. This measure gave umbrage to all parties in the United States, and brought out an earnest remonstrance from the government, as being a violation of the law of neutrals, and indefensible on any proper construction of the law of nations.

Another grievance which helped to swell the tide of resentment against Great Britain, was the frequent impressment of American seamen, a wrong to which they were particularly exposed from national similarity.

To these may be added the persistence of Great Britain in holding the posts to the south of the lakes, which, according to treaty stipulations, ought to have been given up. Washington did not feel himself in a position to press our rights under the treaty, with the vigorous hand that some would urge; questions having risen in some of the State courts, to obstruct the fulfillment of our part of it, which regarded the payment of British debts contracted before the war.

The violent partisans of France thought nothing of these shortcomings on our own part, and would have had the forts seized at once; but Washington considered a scrupulous discharge of our own obligations the necessary preliminary, should so violent a measure be deemed advisable. His prudent and conscientious conduct in this particular, so in unison with the impartial justice which governed all his actions, was cited by partisan

writers as indicative of his preference of England to "our ancient ally."

The hostilities of the Indians north of the Ohio, by many attributed to British wiles, still continued. The attempts at an amicable negotiation had proved as fruitless as Washington had anticipated. The troops under Wayne had, therefore, taken the field to act offensively; but from the lateness of the season, had formed a winter camp near the site of the present city of Cincinnati, whence Wayne was to open his campaign in the ensuing spring.

Congress assembled on the 2d of December (1793), with various causes of exasperation at work; the intrigues of Genet and the aggressions of England, uniting to aggravate to a degree of infatuation the partiality for France, and render imminent the chance of a foreign war.

Washington, in his opening speech, after expressing his deep and respectful sense of the renewed testimony of public approbation manifested in his reëlection, proceeded to state the measures he had taken, in consequence of the war in Europe, to protect the rights and interests of the United States, and maintain peaceful relations with the belligerent parties. Still he pressed upon Congress the necessity of placing the country in a condition of complete defense. "The United States," said he, "ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever

keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every nation abounds. There is a rank due to the United States among nations, which will be withheld, if not absolutely lost, by the reputation of weakness. If we desire to avoid insult, we must be able to repel it; if we desire to secure peace—one of the most powerful instruments of our prosperity—it must be known that we are, at all times, ready for war." In the spirit of these remarks, he urged measures to increase the amount of arms and ammunition in the arsenals, and to improve the militia establishment.

One part of his speech conveyed an impressive admonition to the House of Representatives: "No pecuniary consideration is more urgent than the regular redemption and discharge of the public debt; in none can delay be more injurious, or an economy of time more valuable."

The necessity of augmenting the public revenue in a degree commensurate with the objects suggested, was likewise touched upon.

In concluding his speech, he endeavored to impress upon his hearers the magnitude of their task, the important interests confided to them, and the conscientiousness that should reign over their deliberations. "Without an unprejudiced coolness, the welfare of the government may be hazarded; without harmony, as far as consists with freedom of sentiment, its dignity may be lost. But, as the legislative proceedings of the United States will never, I trust, be reproached for the want of

temper or of candor, so shall not the public happiness languish from the want of my strenuous and warmest coöperation."

In a message to both Houses, on the 5th of December, concerning foreign relations, Washington spoke feelingly with regard to those with the representative and executive bodies of France: "It is with extreme concern I have to inform you that the proceedings of the person whom they have unfortunately appointed their minister plenipotentiary here, have breathed nothing of the friendly spirit of the nation which sent him; their tendency, on the contrary, has been to involve us in war abroad, and discord and anarchy at home. So far as his acts, or those of his agents, have threatened our immediate commitment in the war, or flagrant insult to the authority of the laws, their effect has been counteracted by the ordinary cognizance of the laws, and by an exertion of the powers confided to me. Where their danger was not imminent, they have been borne with, from sentiments of regard for his nation; from a sense of their friendship towards us; from a conviction, that they would not suffer us to remain long exposed to the action of a person who has so little respected our mutual dispositions; and, I will add, from a reliance on the firmness of my fellow-citizens in their principles of peace and order."

John Adams, speaking of this passage of the message, says: "The President has given Genet a bolt of thunder." He questioned, however, whether Washington

would be supported in it by the two Houses—"although he stands at present as high in the admiration and confidence of the people as ever he did, I expect he will find many bitter and desperate enemies arise in consequence of his just judgment against Genet." *

In fact, the choice of speaker showed that there was a majority of ten against the administration in the House of Representatives; yet it was manifest, from the affectionate answer on the 6th, of the two Houses, to Washington's speech, and the satisfaction expressed at his reëlection, that he was not included in the opposition which, from this act, appeared to await his political system. The House did justice to the purity and patriotism of the motives which had prompted him again to obey the voice of his country, when called by it to the presidential chair. "It is to virtues which have commanded long and universal reverence, and services from which have flowed great and lasting benefits, that the tribute of praise may be paid, without the reproach of flattery; and it is from the same sources that the fairest anticipations may be derived in favor of the public happiness."

Notwithstanding the popular ferment in favor of France, both Houses seem to have approved the course pursued by Washington in regard to that country; and as to his proclamation of neutrality, while the House ap-

* Letter to Mrs. Adams. *Life*, vol. i. p. 460.

proved of it in guarded terms, the Senate pronounced it a "measure well-timed and wise; manifesting a watchful solicitude for the welfare of the nation, and calculated to promote it."

Early in the session, Mr. Jefferson, in compliance with a requisition which the House of Representatives had made, February 23d, 1791, furnished an able and comprehensive report of the state of trade of the United States with different countries; the nature and extent of exports and imports, and the amount of tonnage of the American shipping: specifying, also, the various restrictions and prohibitions by which our commerce was embarrassed, and, in some instances, almost ruined. "Two methods," he said, "presented themselves, by which these impediments might be removed, modified, or counteracted; friendly arrangement or countervailing legislation. Friendly arrangements were preferable with all who would come into them, and we should carry into such arrangements all the liberality and spirit of accommodation which the nature of the case would admit. But," he adds, "should any nation continue its system of prohibitive duties and regulations, it behooves us to protect our citizens, their commerce, and navigation, by counter prohibitions, duties, and regulations." To effect this, he suggested a series of legislative measures of a retaliatory kind." *

* See Jefferson's *Works*, vol. iii.

With this able and elaborate report, Jefferson closed his labors as Secretary of State. His last act was a kind of parting gun to Mr. Genet. This restless functionary had, on the 20th of December, sent to him translations of the instructions given him by the executive council of France; desiring that the President would lay them officially before both Houses of Congress, and proposing to transmit successively other papers, to be laid before them in like manner.

Jefferson, on the 31st of December, informed Genet that he had laid his letter and its accompaniments before the President. "I have it in charge to observe," adds he, "that your functions as the missionary of a foreign nation here, are confined to the transactions of the affairs of your nation with the Executive of the United States; that the communications which are to pass between the executive and legislative branches cannot be a subject for your interference; and that the President must be left to judge for himself what matters his duty or the public good may require him to propose to the deliberations of Congress. I have, therefore, the honor of returning you the copies sent for distribution, and of being, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and most humble servant."

Such was Jefferson's dignified rebuke of the presumptuous meddling of Genet, and indeed his whole course of official proceedings with that minister, notwithstanding his personal intimacy with him and his strong

French partialities, is worthy of the highest approbation. Genet, in fact, who had calculated on Jefferson's friendship, charged him openly with having a language official and a language confidential, but it certainly was creditable to him, as a public functionary in a place of high trust, that, in his official transactions, he could rise superior to individual prejudices and partialities, and consult only the dignity and interests of his country.

Washington had been especially sensible of the talents and integrity displayed by Jefferson during the closing year of his secretaryship, and particularly throughout this French perplexity, and had recently made a last attempt, but an unsuccessful one, to persuade him to remain in the cabinet. On the same day with his letter to Genet, Jefferson addressed one to Washington, reminding him of his having postponed his retirement from office until the end of the annual year. "That term being now arrived," writes he, "and my propensities to retirement becoming daily more and more irresistible, I now take the liberty of resigning the office into your hands. Be pleased to accept with it my sincere thanks for all the indulgences which you have been so good as to exercise towards me in the discharge of its duties. Conscious that my need of them has been great, I have still ever found them greater, without any other claim on my part than a firm pursuit of what has appeared to me to be right, and a thorough disdain of all means which were not as open and honorable as their object was pure. I

carry into my retirement a lively sense of your goodness, and shall continue gratefully to remember it."

The following was Washington's reply: "Since it has been impossible to prevent you to forego any longer the indulgence of your desire for private life, the event, however anxious I am to avert it, must be submitted to.

"But I cannot suffer you to leave your station without assuring you, that the opinion which I had formed of your integrity and talents, and which dictated your original nomination, has been confirmed by the fullest experience, and that both have been eminently displayed in the discharge of your duty."

The place thus made vacant in the cabinet was filled by Mr. Edmund Randolph, whose office of Attorney-general was conferred on Mr. William Bradford of Pennsylvania.

No one seemed to throw off the toils of office with more delight than Jefferson; or to betake himself with more devotion to the simple occupations of rural life. It was his boast, in a letter to a friend written some time after his return to Monticello, that he had seen no newspaper since he had left Philadelphia, and he believed he should never take another newspaper of any sort. "I think it is Montaigne," writes he, "who has said, that ignorance is the softest pillow on which a man can rest his head. I am sure it is true as to everything political, and shall endeavor to estrange myself to everything of that character." Yet the very next sentence shows

the lurking of the old party feud. "I indulge myself in one political topic only—that is, in declaring to my countrymen the shameless corruption of a portion of the representatives of the first and second Congresses, *and their implicit devotion to the treasury.*" *

We subjoin his comprehensive character of Washington, the result of long observation and cabinet experience, and written in after years, when there was no temptation to insincere eulogy :—

"His integrity was most pure; his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision. He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man."

* Letter to E. Randolph. *Works*, iv. 102.

CHAPTER XXIV.

DEBATE ON JEFFERSON'S REPORT ON COMMERCIAL INTERCOURSE. — A NAVAL FORCE PROPOSED FOR THE PROTECTION OF COMMERCE AGAINST PIRATICAL CRUISERS.—FURTHER INSTANCES OF THE AUDACITY OF GENET.—HIS RECALL. — ARRIVAL OF HIS SUCCESSOR. — IRRITATION EXCITED BY BRITISH CAPTURES OF AMERICAN VESSELS. — PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE. — EMBARGO.—INTENSE EXCITEMENT AT "BRITISH SPOLIATIONS." — PARTISANS OF FRANCE IN THE ASCENDANT. — A CHANCE FOR ACCOMMODATING DIFFICULTIES.—JEFFERSON'S HOPES OF RECONCILIATION.—THE WAR CRY UPPERMOST.—WASHINGTON DETERMINES TO SEND A SPECIAL ENVOY TO THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.—JEFFERSON'S LETTER TO TENCH COXE.

REPUBLIC affairs were becoming more and more complicated, and events in Europe were full of gloomy portent. "The news of this evening," writes John Adams to his wife, on the 9th of January, "is, that the queen of France is no more. When will savages be satisfied with blood? No prospect of peace in Europe, therefore none of internal harmony in America. We cannot well be in a more disagreeable situation than we are with all Europe, with all Indians, and with all Barbary rovers. Nearly one half of the continent is in constant opposition to the other, and the President's situation, which is highly responsible, is very distressing."

Adams speaks of having had two hours' conversation with Washington alone in his cabinet, but intimates that he could not reveal the purport of it, even by a hint; it had satisfied him, however, of Washington's earnest desire to do right; his close application to discover it, and his deliberate and comprehensive view of our affairs with all the world. "The anti-federalists and the Frenchified zealots," adds Adams, "have nothing now to do that I can conceive of, but to ruin his character, destroy his peace, and injure his health. He supports all their attacks with firmness, and his health appears to be very good." *

The report of Mr. Jefferson on commercial intercourse, was soon taken up in the House in a committee of the whole. A series of resolutions based on it, and relating to the privileges and restrictions of the commerce of the United States, were introduced by Mr. Madison, and became the subject of a warm and acrimonious debate. The report upheld the policy of turning the course of trade from England to France, by discriminations in favor of the latter; and the resolutions were to the same purport. The idea was to oppose commercial resistance to commercial injury; to enforce a perfect commercial equality by retaliating impositions, assuming that the commercial system of Great Britain was hostile to the United States—a position strongly denied by some of the debaters.

* *Life of John Adams*, vol. i. p. 461.

Though the subject was, or might seem to be, of a purely commercial nature, it was inevitably mixed up with political considerations, according as a favorable inclination to England or France was apprehended. The debate waxed warm as it proceeded, with a strong infusion of bitterness. Fisher Ames stigmatized the resolutions as having *French* stamped upon the very face of them. Whereupon, Colonel Parker of Virginia wished that there was a stamp on the forehead of every one to designate whether he were for France or England. For himself, he would not be silent and hear that nation abused, to whom America was indebted for her rank as a nation. There was a burst of applause in the gallery; but the indecorum was rebuked by the galleries being cleared.

The debate, which had commenced on the 13th of January (1794), was protracted to the 3d of February, when the question being taken on the first resolution it was carried by a majority of only five, so nearly were parties divided. The further consideration of the remaining resolutions was postponed to March, when it was resumed, but, in consequence of the new complexion of affairs, was suspended without a decision.

The next legislative movement was also productive of a warm debate, though connected with a subject which appealed to the sympathies of the whole nation. Algerine corsairs had captured eleven American merchant vessels, and upwards of one hundred prisoners, and the

regency manifested a disposition for further outrages. A bill was introduced into Congress proposing a force of six frigates, to protect the commerce of the United States against the cruisers of this piratical power. The bill met with strenuous opposition. The force would require time to prepare it; and would then be insufficient. It might be laying the foundation of a large permanent navy and a great public debt. It would be cheaper to purchase the friendship of Algiers with money, as was done by other nations of superior maritime force, or to purchase the protection of those nations. It seems hardly credible at the present day, that such policy could have been urged before an American Congress, without provoking a burst of scorn and indignation; yet it was heard without any emotion of the kind; and, though the bill was eventually passed by both Houses, it was but by a small majority. It received the hearty assent of the President.

In the course of this session, fresh instances had come before the government of the mischievous activity and audacity of Genet; showing that, not content with compromising the neutrality of the United States at sea, he was attempting to endanger it by land. From documents received, it appeared that in November he had sent emissaries to Kentucky, to enroll American citizens in an expedition against New Orleans and the Spanish possessions, furnishing them with blank commissions for the

purpose.* It was an enterprise in which the adventurous people of that State were ready enough to embark, through enthusiasm for the French nation and impatience at the delay of Spain to open the navigation of the Mississippi. Another expedition was to proceed against the Floridas; men for the purpose to be enlisted at the South, to rendezvous in Georgia, and to be aided by a body of Indians and by a French fleet, should one arrive on the coast. A proclamation from Governor Moultrie checked all such enlistments in South Carolina, but brought forth a letter from Genet to Mr. Jefferson, denying that he had endeavored to raise an armed force in that State for the service of the republic: "At the same time," adds he, "I am too frank to conceal from you that, authorized by the French nation to deliver brevets to such of your fellow-citizens who feel animated by a desire to serve the fairest of causes, I have accorded them to several brave republicans of South Carolina, whose intention appeared to me to be, in expatriating themselves, to go among the tribes of independent Indians, ancient friends and allies of France, to inflict if they could, in concert with them, the harm to Spaniards and Englishmen, which the governments of those two nations had the baseness to do for a long time to your fellow-citizens, under the name of these savages, the same as they have done recently under that of the Algerines."

* *American State Papers*, ii. 36.

Documents relating to these transactions were communicated to Congress by Washington, early in January. But, though the expedition set on foot in South Carolina had been checked, it was subsequently reported that the one in Kentucky against Louisiana, was still in progress and about to descend the Ohio.

These schemes showed such determined purpose, on the part of Genet, to undermine the peace of the United States, that Washington, without waiting a reply to the demand for his recall, resolved to keep no further terms with that headlong diplomat. The dignity, possibly the safety of the United States, depended upon immediate measures.

In a cabinet council it was determined to supersede Genet's diplomatic functions, deprive him of the consequent privileges, and arrest his person; a message to Congress, avowing such determination, was prepared, but at this critical juncture came despatches from Gouverneur Morris, announcing Genet's recall.

The French minister of foreign affairs had, in fact, reprobated the conduct of Genet as unauthorized by his instructions and deserving of punishment, and Mr. Fauchet, secretary of the executive council, was appointed to succeed him. Mr. Fauchet arrived in the United States in February.

About this time vigilance was required to guard against wrongs from an opposite quarter. We have noticed the orders issued by Great Britain to her cruisers in June, 1793, and the resentment thereby excited in the United

States. On the 6th of the following month of November, she had given them additional instructions to detain all vessels laden with the produce of any colony belonging to France, or carrying supplies to any such colony, and to bring them, with their cargoes, to British ports, for adjudication in the British courts of admiralty.

Captures of American vessels were taking place in consequence of these orders, and heightening public irritation. They were considered indicative of determined hostility on the part of Great Britain, and they produced measures in Congress preparatory to an apprehended state of war. An embargo was laid, prohibiting all trade from the United States to any foreign place for the space of thirty days, and vigorous preparations for defense were adopted with but little opposition.

On the 27th of March, resolutions were moved that all debts due to British subjects be sequestered and paid into the treasury, as a fund to indemnify citizens of the United States for depredations sustained from British cruisers, and that all intercourse with Great Britain be interdicted until she had made compensation for these injuries, and until she should make surrender of the Western posts.

The popular excitement was intense. Meetings were held on the subject of British spoliations. "Peace or war" was the absorbing question. The partisans of France were now in the ascendant. It was scouted as pusillanimous any longer to hold terms with England.

"No doubt," said they, "she despises the proclamation of neutrality, as an evidence of timidity; every motive of self-respect calls on the people of the United States to show a proper spirit."

It was suggested that those who were in favor of resisting British aggressions should mount the tri-colored cockade; and forthwith it was mounted by many; while a democratic society was formed to correspond with the one at Philadelphia, and aid in giving effect to these popular sentiments.

While the public mind was in this inflammable state, Washington received advices from Mr. Pinckney, the American minister in London, informing him that the British ministry had issued instructions to the commanders of armed vessels, revoking those of the 6th of November, 1793. Lord Grenville also, in conversation with Mr. Pinckney, had explained the real motives for that order, showing that, however oppressive in its execution, it had not been intended for the special vexation of American commerce.

Washington laid Pinckney's letter before Congress on the 4th of April. It had its effect on both parties; Federalists saw in it a chance of accommodating difficulties, and, therefore, opposed all measures calculated to irritate; the other party did not press their belligerent propositions to any immediate decision, but showed no solicitude to avoid a rupture.

Jefferson, though reputed to be the head of the French

party, avowed in a letter to Madison his hope that war would not result, but that justice would be obtained in a peaceable way;* and he repeats the hope in a subsequent letter. "My countrymen," writes he, "are groaning under the insults of Great Britain. I hope some means will turn up of reconciling our faith and honor with peace. I confess to you, I have seen enough of one war never to wish to see another." †

"'Tis as great an error," writes Hamilton, at the same time, "for a nation to overrate as to underrate itself. Presumption is as great a fault as timidity. 'Tis our error to overrate ourselves and underrate Great Britain; we forget how little we can annoy, how much we may be annoyed." ‡

The war cry, however, is too obvious a means of popular excitement to be readily given up. Busy partisans saw that the feeling of the populace was belligerent, and every means were taken by the press and the democratic societies to exasperate this feeling; according to them the crisis called, not for moderation, but for decision, for energy. Still, to adhere to a neutral position would argue tameness — cowardice! Washington, however, was too morally brave to be clamored out of his wise moderation by such taunts. He resolved to prevent war, if possible, by an appeal to British justice, to b

* Jefferson's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 102.
† Ibid., vol. iv. p. 104. Letter to John Adams.
‡ Hamilton's *Works*, iv. 520.

made through a special envoy, who should represent to the British government the injuries we had sustained from it in various ways, and should urge indemnification.

The measure was decried by the party favorable to France, as an undue advance to the British government; but they were still more hostile to it when it was rumored that Hamilton was to be chosen for the mission. A member of the House of Representatives addressed a strong letter to the President, deprecating the mission, but especially the reputed choice of the envoy. James Monroe, also, at that time a member of the Senate, remonstrated against the nomination of Hamilton as injurious to the public interest, and to the interest of Washington himself, and offered to explain his reasons to the latter in a private interview.

Washington declined the interview, but requested Mr. Monroe, if possessed of any facts which would disqualify Mr. Hamilton for the mission, to communicate them to him in writing.

"Colonel Hamilton and others have been mentioned," adds he, "but no one is yet absolutely decided upon in my mind. But as much will depend, among other things, upon the abilities of the person sent, and his knowledge of the affairs of this country, and as I alone am responsible for a proper nomination, it certainly behooves me to name such a one as, in my judgment, combines the requisites for a mission so peculiarly interesting to the peace and happiness of this country."

Hamilton, however, aware of the "collateral obstacles" which existed with respect to himself, had resolved to advise Washington to drop him from the consideration and to fix upon another character; and recommended John Jay, the Chief Justice of the United States, as the man whom it would be advisable to send. "I think," writes he, "the business would have the best chance possible in his hands, and I flatter myself, that his mission would issue in a manner that would produce the most important good to the nation."*

Mr. Jay was the person ultimately chosen. Washington, in his message, thus nominating an additional envoy to Great Britain, expressed undiminished confidence in the minister actually in London. "But a mission like this," observes he, "while it corresponds with the solemnity of the occasion, will announce to the world a solicitude for a friendly adjustment of our complaints and a reluctance to hostility. Going immediately from the United States, such an envoy will carry with him a full knowledge of the existing temper and sensibility of our country, and will thus be taught to vindicate our rights with firmness, and to cultivate peace with sincerity."

The nomination was approved by a majority of ten Senators.

By this sudden and decisive measure Washington

* Hamilton's *Works*, vol. iv. p. 531.

sought to stay the precipitate impulses of public passion; to give time to put the country into a complete state of defense, and to provide such other measures as might be necessary if negotiation, in a reasonable time, should prove unsuccessful.*

Notwithstanding the nomination of the envoy, the resolution to cut off all intercourse with Great Britain passed the House of Representatives, and was only lost in the Senate by the casting vote of the Vice-President, which was given, according to general belief, "not from a disinclination to the ulterior expedience of the measure, but from a desire," previously, "to try the effect of negotiation."†

While Washington was thus endeavoring to steer the vessel of state, amid the surges and blasts which were threatening on every side, Jefferson, who had hauled out of the storm, writes serenely from his retirement at Monticello, to his friend Tench Coxe at Paris :—

"Your letters give a comfortable view of French affairs, and later events seem to confirm it. Over the foreign powers, I am convinced they will triumph completely, and I cannot but hope that that triumph, and the consequent disgrace of the invading tyrants, is destined, in order of events, to kindle the wrath of Europe against those who have dared to embroil them in such wickedness, and to bring, at length, kings, nobles, and priests,

* Letter to Edmund Randolph. *Writings*, x. 403.

† Washington to Tobias Lear. *Writings*, x. 401.

to the scaffolds which they have been so long deluging with human blood. I am still warm whenever I think of these scoundrels, though I do it as seldom as I can, preferring infinitely to contemplate the tranquil growth of my lucerne and potatoes. I have so completely withdrawn myself from these spectacles of usurpation and misrule, that I do not take a single newspaper, nor read one a month; and I feel myself infinitely the happier for it." *

*Works, iv. 104.

CHAPTER XXV.

JAMES MONROE APPOINTED MINISTER TO FRANCE IN PLACE OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS RECALLED. — HIS RECEPTION. — PENNSYLVANIA INSURRECTION. — PROCLAMATION OF WASHINGTON. — PERSEVERANCE OF THE INSURGENTS. — SECOND PROCLAMATION. — THE PRESIDENT PROCEEDS AGAINST THEM. — GENERAL MORGAN. — LAWRENCE LEWIS. — WASHINGTON ARRANGES A PLAN OF MILITARY OPERATIONS. — RETURNS TO PHILADELPHIA, LEAVING LEE IN COMMAND. — SUBMISSION OF THE INSURGENTS. — THE PRESIDENT'S LETTER ON THE SUBJECT TO JAY, MINISTER AT LONDON.

THE French government having so promptly complied with the wishes of the American government in recalling Citizen Genet, requested, as an act of reciprocity, the recall of Gouverneur Morris, whose political sympathies were considered highly aristocratical. The request was granted accordingly, but Washington, in a letter to Morris, notifying him of his being superseded, assured him of his own undiminished confidence and friendship.

James Monroe, who was appointed in his place, arrived at Paris in a moment of great reaction. Robespierre had terminated his bloody career on the scaffold, and the reign of terror was at an end. The new minister from the United States was received in public by the Conven-

tion. The sentiments expressed by Monroe on deliver-
ing his credentials, were so completely in unison with
the feelings of the moment, that the President of the
Convention embraced him with emotion, and it was de-
creed that the American and French flags should be en
twined and hung up in the hall of the Convention, in sig
of the union and friendship of the two republics.

Chiming in with the popular impulse, Monroe pre
sented the American flag to the Convention, on the par
of his country. It was received with enthusiasm, an
a decree was passed, that the national flag of Franc
should be transmitted in return, to the government
the United States.

Washington, in the meantime, was becoming painfull
aware that censorious eyes at home were keeping
watch upon his administration, and censorious tongu
and pens were ready to cavil at every measure. "Th
affairs of this country cannot go wrong," writes he iron
cally to Gouverneur Morris; "there are *so many watchf*
guardians of them, and such infallible guides, that no o
is at a loss for a director at every turn."

This is almost the only instance of irony to be fou
in his usually plain, direct correspondence, and to us
mournfully suggestive of that soreness and weariness
heart with which he saw his conscientious policy misu
derstood or misrepresented, and himself becoming
object of party hostility.

Within three weeks after the date of this letter, an

surrection broke out in the western part of Pennsylvania on account of the excise law. We have already mentioned the riotous opposition this law had experienced. Bills of indictment had been found against some of the rioters. The marshal, when on the way to serve the processes issued by the court, was fired upon by armed men, and narrowly escaped with his life. He was subsequently seized and compelled to renounce the exercise of his official duties. The house of General Nevil, inspector of the revenue, was assailed, but the assailants were repulsed. They assembled in greater numbers; the magistrates and militia officers shrank from interfering, lest it should provoke a general insurrection; a few regular soldiers were obtained from the garrison at Fort Pitt. There was a parley. The insurgents demanded that the inspector and his papers should be given up; and the soldiers march out of the house and ground their arms. The demand being refused, the house was attacked, the outhouses set on fire, and the garrison was compelled to surrender. The marshal and inspector finally escaped out of the country; descended the Ohio, and, by a circuitous route, found their way to the seat of government; bringing a lamentable tale of their misadventures.

Washington deprecated the result of these outrageous proceedings. "If the laws are to be so trampled upon with impunity," said he, "and a minority, a small one too, is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put, at one stroke, to republican government."

It was intimated that the insurgent district could bring seven thousand men into the field. Delay would only swell the growing disaffection. On the 7th of August, Washington issued a proclamation, warning the insurgents to disperse, and declaring that if tranquillity were not restored before the first of September, force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. To show that this was not an empty threat, he, on the same day, made a requisition on the governors of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, for militia to compose an army of twelve thousand men; afterwards augmented to fifteen thousand.

In a letter to the governor of Virginia (Light-Horse Harry Lee), he says: "I consider this insurrection as the first formidable fruit of the Democratic Societies brought forth, I believe, too prematurely for their own views, which may contribute to the annihilation of them.

"That these societies were instituted by the artful and designing members (many of their body, I have no doubt mean well, but know little of the real plan), primarily to sow among the people the seeds of jealousy and distrust of the government, by destroying all confidence in the administration of it, and that these doctrines have been budding and blowing ever since, is not new to any one who is acquainted with the character of their leaders and has been attentive to their manœuvres. I early gave it as my opinion to the confidential characters around me, that if these societies were not counteracted (not by

prosecutions, the ready way to make them grow stronger), or did not fall into disesteem from the knowledge of their origin, and the views with which they had been instituted by their father, Genet, for purposes well known to the government, they would shake the government to its foundation."

The insurgents manifesting a disposition to persevere in their rebellious conduct, the President issued a second proclamation on the 25th of September, describing in forcible terms, the perverse and obstinate spirit with which the lenient propositions of government had been met, and declaring his fixed purpose to reduce the refractory to obedience. Shortly after this he left Philadelphia for Carlisle, to join the army, then on its march to suppress the insurrection in the western part of Pennsylvania.

Just as Washington was leaving Philadelphia, a letter was put into his hands from Major-general Morgan. The proclamation had roused the spirit of that revolutionary veteran. He was on his way, he wrote, to join the expedition against the insurgents, having command of a division of the Virginia militia, of which General Lee was commander-in-chief.

Washington replied from Carlisle to his old companion in arms: "Although I regret the occasion which has called you into the field, I rejoice to hear you are there; and it is probable I may meet you at Fort Cumberland, whither I shall proceed as soon as I see the troops at this rendezvous in condition to advance. At that place,

or at Bedford, my ulterior resolution must be taken, either to advance with the troops into the insurgent counties of this State, or to return to Philadelphia for the purpose of meeting Congress the third of next month.

"Imperious circumstances alone can justify my absence from the seat of government, whilst Congress are in session; but if these from the disposition of the people in the refractory counties, and the state of the information I expect to receive at the advanced posts, should appear to exist, the less must yield to the greater duties of my office, and I shall cross the mountains with the troops; if not, I shall place the command of the combined force under the orders of Governor Lee of Virginia, and repair to the seat of government."

We will here note that Lawrence Lewis, a son of Washington's sister, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, having caught the spirit of arms, accompanied Morgan as aide-de-camp on this expedition. The prompt zeal with which he volunteered into the service of his country was, doubtless, highly satisfactory to his uncle, with whom, it will be seen, he was a great favorite.

On the 9th of October Washington writes from Carlisle to the Secretary of State: "The insurgents are alarmed, but not yet brought to their proper senses. Every means is devised by them and their friends and associates, to induce a belief that there is no necessity for troops crossing the mountains; although we have information, at the

same time, that part of the people there are obliged to embody themselves, to repel the insults of another part."

On the 10th, the Pennsylvania troops set out from Carlisle for their rendezvous at Bedford, and Washington proceeded to Williamsport, thence to go on to Fort Cumberland, the rendezvous of the Virginia and Maryland troops. He arrived at the latter place on the 16th of October, and found a respectable force assembled from those States, and learnt that fifteen hundred more from Virginia were at hand. All accounts agreed that the insurgents were greatly alarmed at the serious appearance of things. "I believe," writes Washington, "the eyes of all the well-disposed people of this country will soon be opened, and that they will clearly see the tendency, if not the design, of the leader of these self-created societies. As far as I have heard them spoken of, it is with strong reprobation."

At Bedford he arranged matters and settled a plan of military operations. The governors of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, were at the head of the troops of their respective States, but Governor Lee was to have the general command. This done, Washington prepared to shape his course for Philadelphia—"but not," says he indignantly, "because the impertinence of Mr. Bache, or his correspondent, has undertaken to pronounce that I cannot, constitutionally, command the army, whilst Congress is in session."

In a letter to Governor Lee, on leaving him in com-

mand, he conveyed to the army the very high sense he entertained "of the enlightened and patriotic zeal for the Constitution and the laws which had led them cheerfully to quit their families, homes, and the comforts of private life, to undertake, and thus far to perform, a long and fatiguing march, and to encounter and endure the hardships and privations of a military life."

"No citizen of the United States," observes he, "can ever be engaged in a service more important to their country. It is nothing less than to consolidate and to preserve the blessings of that Revolution which, at much expense of blood and treasure, constituted us a free and independent nation."

His parting admonition is—"that every officer and soldier will constantly bear in mind, that he comes to support the laws, and that it would be peculiarly unbecoming in him to be, in any way, the infractor of them; that the essential principles of a free government confine the province of the military when called forth on such occasions, to these two objects: first, to combat and subdue all who may be found in arms in opposition to the national will and authority; secondly, to aid and support the civil magistrates in bringing offenders to justice. The dispensation of this justice belongs to the civil magistrates; and let it ever be our pride and our glory to leave the sacred deposit there inviolate."

Washington pushed on for Philadelphia, through deep roads and a three days' rain, and arrived there about the

last of October. Governor Lee marched with the troops in two divisions, amounting to fifteen thousand men, into the western counties of Pennsylvania. This great military array extinguished at once the kindling elements of a civil war, "by making resistance desperate." At the approach of so overwhelming a force the insurgents laid down their arms, and gave assurance of submission, and craved the clemency of government. It was extended to them. A few were tried for treason, but were not convicted; but as some spirit of discontent was still manifest, Major-general Morgan was stationed with a detachment, for the winter, in the disaffected region.

The paternal care with which Washington watched, at all times, over the welfare of the country, was manifested in a letter to General Hamilton, who had remained with the army. "Press the governors to be pointed in ordering the officers under their respective commands to march back with their respective corps; and to see that the inhabitants meet with no disgraceful insults or injuries from them."

It must have been a proud satisfaction to Washington to have put down, without an effusion of blood, an insurrection which, at one time, threatened such serious consequences. In a letter to Mr. Jay, who had recently gone minister to England, he writes: "The insurrection in the western counties of this State will be represented differently, according to the wishes of some and the prejudices of others, who may exhibit it as an evidence of

what has been predicted, 'that we are unable to govern ourselves.' Under this view of the subject, I am happy in giving it to you as the general opinion, that this event, having happened at the time it did, was fortunate, although it will be attended with considerable expense."

After expressing his opinion that the "self-created societies" who were laboring to effect some revolution in the government, were the fomenters of these western disturbances, he adds: "It has afforded an occasion for the people of this country to show their abhorrence of the result and their attachment to the Constitution and the laws; for I believe that five times the number of militia that was required would have come forward, if it had been necessary, in support of them.

"The spirit which blazed out on this occasion, as soon as the object was fully understood and the lenient measures of the government were made known to the people deserves to be communicated. There are instances of general officers going at the head of a single troop, and of light companies; of field-officers, when they came to the place of rendezvous, and found no command for them in that grade, turning into the ranks and proceeding as private soldiers, under their own captains; and of numbers possessing the first fortunes in the country standing in the ranks as private men, and marching day by day, with their knapsacks and haversacks at their backs, sleeping on straw with a single blanket in a soldier's tent, during the frosty nights which we have had

by way of example to others. Nay, more, many young Quakers, of the first families, character, and property, not discouraged by the elders, have turned into the ranks and marched with the troops.

"These things have terrified the insurgents, who had no conception that such a spirit prevailed; but while the thunder only rumbled at a distance, were boasting of their strength and wishing for and threatening the militia by turns, intimating that the arms they should take from them would soon become a magazine in their hands."

CHAPTER XXVI.

WASHINGTON'S DENUNCIATION OF SELF-CREATED SOCIETIES.—NOT RELISHED BY CONGRESS. — CAMPAIGN OF GENERAL WAYNE. — HAMILTON REPORTS A PLAN FOR THE REDEMPTION OF THE PUBLIC DEBT. — AND RETIRES FROM HIS POST AS SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—IS SUCCEEDED BY OLIVER WOLCOTT.—RESIGNATION OF KNOX.—SUCCEEDED BY TIMOTHY PICKERING. —CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

IN his speech on the opening of Congress (November 19th), Washington, in adverting to the insurrection in Western Pennsylvania, did not hesitate to denounce "certain self-created societies" as "fomenters of it." After detailing its commencement and progress, he observes: "While there is cause to lament that occurrences of this nature should have disgraced the name or interrupted the tranquillity of any part of our community, or should have diverted to a new application any portion of the public resources, there are not wanting real and substantial consolations for the misfortune. It has demonstrated, that our prosperity rests on solid foundations; by furnishing an additional proof that my fellow-citizens understand the true principles of government and liberty; that they feel the inseparable union: that, notwithstanding all the device

which have been used to sway them from their interest and duty, they are now as ready to maintain the authority of the laws against licentious invasions, as they were to defend their rights against usurpation. It has been a spectacle, displaying to the highest advantage the value of republican government, to behold the most and least wealthy of our citizens standing in the same ranks as private soldiers; preëminently distinguished by being the army of the Constitution; undeterred by a march of three hundred miles over rugged mountains, by the approach of an inclement season, or by any other discouragement. Nor ought I to omit to acknowledge the efficacious and patriotic coöperation which I have experienced from the chief magistrates of the States to which my requisitions have been addressed.

"To every description, indeed, of citizens, let praise be given; but let them persevere in their affectionate vigilance over that precious depository of American happiness, the Constitution of the United States. Let them cherish it, too, for the sake of those who, from every clime, are daily seeking a dwelling in our land. And when, in the calm moments of reflection, they shall have retraced the origin and progress of the insurrection, let them determine whether it has not been fomented by combinations of men, who, careless of consequences, and disregarding the unerring truth, that those who arouse cannot always appease a civil convulsion, have disseminated from ignorance or perversion of

facts, suspicions, jealousies, and accusations of the whole government."

This denunciation of the "self-created societies" was a bold step, by which he was sure to incur their resentment. It was not relished by some members of the Senate, but the majority gave it their approval. In the House, where the opposition party was the most powerful, this passage of the President's speech gave rise to much altercation, and finally, the majority showed their disapprobation by passing it over in silence in the address voted in reply.

The "self-created societies," however, which had sprung up in various parts of the Union, had received their death-blow; they soon became odious in the public eye, and gradually disappeared; following the fate of the Jacobin clubs in France.

It was with great satisfaction that Washington had been able to announce favorable intelligence of the campaign of General Wayne against the hostile Indians west of the Ohio. That brave commander had conducted it with a judgment and prudence little compatible with the hare-brained appellation he had acquired by his rash exploits during the Revolution. Leaving his winter encampment on the Ohio, in the spring (of 1794), he had advanced cautiously into the wild country west of it skirmishing with bands of lurking savages, as he advanced, and establishing posts to keep up communication and secure the transmission of supplies. It wa

not until the 8th of August that he arrived at the junction of the rivers Au Glaize and Miami, in a fertile and populous region, where the Western Indians had their most important villages. Here he threw up some works, which he named Fort Defiance. Being strengthened by eleven hundred mounted volunteers from Kentucky, his force exceeded that of the savage warriors who had collected to oppose him, which scarcely amounted to two thousand men. These, however, were strongly encamped in the vicinity of Fort Miami, a British post, about thirty miles distant, and far within the limits of the United States, and seemed prepared to give battle, expecting, possibly to be aided by the British garrison. Wayne's men were eager for a fight, but he, remembering the instructions of government, restrained his fighting propensities. In a letter to his old comrade Knox, Secretary of War, he writes, "Though now prepared to strike, I have thought proper to make the enemy a last overture of peace, nor am I without hopes that they will listen to it."

His overture was ineffectual; or rather, the reply he received was such as to leave him in doubt of the intentions of the enemy. He advanced, therefore, with the precautions he had hitherto observed, hoping to be met in the course of his march by deputies on peaceful missions.

On the 20th, being arrived near to the enemy's position, his advanced guard was fired upon by an ambush of

the enemy concealed in a thicket, and was compelled to retreat. The general now ordered an attack of horse and foot upon the enemy's position; the Indians were roused from their lair with the point of the bayonet; driven, fighting for more than two miles, through thick woods, and pursued with great slaughter, until within gunshot of the British fort. "We remained," writes the general, "three days and nights on the banks of the Miami, in front of the field of battle, during which time all the houses and corn were consumed or otherwise destroyed, for a considerable distance both above and below Fort Miami; and we were within pistol-shot of the garrison of that place, who were compelled to remain quiet spectators of this general devastation and conflagration."

It was trusted that this decisive battle, and the wide ravages of villages and fields of corn with which it was succeeded, would bring the Indians to their senses, and compel them to solicit the peace which they had so repeatedly rejected.

In his official address to Congress, Washington had urged the adoption of some definite plan for the redemption of the public debt. A plan was reported by Mr. Hamilton, 20th January, 1795, which he had digested and prepared on the basis of the actual revenues, for the further support of public credit. The report embraced a comprehensive view of the system which he had pursued and made some recommendations, which after much debate were adopted.

So closed Mr. Hamilton's labors as Secretary of the Treasury. He had long meditated a retirement from his post, the pay of which was inadequate to the support of his family, but had postponed it, first, on account of the accusations brought against him in the second Congress, and of which he awaited the investigation; secondly, in consequence of events which rendered the prospect of a continuance of peace precarious. But these reasons no longer operating, he gave notice, on his return from the Western country, that on the last day of the ensuing month of January he should give in his resignation. He did so, and received the following note from Washington on the subject: "After so long an experience of your public services, I am naturally led, at this moment of your departure from office (which it has always been my wish to prevent), to review them. In every relation which you have borne to me, I have found that my confidence in your talents, exertions, and integrity has been well placed. I the more freely render this testimony of my approbation, because I speak from opportunities of information which cannot deceive me, and which furnish satisfactory proof of your title to public regard.

"My most earnest wishes for your happiness will attend you in your retirement, and you may assure yourself of the sincere esteem, regard, and friendship, of, dear sir, your affectionate," etc.*

* *Writings*, xi. 16.

Hamilton's reply manifests his sense of the kindness of this letter. "As often as I may recall the vexations I have endured," writes he, "your approbation will be a great and precious consolation. It was not without a struggle that I yielded to the very urgent motives which impelled me to relinquish a station in which I could hope to be in any degree instrumental in promoting the success of an administration under your direction. . . . Whatever may be my destination hereafter, I entreat you to be persuaded (not the less from my having been sparing in professions) that I shall never cease to render a just tribute to those eminent and excellent qualities, which have been already productive of so many blessings to your country; that you will always have my fervent wishes for your public and personal felicity, and that it will be my pride to cultivate a continuance of that esteem, regard, and friendship, of which you do me the honor to assure me. With true respect and affectionate attachment, I have the honor to be," etc.*

Hamilton was succeeded in office by Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut, a man of judgment and ability, who had served as comptroller, and was familiar with the duties of the office.

Knox, likewise, had given in his resignation at the close of the month of December. "After having served my country nearly twenty years," writes he to Washing-

* *Writings*, xi. 19.

ton, "the greatest portion of which under your immediate auspices, it is with extreme reluctance that I find myself constrained to withdraw from so honorable a station. But the natural and powerful claims of a numerous family will no longer permit me to neglect their essential interests. In whatever situation I shall be, I shall recollect your confidence and kindness, with all the fervor and purity of affection of which a grateful heart is susceptible."

"I cannot suffer you," replies Washington, "to close your public service, without uniting with the satisfaction which must arise in your own mind from a conscious rectitude, my most perfect persuasion that you have deserved well of your country.

"My personal knowledge of your exertions, whilst it authorizes me to hold this language, justifies the sincere friendship which I have ever borne for you, and which will accompany you in every situation of life; being, with affectionate regard, always yours," etc.

There was always a kindly warmth in Washington's expressions towards the buoyant General Knox. Knox was succeeded in the War Department by Colonel Timothy Pickering, at that time Postmaster-general.

The session of Congress closed on the 3d of March, 1795.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WASHINGTON'S ANXIETY ABOUT THE PROGRESS OF THE NEGOTIATION WITH ENGLAND.—JAY'S TREATY ARRIVES FOR RATIFICATION.—PREDISPOSITION TO CONDEMN.—RETURN OF JAY.—ADET SUCCEEDS FAUCHET AS MINISTER FROM FRANCE.—THE TREATY LAID BEFORE THE SENATE.—RATIFIED WITH A QUALIFICATION.—A NOVEL QUESTION.—POPULAR DISCONTENT.—ABSTRACT OF THE TREATY PUBLISHED.—VIOLENT OPPOSITION TO IT.—WASHINGTON RESOLVED TO RATIFY.—HIS RESOLUTION SUSPENDED.—GOES TO MOUNT VERNON.—REPLY TO AN ADDRESS FROM BOSTON.—INCREASING CLAMOR.

WASHINGTON had watched the progress of the mission of Mr. Jay to England, with an anxious eye. He was aware that he had exposed his popularity to imminent hazard, by making an advance toward a negotiation with that power; but what was of still greater moment with him, he was aware that the peace and happiness of his country were at stake on the result of that mission. It was, moreover, a mission of great delicacy, from the many intricate and difficult points to be discussed, and the various and mutual grounds of complaint to be adjusted.

Mr. Jay, in a letter dated August 5, 1794, had informed him confidentially, that the ministry were prepared to settle the matters in dispute upon just and liberal terms

still, what those terms, which they conceived to be just and liberal, might prove when they came to be closely discussed, no one could prognosticate.

Washington hardly permitted himself to hope for the complete success of the mission. To "give and take," he presumed would be the result. In the meantime there were so many hot heads and impetuous spirits at home to be managed and restrained, that he was anxious the negotiation might assume a decisive form and be brought to a speedy close. He was perplexed too, by what, under existing circumstances, appeared piratical conduct, on the part of Bermudian privateers persisting in capturing American vessels.

At length, on the 7th of March, 1795, four days after the close of the session of Congress, a treaty arrived which had been negotiated by Mr. Jay, and signed by the ministers of the two nations on the 19th of November, and was sent out for ratification.

In a letter to Washington, which accompanied the treaty, Mr. Jay wrote: "To do more was impossible. I ought not to conceal from you that the confidence reposed in your personal character was visible and useful throughout the negotiation."

Washington immediately made the treaty a close study; some of the provisions were perfectly satisfactory; of others, he did not approve; on the whole, he considered it, a matter, to use his own expression, of "give and take," and believing the advantages to outweigh the objections,

and that, as Mr. Jay alleged, it was the best treaty attainable, he made up his mind to ratify it, should it be approved by the Senate.

As a system of predetermined hostility to the treaty, however, was already manifested, and efforts were made to awaken popular jealousy concerning it, Washington kept its provisions secret, that the public mind might not be preoccupied on the subject. In the course of a few days, however, enough leaked out to be seized upon by the opposition press to excite public distrust, though not enough to convey a distinct idea of the merits of the instrument. In fact, the people were predisposed to condemn, because vexed that any overtures had been made toward a negotiation, such overtures having been stigmatized as cowardly and degrading. If it had been necessary to send a minister to England, said they, it should have been to make a downright demand of reparation for wrongs inflicted on our commerce, and the immediate surrender of the Western posts.

In the meantime Jay arrived on the 28th of May, and found that during his absence in Europe he had been elected governor of the State of New York; an honorable election, the result of no effort nor intrigue, but of the public sense entertained by his native State of his pure and exalted merit. He, in consequence, resigned the office of Chief Justice of the United States.

In the course of this month arrived Mr. Adet, who had been appointed by the French government to suc-

ceed Mr. Fauchet, as minister to the United States. He brought with him the colors of France, which the convention had instructed him to present as a testimonial of friendship, in return for the American flag which had been presented by Mr. Monroe. The presentation of the colors was postponed by him for the present.

The Senate was convened by Washington on the 8th of June, and the treaty of Mr. Jay was laid before it, with its accompanying documents. The session was with closed doors, discussions were long and arduous, and the treaty underwent a scrutinizing examination. The twelfth article met with especial objections.

This article provided for a direct trade between the United States and the British West India Islands, in American vessels not exceeding seventy tons burden, conveying the produce of the States or of the Islands; but it prohibited the exportation of molasses, sugar, coffee, cocoa, or cotton, in American vessels, either from the United States or the Islands, to any part of the world. Under this article it was a restricted intercourse, but Mr. Jay considered the admission even of smaller vessels, to the trade of these Islands, an important advantage to the commerce of the United States. He had not sufficiently adverted to the fact that, among the prohibited articles, cotton was also a product of the Southern States. Its cultivation had been recently introduced there; so that when he sailed for

Europe hardly sufficient had been raised for domestic consumption, and at the time of signing the treaty, very little, if any, had been exported. Still it was now becoming an important staple of the South, and hence the objection of the Senate to this article of the treaty. On the 24th of June two thirds of the Senate, the constitutional majority, voted for the ratification of the treaty, stipulating, however, that an article be added suspending so much of the twelfth article as respected the West India trade, and that the President be requested to open, without delay, further negotiation on this head.

Here was a novel case to be determined. Could the Senate be considered to have ratified the treaty before the insertion of this new article? Was the act complete and final, so as to render it unnecessary to refer it back to that body? Could the President put his final seal upon an act before it was complete? After much reflection, Washington was satisfied of the propriety of ratifying the treaty with the qualification imposed by the Senate.

In the meantime the popular discontent which had been excited concerning the treaty was daily increasing. The secrecy which had been maintained with regard to its provisions was wrested into a cause of offense. Republics should have no secrets. The Senate should not have deliberated on the treaty with closed doors.

Such was the irritable condition of the public mind, when, on the 29th of June, a Senator of the United States (Mr. Mason of Virginia), sent an abstract of the treaty

to be published in a leading opposition paper in Philadelphia.

The whole country was immediately in a blaze. Beside the opposition party, a portion of the cabinet was against the ratification. Of course it received but a faltering support, while the attack upon it was vehement and sustained. The assailants seemed determined to carry their point by storm. Meetings to oppose the ratification were held in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Charleston. The smaller towns throughout the Union followed their example. In New York, a copy of the treaty was burnt before the governor's house. In Philadelphia it was suspended on a pole, carried about the streets, and finally burnt in front of the British minister's house, amid the shoutings of the populace. The whole country seemed determined, by prompt and clamorous manifestations of dissatisfaction, to make Washington give way.

He saw their purpose; he was aware of the odious points of view on which the treaty might justly be placed; his own opinion was not particularly favorable to it; but he was convinced that it was better to ratify it, in the manner the Senate had advised, and with the reservation already mentioned, than to suffer matters to remain in their present unsettled and precarious state.

Before he could act upon this conviction a new difficulty arose to suspend his resolution. News came that the order of the British government of the 8th of June,

1793, for the seizure of provisions in vessels going to French ports, was renewed. Washington instantly directed that a strong memorial should be drawn up against this order; as it seemed to favor a construction of the treaty which he was determined to resist. While this memorial was in course of preparation, he was called off to Mount Vernon. On his way thither, though little was said to him on the subject of the treaty, he found, he says, from indirect discourses, that endeavors were making to place it in all the odious points of view of which it was susceptible, and in some which it would not admit.

The proceedings and resolves of town meetings, also, savoring as he thought of party prejudice, were forwarded to him by express, and added to his disquiet. "Party disputes are now carried to such a length," writes he, "and truth is so enveloped in mist and false representation, that it is extremely difficult to know through what channel to seek it. This difficulty, to one who is of no party, and whose sole wish is to pursue with undeviating steps a path, which would lead this country to respectability, wealth, and happiness, is exceedingly to be lamented. But such, for wise purposes it is presumed, is the turbulence of human passions in party disputes, when victory more than *truth* is the palm contended for, that 'the post of honor is a *private station*.'"*

* *Writings*, xi. 40.

The opposition made to the treaty from meetings in different parts of the Union, gave him the most serious uneasiness, from the effect it might have on the relations with France and England. His reply (July 28th) to an address from the selectmen of Boston, contains the spirit of his replies to other addresses of the kind, and shows the principles which influenced him in regard to the treaty :—

"In every act of my administration," said he, "I have sought the happiness of my fellow-citizens. My system for the attainment of this object has uniformly been to overlook all personal, local, and partial considerations; to contemplate the United States as one great whole; to confide that sudden impressions, when erroneous, would yield to candid reflection; and to consult only the substantial and permanent interests of our country.

"Nor have I departed from this line of conduct, on the occasion which has produced the resolutions contained in your letter.

"Without a predilection for my own judgment, I have weighed with attention every argument which has at any time been brought into view. But the Constitution is the guide which I never can abandon. It has assigned to the President the power of making treaties with the advice and consent of the Senate. It was, doubtless, supposed that these two branches of government would combine, without passion, and with the best means of information, those facts and principles upon which the

success of our foreign relations will always depend; that they ought not to substitute, for their own conviction, the opinions of others, or to seek truth through any channel but that of a temperate and well-informed investigation.

"Under this persuasion, I have resolved on the manner of executing the duty before me. To the high responsibility of it, I freely submit, and you, gentlemen, are at liberty to make these sentiments known as the grounds of my procedure. While I feel the most lively gratitude for the many instances of approbation from my country, I can no otherwise deserve it than by obeying the dictates of my conscience." *

The violence of the opposition increased. Washington perceived that the prejudices against the treaty were more extensive than was generally imagined. "How should it be otherwise," said he, "when no stone has been left unturned that could impress on the minds of the people the most arrant misrepresentation of facts; that their rights have not only been *neglected*, but absolutely *sold;* that there are no reciprocal advantages in the treaty; that the benefits are all on the side of Great Britain; and what seems to have had more weight with them than all the rest, and to have been most pressed, that the treaty is made with the design to oppress the French, in open violation of our treaty with that nation;

* *Writings.* Sparks, xi. 2.

and contrary, too, to every principle of gratitude and sound policy."

Never, during his administration, had he seen a crisis, in his judgment, so pregnant with interesting events, nor one from which, whether viewed on one side or the other, more was to be apprehended.

If the treaty were ratified, the partisans of the French, "or rather," said he, "of war and confusion" would excite them to hostility; if not ratified, there was no foreseeing the consequences as it respected Great Britain. It was a crisis, he said, that most eminently called upon the administration to be wise and temperate, as well as firm. The public clamor continued, and induced a reiterated examination of the subject; but did not shake his purpose. "*There is but one straight course,*" said he, "*and that is to seek truth and pursue it steadily.*" *

* See Letters to Edmund Randolph. *Writings*, xi. pp. 45–51.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WASHINGTON RECALLED TO THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—CONDUCT OF RANDOLPH BROUGHT INTO QUESTION. — TREATY SIGNED. — RESIGNATION OF RANDOLPH.—HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH WASHINGTON.—UNLIMITED DISCLOSURE PERMITTED. — APPEARANCE OF HIS VINDICATION. — PICKERING TRANSFERRED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF STATE.—M'HENRY APPOINTED SECRETARY OF WAR.—ARRIVAL OF GEORGE WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE.

THE difficult and intricate questions pressing upon the attention of government left Washington little mood to enjoy the retirement of Mount Vernon, being constantly in doubt whether his presence in Philadelphia were not necessary. In his letters to Randolph, he requested to be kept continually advised on this head. "While I am in office I shall never suffer private convenience to interfere with what I conceive to be my official duty." "I do not require more than a day's notice to repair to the seat of government."

His promptness was soon put to the test. Early in August came a mysterious letter, dated July 31, from Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of War.

"On the subject of the treaty," writes Pickering, "I confess I feel extreme solicitude, and for a *special reason*, which can be communicated to you only in person. I

entreat, therefore, that you will return with all convenient speed to the seat of government. In the meanwhile, for the reason above referred to, I pray you to decide on no important political measure, in whatever form it may be presented to you. Mr. Wolcott and I (Mr. Bradford concurring) waited on Mr. Randolph, and urged his writing to request your return. He wrote in our presence, but we concluded a letter from one of us also expedient. With the utmost sincerity I subscribe myself yours and my country's friend. This letter is for your own eye alone."

The receipt of this enigmatical letter induced Washington to cut short his sojourn at Mount Vernon, and hasten to Philadelphia. He arrived there on the 11th of August; and on the same day received a solution of the mystery. A despatch written by Fauchet, the French minister, to his government in the preceding month of November, was placed in Washington's hands with a translation of it made by Mr. Pickering. The despatch had been found on board of a French privateer, captured by a British frigate, and had been transmitted to the ministry. Lord Grenville, finding it contained passages relating to the intercourse of Mr. Randolph, the American Secretary of State, with Mr. Fauchet, had sent it to Mr. Hammond, the British minister in Philadelphia. He had put it into the hands of Mr. Wolcott, the Secretary of the Treasury, who had shown it to the Secretary of War and the Attorney-general; and the contents had

been considered so extraordinary as to call forth the mysterious letter entreating the prompt return of Washington.

The following passages in Fauchet's intercepted despatch related to the Western insurrection and the proclamation of Washington :—

"Two or three days before the proclamation was published, and of course before the cabinet had resolved on its measures, the Secretary of State came to my house. All his countenance was grief. He requested of me a private conversation. It was all over, he said to me ; a civil war is about to ravage our unhappy country. Four men, by their talents, their influence, and their energy, may save it. But, debtors of English merchants, they will be deprived of their liberty if they take the smallest step. Could you lend them instantaneously funds to shelter them from English prosecution? This inquiry astonished me much. It was impossible for me to make a satisfactory answer. You know my want of power and deficiency in pecuniary means." . . . . "Thus, with some thousands of dollars, the Republic could have decided on civil war or peace. Thus *the consciences of the pretended patriots of America have already their price.*"— "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus already decrepit?"

The perusal of the letter gave Washington deep perplexity and concern. He revolved the matter in his mind in silence. The predominant object of his thoughts re-

cently had been to put a stop to the public agitation on the subject of the treaty; and he postponed any new question of difficulty until decided measures had laid the other at rest. On the next day, therefore (12th), he brought before the cabinet the question of immediate ratification. All the members were in favor of it excepting Mr. Randolph; he had favored it before the news of the British provision order, but now pronounced it unadvisable, until that order were revoked, and there should be an end of the war between France and England. This led to further discussion, and it was finally agreed to ratify the treaty immediately; but to accompany the ratification with a strong memorial against the provision order. The ratification was signed by Washington on the 18th of August.

His conduct towards Randolph, in the interim, had been as usual, but now that the despatch of public business no longer demanded the entire attention of the cabinet, he proceeded to clear up the doubts occasioned by the intercepted despatch. Accordingly, on the following day, as Randolph entered the cabinet, Washington, who was conversing with Pickering and Wolcott, rose and handed to him the letter of Fauchet, asking an explanation of the questionable parts.

Randolph appears to have been less agitated by the production of the letter, than hurt that the inquiry concerning it had not first been made of him in private. He postponed making any specific reply, until he should

have time to examine the letter at his leisure; and observed on retiring, that, after the treatment he had experienced, he could not think of remaining in office a moment longer.

In a letter to the President the same day he writes: "Your confidence in me, sir, has been unlimited, and I can truly affirm unabused. My sensations, then, cannot be concealed, when I find that confidence so suddenly withdrawn, without a word or distant hint being previously dropped to me. This, sir, as I mentioned in your room, is a situation in which I cannot hold my present office, and therefore I hereby resign it.

"It will not, however, be concluded from hence that I mean to relinquish the inquiry. No, sir; very far from it. I will also meet any inquiry; and to prepare for it, if I learn there is a chance of overtaking Mr. Fauchet before he sails, I will go to him immediately.

"I have to beg the favor of you to permit me to be furnished with a copy of the letter, and I will prepare an answer to it; which I perceive that I cannot do as I wish, merely upon the few hasty memoranda which I took with my pencil.

"I am satisfied, sir, that you will acknowledge one piece of justice to be due on the occasion: which is, that, until an inquiry can be made, the affair shall continue in secrecy under your injunction. For, after pledging myself for a more specific investigation of all the suggestions, I here most solemnly deny that any overture came

from me, which was to produce money to me or any others for me; and that in any manner, directly or indirectly, was a shilling ever received by me; nor was it ever contemplated by me, that one shilling should be applied by Mr. Fauchet to any purpose relative to the insurrection."

Washington, in a reply on the following day, in which he accepted his resignation, observes: "Whilst you are in pursuit of means to remove the strong suspicions arising from this letter, no disclosure of its contents will be made by me; and I will enjoin the same on the public officers who are acquainted with the purport of it, unless something will appear to render an explanation necessary on the part of the government, and of which I will be the judge."

And on a subsequent occasion he writes: "No man would rejoice more than I to find that the suspicions which have resulted from the intercepted letter were unequivocally and honorably removed."

Mr. Fauchet, in the meantime, having learnt previous to embarkation, that his despatch had been intercepted, wrote a declaration, denying that Mr. Randolph had ever indicated a willingness to receive money for personal objects, and affirming that he had had no intention to say anything in his letter to his government, to the disadvantage of Mr. Randolph's character.*

* Sparks' *Writings of Washington*, xi. 90.

Mr. Randolph now set to work to prepare a pamphlet in explanation of his conduct, intimating to his friends, that in the course of his vindication, he would bring things to view which would affect Washington more than anything which had yet appeared.*

While thus occupied he addressed several notes to Washington, requiring information on various points, and received concise answers to all his queries.

On one occasion, where he had required a particular paper, he published in the "Gazette" an extract from his note to Washington; as if fearing the request might be denied, lest the paper in question should lay open many confidential and delicate matters.

In reply, Washington writes: "That you may have no cause to complain of the withholding of any paper, however private and confidential, which you shall think necessary in a case of so serious a nature, I have directed that you should have the inspection of my letter of the 22d of July, agreeably to your request, and you are at full liberty to publish, without reserve, *any* and *every* private and confidential letter I ever wrote to you; nay, more, every word I ever uttered to you or in your hearing, from whence you can derive any advantage in your vindication. I grant this permission, inasmuch as the extract alluded to manifestly tends to impress on the public an opinion, that something was passed between

* *Writings*, xi. 89.

us, which you should disclose with reluctance, from motives of delicacy with respect to me. . . . . That public will judge, when it comes to see your vindication, how far and how proper it has been for you to publish private and confidential communications which oftentimes have been written in a hurry, and sometimes without even copies being taken; and it will, I hope, appreciate my motives, even if it should condemn my prudence, in allowing you the unlimited license herein contained."

The merit of this unlimited license will be properly understood when it is known that at this time, Washington was becoming more and more the object of the malignant attacks of the press. The ratification of the treaty had opened the vials of party wrath against him. "His military and political character," we are told, "was attacked with equal violence, and it was averred that he was totally destitute of merit, either as a soldier or a statesman. He was charged with having violated the Constitution, in negotiating a treaty without the previous advice of the Senate, and that he had embraced within that treaty subjects belonging exclusively to the legislature, for which an impeachment was publicly suggested. Nay more, it was asserted that he had drawn from the treasury, for his private use, more than the salary annexed to his office." *

* See Marshall's *Washington*, vol. ii. p. 370.

This last charge, so incompatible with the whole character and conduct of Washington, was fully refuted by the late Secretary of the Treasury, who explained that the President never himself touched any part of the compensation attached to his office, but that the whole was received and disbursed by the gentleman who superintended the expenses of his household. That the expenses at some times exceeded, and at other times fell short of the quarter's allowance; but that the aggregate fell within the allowance for the year.

At this time the General Assembly of Maryland made a unanimous resolution to the following effect: that "observing with deep concern, a series of efforts, by indirect insinuation or open invective, to detach from the first magistrate of the Union, the well-earned confidence of his fellow-citizens; they think it their duty to declare, and they do hereby declare, their unabated reliance on the *integrity*, *judgment*, and *patriotism* of the President of the United States."

In a reply to the Governor of Maryland, Washington observed: "At any time the expression of such a sentiment would have been considered as highly honorable and flattering. At the present, when the voice of malignancy is so high-toned, and no attempts are left unessayed to destroy all confidence in the constituted authorities of this country, it is peculiarly grateful to my sensibility. . . . .

"I have long since resolved, for the present time at

least, to let my calumniators proceed without any notice being taken of their invectives by myself, or by any others, with my participation or knowledge. Their views, I dare say, are readily perceived by all the enlightened and well-disposed part of the community; and by the records of my administration, and not by the voice of faction, I expect to be acquitted or condemned hereafter."

The vindication which Mr. Randolph had been preparing, appeared in December. In this, he gave a narrative of the principal events relating to the case, his correspondence with the President, and the whole of the French minister's letter. He endeavored to explain those parts of the letter which had brought the purity of his conduct in question; but, as has been observed, "he had a difficult task to perform, as he was obliged to prove a negative, and to explain vague expressions and insinuations connected with his name in Fauchet's letter." *

Fauchet himself furnished the best vindication in his certificate above mentioned; but it is difficult to reconcile his certificate with the language of his official letter to his government. We are rather inclined to attribute to misconceptions and hasty inferences of the French minister, the construction put by him in his letter, on the conversation he had held with Mr. Randolph.

The latter injured his cause by the embittered feel-

* Note of Mr. Sparks. *Washington's Writings*, xi. 90.

ings manifested in his vindication, and the asperity with which he spoke of Washington there and elsewhere. He deeply regretted it in after life, and in a letter to the Hon. Bushrod Washington, written in 1810, he says: "I do not retain the smallest degree of that feeling which roused me fifteen years ago, against some individuals. . . . . If I could now present myself before your venerated uncle, it would be my pride to confess my contrition, that I suffered my irritation, let the cause be what it might, to use some of those expressions respecting him, which, at this moment of indifference to the ideas of the world, I wish to recall, as being inconsistent with my subsequent conviction. My life will, I hope, be sufficiently extended for the recording of my sincere opinion of his virtues and merit, in a style which is not the result of a mind merely debilitated by misfortune, but of that Christian philosophy on which alone I depend for inward tranquillity." *

After a considerable interval from the resignation of Randolph, Colonel Pickering was transferred to the Department of State, and Mr. James McHenry was appointed Secretary of War. The office of Attorney-general becoming vacant by the death of Mr. Bradford, was offered to Mr. Charles Lee of Virginia, and accepted by him on the last day of November.

During the late agitations, George Washington Lafa-

* Marshall's *Life of Washington*, 2d edition, vol. ii., note xx.

yette, the son of the general, had arrived at Boston under the name of Motier, accompanied by his tutor, M. Frestel, and had written to Washington apprising him of his arrival. It was an embarrassing moment to Washington. The letter excited his deepest sensibility, bringing with it recollections of Lafayette's merits, services, and sufferings, and of their past friendship, and he resolved to become "father, friend, protector, and supporter" to his son. But he must proceed with caution, on account of his own official character as Executive of the United States, and of the position of Lafayette in regard to the French government. Caution, also, was necessary, not to endanger the situation of the young man himself, and of his mother and friends whom he had left behind. Philadelphia would not be an advisable residence for him at present, until it was seen what opinions would be excited by his arrival; as Washington would for some time be absent from the seat of government, while all the foreign functionaries were residing there, particularly those of his own nation. Washington suggested, therefore, that he should enter for the present as a student at the University in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and engaged to pay all the expenses for the residence there of himself and his tutor. These and other suggestions were made in a private and confidential letter to Mr. George Cabot of Boston, Senator of the United States, whose kind services he enlisted in the matter.

It was subsequently thought best that young Lafayette should proceed to New York, and remain in retirement, at the country house of a friend in its vicinity, pursuing his studies with his tutor, until Washington should direct otherwise.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MEETING OF CONGRESS.—WASHINGTON'S OFFICIAL SUMMARY OF THE EVENTS OF THE YEAR.—CORDIAL RESPONSE OF THE SENATE.—PARTIAL DEMUR OF THE HOUSE.—WASHINGTON'S POSITION AND FEELINGS WITH REGARD TO ENGLAND, AS SHOWN BY HIMSELF.—MR. ADET PRESENTS THE COLORS OF FRANCE.—THE TREATY RETURNED.—PROCEEDINGS THEREUPON.—THOMAS PINCKNEY RESIGNS AS MINISTER AT LONDON.—RUFUS KING APPOINTED IN HIS PLACE.—WASHINGTON'S VIEW OF THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.—JEFFERSON'S FEARS OF AN ATTEMPT TO SOW DISSENSION BETWEEN HIM AND WASHINGTON.—MR. MONROE RECALLED AND C. C. PINCKNEY APPOINTED IN HIS STEAD.—RESENTFUL POLICY OF FRANCE.

N his speech at the opening of the session of Congress in December, Washington presented a cheerful summary of the events of the year. "I trust I do not deceive myself," said he, "while I indulge the persuasion, that I have never met you at any period when, more than at present, the situation of our public affairs has afforded just cause for mutual congratulation, and for inviting you to join with me in profound gratitude to the Author of all good, for the numerous and extraordinary blessings we enjoy."

And first he announced that a treaty had been concluded provisionally, by General Wayne, with the Indians northwest of the Ohio, by which the termination of

the long, expensive, and distressing war with those tribes was placed at the option of the United States. "In the adjustment of the terms," said he, "the satisfaction of the Indians was deemed an object worthy no less of the policy than of the liberality of the United States, as the necessary basis of durable tranquillity. This object, it is believed, has been fully attained. The articles agreed upon will immediately be laid before the Senate, for their consideration." * *

A letter from the Emperor of Morocco, recognizing a treaty which had been made with his deceased father, insured the continuance of peace with that power.

The terms of a treaty with the Dey and Regency of Algiers had been adjusted in a manner to authorize the expectation of a speedy peace in that quarter, and the liberation of a number of American citizens from a long and grievous captivity.

A speedy and satisfactory conclusion was anticipated of a negotiation with the court of Madrid, "which would lay the foundation of lasting harmony with a power whose friendship," said Washington, "we have uniformly and sincerely desired to cherish."

Adverting to the treaty with Great Britain and its conditional ratification, the result on the part of his Bri-

* These preliminary articles were confirmed by a definitive treaty concluded on the 7th of August. Wayne received high testimonials of approbation both from Congress and the President, and made a kind of triumphal entry into Philadelphia amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the people.

tannic Majesty was yet unknown, but when ascertained, would immediately be placed before Congress.

"In regard to internal affairs, every part of the Union gave indications of rapid and various improvement. With burthens so light as scarcely to be perceived; with resources fully adequate to present exigencies; with governments founded on the genuine principles of rational liberty; and with mild and wholesome laws, was it too much to say that our country exhibited a spectacle of national happiness never surpassed, if ever before equaled?"

In regard to the late insurrection: "The misled," observes he, "have abandoned their errors, and pay the respect to our Constitution and laws which is due from good citizens to the public authorities. These circumstances have induced me to pardon generally the offenders here referred to, and to extend forgiveness to those who had been adjudged to capital punishment."

After recommending several objects to the attention of both Houses, he concludes by advising temperate discussion and mutual forbearance wherever there was a difference of opinion; advice sage and salutary on all occasions, but particularly called for by the excited temper of the times.

There was, as usual, a cordial answer from the Senate; but, in the present House of Representatives, as in the last one, the opposition were in the majority. In the response reported by a committee, one clause expressing

undiminished confidence in the chief magistrate was demurred to; some members affirmed that, with them, it had been considerably diminished by a late transaction. After a warm altercation, to avoid a direct vote, the response was recommitted, and the clause objected to modified. The following is the form adopted: "In contemplating that spectacle of national happiness which our country exhibits, and of which you, sir, have been pleased to make an interesting summary, permit us to acknowledge and declare the very great share which your zealous and faithful services have contributed to it, and to express the affectionate attachment which we feel for your character."

The feelings and position of Washington with regard to England at this juncture, may be judged from a letter dated December 22d, to Gouverneur Morris, then in London, and who was in occasional communication with Lord Grenville. Washington gives a detail of the various causes of complaint against the British government which were rankling in the minds of the American people, and which Morris was to mention, unofficially, should he converse with Lord Grenville on the subject. "I give you these details," writes he, "as evidences of the impolitic conduct of the British government towards these United States; that it may be seen how difficult it has been for the Executive, under such an accumulation of irritating circumstances, to maintain the ground of neutrality which had been taken; and at a time when the

remembrance of the aid we had received from France in the Revolution was fresh in every mind, and while the partisans of that country were continually contrasting the affections of *that* people with the unfriendly disposition of the *British government.* And that, too, while *their own* sufferings, during the war with the latter, had not been forgotten.

"It is well known that peace has been (to borrow a modern phrase) the order of the day with me, since the disturbances in Europe first commenced. My policy has been, and will continue to be, while I have the honor to remain in the administration, to maintain friendly terms with, but be independent of, all the nations of the earth; to share in the broils of none; to fulfill our own engagements; to supply the wants and be carriers for them all. . . . . Nothing short of self-respect, and that justice which is essential to a national character, ought to involve us in war. . . . . .

"By a firm adherence to these principles, and to the neutral policy which has been adopted, I have brought on myself a torrent of abuse in the factious papers of this country, and from the enmity of the discontented of all descriptions. But having no sinister objects in view, I shall not be diverted from my course by these, nor any attempts which are, or shall be, made to withdraw the confidence of my constituents from me. I have nothing to ask; and, discharging my duty, I have nothing to fear from invective. The acts of my administration will ap-

pear when I am no more, and the intelligent and candid part of mankind will not condemn my conduct without recurring to them."

The first day of January, being "a day of general joy and congratulation," had been appointed by Washington to receive the colors of France, sent out by the Committee of Safety. On that day they were presented by Mr. Adet with an address, representing, in glowing language, the position of France, "struggling not only for her own liberty, but for that of the human race. Assimilated to or rather identified with free people by the form of her government, she saw in them only friends and brothers. Long accustomed to regard the American people as her most faithful allies, she sought to draw closer the ties already formed in the fields of America, under the auspices of victory, over the ruins of tyranny."

Washington received the colors with lively sensibility and a brief reply, expressive of the deep solicitude and high admiration produced by the events of the French struggle, and his joy that the interesting revolutionary movements of so many years had issued in the formation of a Constitution designed to give permanency to the great object contended for.

In February the treaty with Great Britain, as modified by the advice of the Senate, came back ratified by the King of Great Britain, and on the last of the month a proclamation was issued by the President, declaring it to be the supreme law of the land.

The opposition in the House of Representatives were offended that Washington should issue this proclamation before the sense of that body had been taken on the subject, and denied the power of the President and Senate to complete a treaty without its sanction. They were bent on defeating it by refusing to pass the laws necessary to carry it into effect; and, as a preliminary, passed a resolution requesting the President to lay before the House the instruction to Mr. Jay, and the correspondence and other documents relative to the treaty.

Washington, believing that these papers could not be constitutionally demanded, resolved, he said, from the first moment, and from the fullest conviction of his mind, to *resist the principle*, which was evidently intended to be established by the call of the House; he only deliberated on the manner in which this could be done with the least bad consequences.

After mature deliberation and with the assistance of the heads of departments and the Attorney-general, he prepared and sent in to the House an answer to their request. In this he dwelt upon the necessity of caution and secrecy in foreign negotiations, as one cogent reason for vesting the power of making treaties in the President, with the advice and consent of the Senate, the principle on which that body was formed, confining it to a small number of members.

To admit a right in the House of Representatives to demand and have all the papers respecting a foreign

negotiation would, he observed, be to establish a dangerous precedent.

"It did not occur to him," he added, "that the inspection of the papers called for, could be relative to any purpose under the cognizance of the House of Representatives, except that of an impeachment, which the resolution had not expressed. He had no disposition to withhold any information which the duty of his station would permit, or the public good should require to be disclosed; and, in fact, all the papers affecting the negotiation with Great Britain had been laid before the Senate, when the treaty itself had been communicated for their consideration and advice."

After various further remarks, he concludes: "As, therefore, it is perfectly clear to my understanding that the assent of the House of Representatives is not necessary to the validity of a treaty; as the treaty with Great Britain exhibits itself in all the objects requiring legislative provision; and on these, the papers called for can throw no light; and as it is essential to the due administration of the government, that the boundaries fixed by the Constitution between the different departments, should be observed, a just regard to the Constitution and to the duty of my office, under all the circumstances of this case, forbid a compliance with your request."

A resolution to make provision for carrying the treaty into effect, gave rise to an animated and protracted debate. Meanwhile, the whole country became agitated on

the subject; meetings were held throughout the United States, and it soon became apparent that the popular feeling was with the minority in the House of Representatives, who favored the making of the necessary appropriations. The public will prevailed, and, on the last day of April, the resolution was passed, though by a close vote of fifty-one to forty-eight.

For some months past, Mr. Thomas Pinckney had been solicitous to be relieved from his post of Minister Plenipotentiary at London, but the doubtful issue of the above dispute, and the difficulty of finding a fit substitute for him, had caused delay in the matter; for, as Mr. Hamilton observed: "The importance to our security and commerce, of a good understanding with Great Britain, rendered it very important that a man able, and not disagreeable to that government, should be there." Such a man at length presented in Mr. Rufus King, of New York. He had vindicated the treaty with his pen in part of a series of papers signed Camillus; he had defended it by his manly and brilliant eloquence in the Senate; he was now about to quit his seat in that body. Hamilton, who knew him well, struck off his character admirably in a letter to the President. "Mr. King," writes he, "is a remarkably well-informed man, a very judicious one, a man of address, a man of fortune and economy, whose situation affords just ground of confidence; a man of unimpeachable probity where he is known, a firm friend of the government, a supporter of

the measures of the President; a man who cannot but feel that he has strong pretensions to confidence and trust."

Mr. King was nominated to the Senate on the 19th of May, and his nomination was confirmed. On the 1st of June this session of Congress terminated.

On the 12th of that month Washington, in a letter to Colonel Humphrey, then in Portugal, speaks of the recent political campaign: "The gazettes will give you a pretty good idea of the state of politics and parties in this country, and will show you, at the same time, if Bache's 'Aurora' is among them, in what manner I am attacked for persevering steadily in measures which, to me, appear necessary to preserve us, during the conflicts of belligerent powers, in a state of tranquillity. But these attacks, unjust and unpleasant as they are, will occasion no change in my conduct, nor will they produce any other effect in my mind than to increase the solicitude which long since has taken fast hold of my heart, to enjoy, in the shades of retirement, the consolation of believing that I have rendered to my country every service to which my abilities were competent—not from pecuniary or ambitious motives, nor from a desire to provide for any men, further than their intrinsic merit entitled them, and surely not with a view of bringing my own relations into office. Malignity, therefore, may dart its shafts, but no earthly power can deprive me of the satisfaction of knowing that I have not, in the whole

course of my administration, committed an intentional error."

On the same day (June 12th), Jefferson, writing from his retirement at Monticello, to Mr. Monroe in Paris, showed himself sensitive to the influence of Washington's great popularity in countervailing party schemes. "Congress have risen," writes he. "You will have seen by their proceedings the truth of what I always observed to you, that one man outweighs them all in the influence over the people, who have supported his judgment against their own and that of their representatives. Republicanism must lie on its oars, resign the vessel to its pilot, and themselves to what course he thinks best for them."

In Bache's "Aurora" of June 9th, an anonymous article had appeared, disclosing queries propounded by Washington, in strict confidence, to the members of the cabinet in 1793, as to the conduct to be observed in reference to England and France. As soon as Jefferson saw this article he wrote to Washington (June 19th), disclaiming his having had any concern in that breach of official trust. "I have formerly mentioned to you," observes he, "that from a very early period of my life, I had laid it down as a rule of conduct never to write a word for the public papers. From this I have never departed in a single instance."

Jefferson further intimates a suspicion that a third party had been endeavoring to sow tares between him

and Washington, by representing him (Jefferson) as still engaged in the bustle of politics, and in turbulence and intrigue against the government.

This drew forth a noble reply from Washington. "If I had entertained any suspicions before," writes he, "that the queries, which have been published in Bache's paper, proceeded from you, the assurances you have given me of the contrary, would have removed them; but the truth is I harbored none. . . . . .

"As you have mentioned the subject yourself, it would not be frank, candid, or friendly to conceal, that your conduct has been represented as derogating from that opinion I had conceived you entertained of me; that to your particular friends and connections you have described, and they have denounced me as a person under a dangerous influence; and that, if I would listen more to some other opinions, all would be well. My answer invariably has been, that I had never discovered anything in the conduct of Mr. Jefferson to raise suspicions in my mind of his insincerity; that, if he would retrace my public conduct while he was in the administration, abundant proofs would occur to him, that truth and right decisions were the sole object of my pursuit; that there were as many instances within his own knowledge of my having decided *against* as in *favor* of the opinions of the person evidently alluded to: and, moreover, that I was no believer in the infallibility of the politics or measures of any man living. In short, that I was no party man my-

self, and the first wish of my heart was, if parties did exist, to reconcile them.

"To this I may add, and very truly, that, until within the last year or two, I had no conception that parties would or even could, go the length I have been witness to; nor did I believe until lately, that it was within the bounds of probability, hardly within those of possibility, that, while I was using my utmost exertions to establish a national character of our own, independent, as far as our obligations and justice would permit, of every nation of the earth, and wished, by steering a steady course, to preserve this country from the horrors of a desolating war, I should be accused of being the enemy of one nation, and subject to the influence of another; and, to prove it, that every act of my administration would be tortured, and the grossest and most insidious misrepresentations of them be made, by giving one side only of a subject, and that, too, in such exaggerated and indecent terms as could scarcely be applied to a Nero, a notorious defaulter, or even to a common pickpocket. But enough of this; I have already gone further in the expression of my feelings than I intended."

Shortly after the recess of Congress another change was made in the foreign diplomacy. Mr. Monroe, when sent envoy to France, had been especially instructed to explain the views and conduct of the United States in forming the treaty with England; and had been amply furnished with documents for the purpose. From his

own letters, however, it appeared that he had omitted to use them. Whether this rose from undue attachment to France, from mistaken notions of American interests, or from real dislike to the treaty, the result was the very evil he had been instructed to prevent. The French government misconceived the views and conduct of the United States, suspected their policy in regard to Great Britain, and when aware that the House of Representatives would execute the treaty made by Jay, became bitter in their resentment. Symptoms of this appeared in the capture of an American merchantman by a French privateer. Under these circumstances it was deemed expedient by Washington and his cabinet, to recall Mr. Monroe and appoint another American citizen in his stead.

The person chosen was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney of South Carolina, elder brother of the late minister to London. Immediately after this appointment, which took place in July, despatches were received from Mr. Monroe, communicating complaints which had been addressed to him, against the American government, by M. De La Croix, French minister of exterior relations, and his reply to the same. His reply, though it failed to change the policy of the French Directory, was deemed able and satisfactory by the Executive. Somewhat later came a letter from Mr. Monroe, written on the 24th, by which it appeared that the long and confidential letter written by Washington on December 22d, and cited in a

previous page of this chapter, had, by some chance, got into the hands of the French Directory, and "produced an ill effect."

In a reply to Monroe, dated August 25th, Washington acknowledged the authenticity of the letter, "but I deny," added he, "that there is anything contained in it that the French government could take exception to, unless the expression of an ardent wish, that the United States might remain at peace with all the world, taking no part in the disputes of any part of it, should have produced this effect. I also gave it as my opinion, that the sentiments of the mass of the citizens of this country were in unison with mine."

And in conclusion, he observes: "My conduct in public and private life, as it relates to the important struggle in which the latter nation [France] is engaged, has been uniform from the commencement of it, and may be summed up in a few words. I have always wished well to the French Revolution; that I have always given it as my decided opinion, that no nation had a right to intermeddle in the internal concerns of another; that every one had a right to form and adopt whatever government they liked best to live under themselves; and that, if this country could, consistently with its engagements, maintain a strict neutrality, and thereby preserve peace, it was bound to do so by motives of policy, interest, and every other consideration, that ought to actuate a people situated as we are, already deeply in debt, and in a con-

valescent state from the struggle we have been engaged in ourselves.

"On these principles I have steadily and uniformly proceeded, bidding defiance to calumnies calculated to sow seeds of distrust in the French nation, and to excite their belief of an influence possessed by Great Britain in the councils of this country, than which nothing is more unfounded and injurious." *

Still the resentful policy of the French continued, and, in October, they issued an *arret* ordering the seizure of British property found on board of American vessels, and of provisions bound for England—a direct violation of their treaty with the United States.

* For the entire letter see Washington's *Writings*, xi. 164.

CHAPTER XXX.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.—MEETS THE TWO HOUSES OF CONGRESS FOR THE LAST TIME.—HIS SPEECH.—REPLIES OF THE SENATE AND HOUSE.—MR. GILES.—ANDREW JACKSON.—OFFENSIVE PUBLICATION OF THE FRENCH MINISTER.—JOHN ADAMS DECLARED PRESIDENT.—WASHINGTON'S LETTER TO KNOX ON THE EVE OF HIS RETIREMENT.—THE SPURIOUS LETTERS.—HIS FAREWELL DINNER.—JOHN ADAMS TAKES THE OATH OF OFFICE.—GREETINGS OF WASHINGTON AT THE CLOSE OF THE CEREMONY.

THE period for the presidential election was drawing near, and great anxiety began to be felt that Washington would consent to stand for a third term. No one, it was agreed, had greater claim to the enjoyment of retirement, in consideration of public services rendered; but it was thought the affairs of the country would be in a very precarious condition should he retire before the wars of Europe were brought to a close.

Washington, however, had made up his mind irrevocably on the subject, and resolved to announce, in a farewell address, his intention of retiring. Such an instrument, it will be recollected, had been prepared for him from his own notes, by Mr. Madison, when he had thought of retiring at the end of his first term. As he

was no longer in confidential intimacy with Mr. Madison, he turned to Mr. Hamilton as his adviser and coadjutor, and appears to have consulted him on the subject early in the present year; for, in a letter dated New York, May 10th, Hamilton writes: "When last in Philadelphia, you mentioned to me your wish that I should *redress* a certain paper which you had prepared. As it is important that a thing of this kind should be done with great care and much at leisure, touched and retouched, I submit a wish that, as soon as you have given it the body you mean it to have, it may be sent to me."

The paper was accordingly sent on the 15th of May, in its rough state, altered in one part since Hamilton had seen it "If you should think it best to throw the *whole* into a different form," writes Washington, "let me request, notwithstanding, that my draft may be returned to me (along with yours) with such amendments and corrections as to render it as perfect as the formation is susceptible of; curtailed if too verbose, and relieved of all tautology not necessary to enforce the ideas in the original or quoted part. My wish is that the whole may appear in a plain style; and be handed to the public in an honest, unaffected, simple garb."

We forbear to go into the vexed question concerning this address; how much of it is founded on Washington's original "notes and heads of topics;" how much was elaborated by Madison, and how much is due to Hamilton's recasting and revision. The whole came

under the supervision of Washington; and the instrument, as submitted to the press, was in his handwriting, with many ultimate corrections and alterations. Washington had no pride of authorship; his object always was to effect the purpose in hand, and for that he occasionally invoked assistance, to insure a plain and clear exposition of his thoughts and intentions. The address certainly breathes his spirit throughout, is in perfect accordance with his words and actions, and "in an honest, unaffected, simple garb," embodies the system of policy on which he had acted throughout his administration. It was published in September, in a Philadelphia paper called the "Daily Advertiser."*

The publication of the address produced a great sensation. Several of the State legislatures ordered it to be put on their journals. "The President's declining to be again elected," writes the elder Wolcott, "constitutes a most important epoch in our national affairs. The country meet the event with reluctance, but they do not feel that they can make any claim for the further services of a man who has conducted their armies through a successful war; has so largely contributed to establish a national government; has so long presided over our councils and directed the public administration, and in the most advantageous manner settled all national differences, and who can leave the administration where noth-

* The reader will find the entire Address in the Appendix to this volume.

ing but our folly and internal discord can render the country otherwise than happy."

The address acted as a notice, to hush the acrimonious abuse of him which the opposition was pouring forth under the idea that he would be a candidate for a renomination. "It will serve as a signal, like the dropping of a hat, for the party racers to start," writes Fisher Ames, "and I expect a great deal of noise, whipping and spurring."

Congress formed a quorum on the fifth day of December, the first day of the session which succeeded the publication of the Farewell Address. On the 7th, Washington met the two Houses of Congress for the last time.

In his speech he recommended an institution for the improvement of agriculture, a military academy, a national university, and a gradual increase of the navy. The disputes with France were made the subject of the following remarks: "While in our external relations some serious inconveniences and embarrassments have been overcome and others lessened, it is with much pain and deep regret I mention that circumstances of a very unwelcome nature have lately occurred. Our trade has suffered and is suffering extensive injuries in the West Indies from the cruisers and agents of the French Republic; and communications have been received from its minister here, which indicate the danger of a further disturbance of our commerce by its authority; and which are in other respects far from agreeable. It has been

my constant, sincere, and earnest wish, in conformity with that of our nation, to maintain cordial harmony and a perfectly friendly understanding with that republic. This wish remains unabated; and I shall persevere in the endeavor to fulfill it to the utmost extent of what shall be consistent with a just and indispensable regard to the rights and honor of our country; nor will I easily cease to cherish the expectation, that a spirit of justice, candor, and friendship, on the part of the Republic, will eventually insure success.

"In pursuing this course, however, I cannot forget what is due to the character of our government and nation; or to a full and entire confidence in the good sense, patriotism, self-respect, and fortitude of my countrymen."

In concluding his address he observes, "The situation in which I now stand for the last time in the midst of the representatives of the people of the United States, naturally recalls the period when the administration of the present form of government commenced, and I cannot omit the occasion to congratulate you and my country on the success of the experiment, nor to repeat my fervent supplications to the Supreme Ruler of the universe and Sovereign Arbiter of nations, that his providential care may be still extended to the United States; that the virtue and happiness of the people may be preserved, and that the government which they have instituted for the protection of their liberties may be perpetual."

The Senate, in their reply to the address, after concurring in its views of the national prosperity, as resulting from the excellence of the constitutional system and the wisdom of the legislative provisions, added, that they would be deficient in gratitude and justice did they not attribute a great portion of these advantages to the virtue, firmness, and talents of his administration, conspicuously displayed in the most trying times, and on the most critical occasions.

Recalling his arduous services, civil and military, as well during the struggles of the Revolution as in the convulsive period of a later date, their warmest affections and anxious regards would accompany him in his approaching retirement.

"The most effectual consolation that can offer for the loss we are about to sustain, arises from the animating reflection, that the influence of your example will extend to your successors, and the United States thus continue to enjoy an able, upright, and energetic administration."

The reply of the House, after premising attention to the various subjects recommended to their consideration in the address, concluded by a warm expression of gratitude and admiration, inspired by the virtues and services of the President, by his wisdom, firmness, moderation, and magnanimity; and testifying to the deep regret with which they contemplated his intended retirement from office.

"May you long enjoy that liberty which is so dear to

you, and to which your name will ever be so dear," added they. "May your own virtue and a nation's prayers obtain the happiest sunshine for the decline of your days, and the choicest of future blessings. For our country's sake, and for the sake of republican liberty, it is our earnest wish that your example may be the guide of your successors; and thus, after being the ornament and safeguard of the present age, become the patrimony of our descendants."

Objections, however, were made to some parts of the reply by Mr. Giles, of Virginia. He was for expunging such parts as eulogized the present administration, spoke of the wisdom and firmness of Washington, and regretted his retiring from office. He disapproved, he said, of the measures of the administration with respect to foreign relations; he believed its want of wisdom and firmness had conducted the nation to a crisis threatening greater calamity than any that had before occurred. He did not regret the President's retiring from office. He believed the government of the United States was founded on the broad basis of the people, that they were competent to their own government, and the remaining of no man in office was necessary to the success of that government. The people would truly be in a calamitous situation, if one man were essential to the existence of the government. He was convinced that the United States produces a thousand citizens capable of filling the presidential chair, and he would trust to the discernment of the people

for a proper choice. Though the voice of all America should declare the President's retiring as a calamity, he could not join in the declaration, because he did not conceive it a misfortune. He hoped the President would be happy in his retirement, and he hoped he would retire.*

Twelve members voted for expunging those parts of the reply to which Mr. Giles had objected. Among the names of these members we find that of Andrew Jackson, a young man, twenty-nine years of age, as yet unknown to fame, and who had recently taken his seat as delegate from the newly admitted State of Tennessee. The vote in favor of the whole reply, however, was overwhelming.

The reverence and affection expressed for him in both Houses of Congress, and their regret at his intended retirement, were in unison with testimonials from various State legislatures and other public bodies, which were continually arriving since the publication of his Farewell Address.

During the actual session of Congress, Washington endeavored to prevent the misunderstandings, which were in danger of being augmented between the United States and the French government. In the preceding month of November, Mr. Adet, the French minister, had addressed a letter to the Secretary of State, recapitulating the complaints against the government of the United States made by his predecessors and himself, denouncing

* See Mr. Giles' speech, as reported in the *Aurora* newspaper.

the *insidious* proclamation of neutrality and the wrongs growing out of it, and using language calculated to inflame the partisans of France : a copy of which letter had been sent to the press for publication. One of the immediate objects he had in view in timing the publication, was supposed by Washington to be to produce an effect on the presidential election; his ultimate object, to establish such an influence in the country as to sway the government and control its measures. Early in January, 1797, therefore, Washington requested Mr. Pickering, the Secretary of State, to address a letter to Mr. Pinckney, United States minister to France, stating all the complaints alleged by the French minister against the government, examining and reviewing the same, and accompanying the statement with a collection of letters and papers relating to the transactions therein adverted to.

"From a desire," writes he, "that the statements be full, fair, calm, and argumentative, without asperity or anything more irritating in the comments that the narration of facts, which expose unfounded charges and assertions, does itself produce, I have wished that the letter to Mr. Pinckney may be revised over and over again. Much depends upon it, as it relates to ourselves and in the eyes of the world, whatever may be the effect, as it respects the governing powers of France."

The letter to Mr. Pinckney, with its accompanying documents, was laid before Congress on the 19th of January (1797), to be transmitted to that minister. "The

immediate object of his mission," says Washington in a special message, "was to make that government such explanations of the principles and conduct of our own, as by manifesting our good faith, might remove all jealousy and discontent, and maintain that harmony and good understanding with the French Republic, which it has been my constant solicitude to preserve. A government which required only a knowledge of the *truth* to justify its measures, could but be anxious to have this fully and frankly displayed."

In the month of February the votes taken at the recent election were opened and counted in Congress; when Mr. Adams, having the highest number, was declared President, and Mr. Jefferson, having the next number, Vice-President; their term of four years to commence on the 4th of March next ensuing.

Washington now began to count the days and hours that intervened between him and his retirement. On the day preceding it, he writes to his old fellow-soldier and political coadjutor, Henry Knox: "To the wearied traveller, who sees a resting-place, and is bending his body to lean thereon, I now compare myself; but to be suffered to do this in peace, is too much to be endured by some. To misrepresent my motives, to reprobate my politics, and to weaken the confidence which has been reposed in my administration, are objects which cannot be relinquished by those who will be satisfied with nothing short of a change in our political system. The con-

solation, however, which results from conscious rectitude, and the approving voice of my country, unequivocally expressed by its representatives, deprive their sting of its poison, and place in the same point of view both the weakness and malignity of their efforts.

"Although the prospect of retirement is most grateful to my soul, and I have not a wish to mix again in the great world, or to partake in its politics, yet I am not without my regrets at parting with (perhaps never more to meet) the few intimates whom I love, and among these, be assured, you are one. . . . . The remainder of my life, which in the course of nature cannot be long, will be occupied in rural amusements; and though I shall seclude myself as much as possible from the noisy and bustling world, none would, more than myself, be regaled by the company of those I esteem, at Mount Vernon; more than twenty miles from which, after I arrive there, it is not likely that I shall ever be."

On the morning of the 3d of March, the last day of his official career, Washington addressed a letter to the Secretary of State on the subject of the spurious letters, heretofore mentioned,* first published by the British in 1776, and subsequently republished during his administration, by some of his political enemies. He had suffered every attack on his executive conduct to pass unnoticed while he remained in public life, but conceived

* *Life of Washington*, vol. iii. 8vo, p. 360, 361.

it a justice due to his character solemnly to pronounce those letters a base forgery, and he desired that the present letter might be "deposited in the office of the Department of State, as a testimony to the truth to the present generation and to posterity."

On the same day he gave a kind of farewell dinner to the foreign ministers and their wives, Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Mr. Jefferson, and other conspicuous personages of both sexes. "During the dinner much hilarity prevailed," says Bishop White, who was present. When the cloth was removed Washington filled his glass: "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "this is the last time I shall drink your health as a public man; I do it with sincerity, wishing you all possible happiness."

The gayety of the company was checked in an instant; all felt the importance of this leave-taking; Mrs. Liston, the wife of the British minister, was so much affected that tears streamed down her cheeks.

On the 4th of March an immense crowd had gathered about Congress Hall. At eleven o'clock, Mr. Jefferson took the oath as Vice-President in the presence of the Senate; and proceeded with that body to the chamber of the House of Representatives, which was densely crowded, many ladies occupying chairs ceded to them by members.

After a time, Washington entered amidst enthusiastic cheers and acclamations, and the waving of handker-

chiefs. Mr. Adams soon followed and was likewise well received, but not with like enthusiasm. Having taken the oath of office, Mr. Adams, in his inaugural address, spoke of his predecessor as one "who, by a long course of great actions, regulated by prudence, justice, temperance, and fortitude, had merited the gratitude of his fellow-citizens, commanded the highest praises of foreign nations, and secured immortal glory with posterity."

At the close of the ceremony, as Washington moved toward the door to retire, there was a rush from the gallery to the corridor that threatened the loss of life or limb, so eager were the throng to catch a last look of one who had so long been the object of public veneration. When Washington was in the street he waved his hat in return for the cheers of the multitude, his countenance radiant with benignity, his gray hairs streaming in the wind. The crowd followed him to his door; there, turning round, his countenance assumed a grave and almost melancholy expression, his eyes were bathed in tears, his emotions were too great for utterance, and only by gestures could he indicate his thanks and convey his farewell blessing.*

In the evening a splendid banquet was given to him by the principal inhabitants of Philadelphia in the Amphitheatre, which was decorated with emblematical paint-

* From personal recollections of William A. Duer, late President of Columbia College.

ings. All the heads of departments, the foreign ministers, several officers of the late army, and various persons of note, were present. Among the paintings, one represented the home of his heart, the home to which he was about to hasten—Mount Vernon.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WASHINGTON AT MOUNT VERNON.—INFLUX OF STRANGE FACES.—LAWRENCE LEWIS.—MISS NELLY CUSTIS.—WASHINGTON'S COUNSEL IN LOVE MATTERS.—A ROMANTIC EPISODE.—RETURN OF GEORGE WASHINGTON LAFAYETTE.

HIS official career being terminated, Washington set off for Mount Vernon accompanied by Mrs. Washington, her granddaughter Miss Nelly Custis, and George Washington Lafayette, with his preceptors.

Of the enthusiastic devotion manifested towards him wherever he passed, he takes the following brief and characteristic notice: "The attentions we met with on our journey were very flattering, and to some, whose minds are differently formed from mine, would have been highly relished; but I avoided, in every instance where I had any previous notice of the intention, and could, by earnest entreaties, prevail, all parade and escorts."

He is at length at Mount Vernon, that haven of repose to which he had so often turned a wishful eye, throughout his agitated and anxious life, and where he trusted to pass quietly and serenely the remainder of his days. He finds himself, however, "in the situation of a new be-

ginner ; almost everything about him required considerable repairs ; and a house is immediately to be built for the reception and safe keeping of his military, civil, and private papers." "In a word," writes he, "I am already surrounded by joiners, masons, and painters, and such is my anxiety to be out of their hands, that I have scarcely a room to put a friend into, or to sit in myself, without the music of hammers and the odoriferous scent of paint."

Still he is at Mount Vernon, and as the spring opens the rural beauties of the country exert their sweetening influence. In a letter to his friend Oliver Wolcott, who, as Secretary of the Treasury, was still acting on "the great theatre," he adverts but briefly to public affairs. "For myself," adds he, exultingly, "having turned aside from the broad walks of political into the narrow paths of private life, I shall leave it with those whose duty it is to consider subjects of this sort, and, as every good citizen ought to do, conform to whatsoever the ruling powers shall decide. To make and sell a little flour annually, to repair houses going fast to ruin, to build one for the security of my papers of a public nature, and to amuse myself in agricultural and rural pursuits, will constitute employment for the few years I have to remain on this terrestrial globe. If, also, I could now and then meet the friends I esteem, it would fill the measure and add zest to my enjoyments ; but if ever this happens, it must be under my own vine and fig-tree, as I do not think

it probable that I shall go beyond twenty miles from them."

And again, to another friend he indulges in pleasant anticipations: "Retired from noise myself and the responsibility attached to public employment, my hours will glide smoothly on. My best wishes, however, for the prosperity of our country will always have the first place in my thoughts; while to repair buildings and to cultivate my farms, which require close attention, will occupy the few years, perhaps days, I may be a sojourner here, as I am now in the sixty-fifth year of my peregrination through life." *

A letter to his friend James McHenry, Secretary of War, furnishes a picture of his every-day life. "I am indebted to you," writes he, "for several unacknowledged letters; but never mind that; go on as if you had answers. You are at the source of information, and can find many things to relate, while I have nothing to say that could either inform or amuse a Secretary of War in Philadelphia. I might tell him that I begin my diurnal course with the sun; that, if my hirelings are not in their places at that time, I send them messages of sorrow for their indisposition; that, having put these wheels in motion, I examine the state of things further; that the more they are probed the deeper I find the wounds which my buildings have sustained, by an absence and

* Letter to Wm. Heath. *Writings*, xi. 199.

neglect of eight years; that by the time I have accomplished these matters, breakfast (a little after seven o'clock, about the time I presume you are taking leave of Mrs. McHenry) is ready; that, this being over, I mount my horse and ride round my farms, which employs me until it is time to dress for dinner, at which I rarely miss seeing strange faces, come as they say out of respect to me. Pray, would not the word curiosity answer as well? And how different this from having a few social friends at a cheerful board! The usual time of sitting at table, a walk, and tea bring me within the dawn of candle light; previous to which, if not prevented by company, I resolve that, as soon as the glimmering taper supplies the place of the great luminary, I will retire to my writing table and acknowledge the letters I have received; but when the lights are brought I feel tired and disinclined to engage in this work, conceiving that the next night will do as well. The next night comes and with it the same causes for postponement, and so on. Having given you the history of a day, it will serve for a year, and I am persuaded you will not require a second edition of it. But it may strike you that in this detail no mention is made of any portion of time allotted for reading. The remark would be just, for I have not looked into a book since I came home; nor shall I be able to do it until I have discharged my workmen; probably not before the nights grow longer, when possibly I may be looking in Doomsday Book."

In his solitary rides about Mount Vernon and its woodlands, fond and melancholy thoughts would occasionally sadden the landscape as his mind reverted to past times and early associates. In a letter to Mrs. S. Fairfax, now in England, he writes: "It is a matter of sore regret when I cast my eyes towards Belvoir, which I often do, to reflect that the former inhabitants of it, with whom we lived in such harmony and friendship, no longer reside there, and the ruins only can be viewed as the mementoes of former pleasures."

The influx of strange faces alluded to in the letter to Mr. McHenry, soon became overwhelming, and Washington felt the necessity of having some one at hand to relieve him from a part of the self-imposed duties of Virginia hospitality.

With this view he bethought himself of his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, the same who had gained favor with him by volunteering in the Western expedition, and accompanying General Knox as aide-de-camp. He accordingly addressed a letter to him in which he writes: "Whenever it is convenient to you to make this place your home, I shall be glad to see you. . . . . As both your aunt and I are in the decline of life, and regular in our habits, especially in our hours of rising and going to bed, I require some person (fit and proper) to ease me of the trouble of entertaining company, particularly of nights, as it is my inclination to retire (and unless prevented by very particular company, I always do

retire), either to bed or to my study soon after candle light. In taking those duties (which hospitality obliges one to bestow on company) off my hands, it would render me a very acceptable service." *

In consequence of this invitation, Lawrence thenceforward became an occasional inmate at Mount Vernon. The place at this time possessed attractions for gay as well as grave, and was often enlivened by young company. One great attraction was Miss Nelly Custis, Mrs. Washington's granddaughter, who, with her brother George W. P. Custis, had been adopted by the general at their father's death, when they were quite children, and brought up by him with the most affectionate care. He was fond of children, especially girls; as to boys, with all his spirit of command, he found them at times somewhat ungovernable. I can govern men, would he say, but I cannot govern boys. Miss Nelly had grown up under the special eye of her grandmother, to whom she was devotedly attached, and who was particular in enforcing her observance of all her lessons, as well as instructing her in the arts of housekeeping. She was a great favorite with the general; whom, as we have before observed, she delighted with her gay whims and sprightly sallies, often overcoming his habitual gravity, and surprising him into a hearty laugh.

She was now maturing into a lovely and attractive

* MS. Letter.

woman, and the attention she received began to awaken some solicitude in the general's mind. This is evinced in a half-sportive letter of advice written to her during a temporary absence from Mount Vernon, when she was about to make her first appearance at a ball at Georgetown. It is curious as a specimen of Washington's counsel in love matters. It would appear that Miss Nelly, to allay his solicitude, had already, in her correspondence, professed "a perfect apathy toward the youth of the present day, and a determination never to give herself a moment's uneasiness on account of any of them." Washington doubted the firmness and constancy of her resolves. "Men and women," writes he, "feel the same inclination towards each other *now* that they always have done, and which they will continue to do, until there is a new order of things; and you, as others have done, may find that the passions of your sex are easier raised than allayed. Do not, therefore, boast too soon nor too strongly of your insensibility. . . . . Love is said to be an involuntary passion, and it is, therefore, contended that it cannot be resisted. This is true in part only, for like all things else, when nourished and supplied plentifully with aliment, it is rapid in its progress; but let these be withdrawn, and it may be stifled in its birth, or much stinted in its growth. . . . . Although we cannot avoid *first* impressions, we may assurdly place them under guard. . . . . When the fire s beginning to kindle and your heart growing warm,

propound these questions to it: Who is this invader? Have I a competent knowledge of him? Is he a man of good character? A man of sense? For, be assured, a sensible woman can never be happy with a fool. What has been his walk in life? . . . . Is his fortune sufficient to maintain me in the manner I have been accustomed to live, and as my sisters do live? And is he one to whom my friends can have no reasonable objection? If all these interrogatories can be satisfactorily answered, there will remain but one more to be asked; that, however, is an important one. Have I sufficient ground to conclude that his affections are engaged by me? Without this the heart of sensibility will struggle against a passion that is not reciprocated." *

The sage counsels of Washington, and the susceptible feelings of Miss Nelly, were soon brought to the test by the residence of Lawrence Lewis at Mount Vernon. A strong attachment for her grew up on his part, or perhaps already existed, and was strengthened by daily intercourse. It was favorably viewed by his uncle. Whether it was fully reciprocated was uncertain. A formidable rival to Lewis appeared in the person of young Carroll of Carrollton, who had just returned from Europe, adorned with the graces of foreign travel, and whose suit was countenanced by Mrs. Washington. These were among the poetic days of Mount Vernon, when its

* MS. Letter.

halls echoed to the tread of lovers. They were halcyon days with Miss Nelly, as she herself declared in after years, to a lady from whom we have the story: "I was young and romantic then," said she, "and fond of wandering alone by moonlight in the woods of Mount Vernon. Grandmamma thought it wrong and unsafe, and scolded and coaxed me into a promise that I would not wander in the woods again *unaccompanied.* But I was missing one evening, and was brought home from the interdicted woods to the drawing-room, where the general was walking up and down with his hands behind him, as was his wont. Grandmamma, seated in her great arm-chair, opened a severe reproof."

Poor Miss Nelly was reminded of her promise, and taxed with her delinquency. She knew that she had done wrong—admitted her fault, and essayed no excuse; but, when there was a slight pause, moved to retire from the room. She was just shutting the door when she overheard the general attempting, in a low voice, to intercede in her behalf. "My dear," observed he, "I would say no more—perhaps she was not alone."

His intercession stopped Miss Nelly in her retreat. She reopened the door and advanced up to the general with a firm step. "Sir," said she, "you brought me up to speak the truth, and when I told grandmamma I was alone, I hope you believed *I was alone.*"

The general made one of his most magnanimous bows. "My child," replied he, "I beg your pardon."

We will anticipate dates, and observe that the romantic episode of Miss Nelly Custis terminated to the general's satisfaction; she became the happy wife of Lawrence Lewis, as will be recorded in a future page.

Early in the autumn, Washington had been relieved from his constant solicitude about the fortunes of Lafayette. Letters received by George W. Lafayette from friends in Hamburg, informed the youth that his father and family had been liberated from Olmutz and were on their way to Paris with the intention of embarking for America. George was disposed to sail for France immediately, eager to embrace his parents and sisters in the first moments of their release. Washington urged him to defer his departure until he should receive letters from the prisoners themselves, lest they should cross the ocean in different directions at the same time, and pass each other, which would be a great shock to both parties. George, however, was not to be persuaded, and "I could not withhold my assent," writes Washington, "to the gratification of his wishes, to fly to the arms of those whom he holds most dear."

George and his tutor, Mr. Frestel, sailed from New York on the 26th of October. Washington writes from Mount Vernon to Lafayette: "This letter, I hope and expect, will be presented to you by your son, who is highly deserving of such parents as you and your amiable lady.

"He can relate better than I can describe, my partici-

pation in your sufferings, my solicitude for your relief, the measures I adopted, though ineffectual, to facilitate your liberation from an unjust and cruel imprisonment, and the joy I experienced at the news of its accomplishment. I shall hasten, therefore, to congratulate you, and be assured that no one can do it with more cordiality, with more sincerity, or with greater affection on the restoration of that liberty which every act of your life entitles you to the enjoyment of; and I hope I may add, to the uninterrupted possession of your estates, and the confidence of your country."

The account which George W. Lafayette had received of the liberation of the prisoners of Olmutz was premature. It did not take place until the 19th of September, nor was it until the following month of February that the happy meeting took place between George and his family, whom he found residing in the chateau of a relative in Holstein.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARTING ADDRESS OF THE FRENCH DIRECTORY TO MR. MONROE.—THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER ORDERED TO LEAVE THE REPUBLIC.—CONGRESS CONVENED.—MEASURES OF DEFENSE RECOMMENDED.—WASHINGTON'S CONCERN.—APPOINTMENT OF THREE ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY.—DOUBTS THEIR SUCCESS.—HEARS OF AN OLD COMPANION IN ARMS.—THE THREE MINISTERS AND TALLEYRAND.—THEIR DEGRADING TREATMENT.—THREATENED WAR WITH FRANCE.—WASHINGTON APPOINTED COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—ARRANGES FOR THREE MAJOR-GENERALS.—KNOX AGGRIEVED.

WASHINGTON had been but a few months at Mount Vernon, when he received intelligence that his successor in office had issued a proclamation for a special session of Congress. He was not long in doubt as to its object. The French government had declared, on the recall of Mr. Monroe, that it would not receive any new minister plenipotentiary from the United States until that power should have redressed the grievances of which the republic had complained. When Mr. Monroe had his audience of leave, Mr. Barras, the president of the Directory, addressed him in terms complimentary to himself, but insulting to his country. "The French Republic hopes," said he, "that the successors of Columbus, of Raleigh, and of Penn, ever proud

of their liberty, will never forget that they owe it to France. . . . . In their wisdom, they will weigh the magnanimous benevolence of the French people with the artful caresses of perfidious designers, who meditate to draw them back to their ancient slavery. Assure, Mr. Minister, the good American people that, like them, we adore liberty ; that they will always have our esteem, and that they will find in the French people the republican generosity which knows how to accord peace, as it knows how to make its sovereignty respected.

"As to you, Mr. Minister Plenipotentiary, you have fought for the principles, you have known the true interests of your country. Depart with our regrets. We give up, in you, a representative of America, and we retain the remembrance of the citizen whose personal qualities honor that title."

A few days afterwards, when Mr. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney presented himself as successor to Mr. Monroe, the Directory refused to receive him, and followed up the indignity by ordering him to leave the territories of the republic. Its next step was to declare applicable to American ships the rules in regard to neutrals, contained in the treaty which Washington had signed with England.

It was in view of these facts and of the captures of American vessels by French cruisers, that President Adams had issued a proclamation to convene Congress on the 15th of May. In his opening speech, he adverted especially to what had fallen from Mr. Barras in Mon-

roe's audience of leave. "The speech of the President," said he, "discloses sentiments more alarming than the refusal of a minister, because more dangerous to our independence and union; and, at the same time, studiously marked with indignities towards the government of the United States. It evinces a disposition to separate the people from their government; to persuade them that they have different affections, principles, and interests from those of their fellow-citizens, whom they themselves have chosen to manage their common concerns, and thus to produce divisions fatal to our peace. Such attempts ought to be repelled with a decision which shall convince France and the world that we are not a degraded people, humiliated under a colonial spirit of fear and sense of inferiority, fitted to be the miserable instrument of foreign influence, and regardless of national honor, character, and interest."

Still he announced his intention to institute a fresh attempt by negotiation, to effect an amicable adjustment of differences, on terms compatible with the rights, duties, interests, and honor of the nation, but in the meantime he recommended to Congress to provide effectual measures of defense.

Though personally retired from public life, Washington was too sincere a patriot to be indifferent to public affairs, and felt acutely the unfriendly acts of the French government so repugnant to our rights and dignity. "The President's speech," writes he, "will, I conceive,

draw forth, mediately or immediately, an expression of the public mind; and as it is the right of the people that this should be carried into effect, their sentiments ought to be unequivocally known, that the principles on which the government has acted, and which, from the President's speech, are likely to be continued, may either be changed, or the opposition that is endeavoring to embarrass every measure of the Executive, may meet effectual discountenance. Things cannot and ought not to remain any longer in their present disagreeable state. Nor, should the idea that the government and the people have different views, be suffered any longer to prevail at home or abroad; for it is not only injurious to us, but disgraceful also, that a government constituted as ours is, should be administered contrary to their interest, if the fact be so." *

In pursuance of the policy announced by Mr. Adams, three envoys extraordinary were appointed to the French Republic, namely, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, John Marshall, and Elbridge Gerry; the two former Federalists, the latter a Democrat. The object of their mission, according to the President, was "to dissipate umbrages, remove prejudices, rectify errors, and adjust all differences by a treaty between the two powers."

Washington doubted an adjustment of the differences. "Candor," said he, "is not a more conspicuous trait in

* Letter to Thomas Pinckney. *Writings*, xi. 202.

the character of governments than it is of individuals. It is hardly to be expected then, that the Directory of France will acknowledge its errors and tread back its steps immediately. This would announce at once, that there has been precipitancy and injustice in the measures they have pursued; or that they were incapable of judging, and had been deceived by false appearances."

About this time he received a pamphlet on the "Military and Political Situation of France." It was sent to him by the author, General Dumas, who, in the time of our Revolution, had been an officer in the army of the Count de Rochambeau. "Your Excellency," writes Dumas, "will observe in it (the pamphlet) the effect of your lessons." Then speaking of his old military chief: "General Rochambeau," adds he, "is still at his country seat near Vendome. He enjoys there tolerably good health considering his great age, and reckons, as well as his military family, amongst his most dear and glorious remembrances, that of the time we had the honor to serve under your command."

Some time had elapsed since Washington had heard of his old companion in arms, who had experienced some of the melodramatic vicissitudes of the French revolution. After the arrest of the king he had taken anew the oath of the constitution, and commanded the army of the north, having again received the baton of field marshal. Thwarted in his plans by the minister of war, he had resigned and retired to his estate near Vendome; but, dur-

ing the time of terror had been arrested, conducted to Paris, thrown into the conciergerie, and condemned to death. When the car came to convey a number of the victims to the guillotine, he was about to mount it, but the executioner seeing it full, thrust him back. "Stand back, old marshal," cried he, roughly, "your turn will come by and by." (Retire toi, vieux maréchal, ton tour viendra plus tard.) A sudden change in political affairs saved his life, and enabled him to return to his home near Vendome, where he now resided.

In a reply to Dumas, which Washington forwarded by the minister plenipotentiary about to depart for France, he sent his cordial remembrances to De Rochambeau.*

The three ministers met in Paris on the 4th of October (1797), but were approached by Talleyrand and his agents in a manner which demonstrated that the avenue to justice could only be opened by gold. Their official report† reveals the whole of this dishonorable intrigue. It states that Mr. Pinckney received a visit from Mr. Bellarni, the secret agent of Mr. Talleyrand, who assured him that Citizen Talleyrand had the highest esteem for

* The worthy De Rochambeau survived the storms of the Revolution. In 1803 he was presented to Napoleon, who, pointing to Berthier and other generals who had once served under his orders, said: "Marshal, behold your scholars." "The scholars have surpassed their master," replied the modest veteran.

In the following year he received the cross of grand officer of the legion of honor, and a marshal's pension. He died full of years and honors, in 1807.

† *American State Papers*, vols. iii. and iv.

America and the citizens of the United States, and was most anxious for their reconciliation with France. With that view some of the most offensive passages in the speech of President Adams (in May, 1797) must be expunged, and a *douceur* of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars put at the disposal of Mr. Talleyrand for the use of the Directory, and a large loan made by America to France.

On the 20th of October, the same subject was resumed in the apartments of the plenipotentiary, and on this occasion, beside the secret agent, an intimate friend of Talleyrand was present. The expunging of the passages in the President's speech was again insisted on, and it was added that, after that, money was the principal object. "We must have money—a great deal of money!" were his words.

At a third conference, October 21st, the sum was fixed at 32,000,000 francs (6,400,000 dollars), as a loan secured on the *Dutch contributions*, and 250,000 dollars in the form of a *douceur* to the Directory.

At a subsequent meeting, October 27th, the same secret agent said, "Gentlemen, you mistake the point, *you say nothing of the money you are to give—you make no offer of money—on that point you are not explicit.*" "We are explicit enough," replied the American envoys. "We will not give you one farthing; and before coming here, we should have thought such an offer as you now propose, would have been regarded as a mortal insult."

On this indignant reply, the wily agent intimated that if they would only pay, by way of fees, just as they would to a lawyer, who should plead their cause, the sum required for the private use of the Directory, they might remain at Paris until they should receive further orders from America as to the loan required for government.*

Being inaccessible to any such disgraceful and degrading propositions, the envoys remained several months in Paris unaccredited, and finally returned at separate times, without an official discussion of the object of their mission.†

During this residence of the envoys in Paris, the Directory, believing the *people* of the United States would not sustain their government in a war against France, proceeded to enact a law subjecting to capture and condemnation neutral vessels and their cargoes, if any portion of the latter was of British fabric or produce, although the entire property might belong to neutrals. As the United States were at this time the great neutral carriers of the world, this iniquitous decree struck at a vital point in their maritime power.‡

When this act and the degrading treatment of the

* See *Life of Talleyrand*, by the Rev. Charles K. McHarg, pp. 161, 162.

† Marshall left France April 26th, 1798; Gerry on the 26th of July. Pinckney, detained by the illness of his daughter, did not arrive in the United States until early in October.

‡ McHarg's *Life of Talleyrand*, 160.

American envoys became known, the spirit of the nation was aroused, and war with France seemed inevitable.

The crisis was at once brought to Washington's own door. "You ought to be aware," writes Hamilton to him, May 19th, "that in the event of an open rupture with France, the public voice will again call you to command the armies of your country; and though all who are attached to you will, from attachment as well as public considerations, deplore an occasion which should once more tear you from that repose to which you have so good a right, yet it is the opinion of all those with whom I converse, that you will be compelled to make the sacrifice. All your past labors may demand, to give them efficacy, this further, this very great sacrifice."

The government was resolved upon vigorous measures. Congress, on the 28th of May, authorized Mr. Adams to enlist ten thousand men as a provisional army, to be called by him into actual service, in case of hostilities.

Adams was perplexed by the belligerent duties thus suddenly devolved upon him. How should he proceed in forming an army? Should he call on all the old generals who had figured in the Revolution, or appoint a young set? Military tactics were changed, and a new kind of enemy was to be met. "If the French come here," said he, "we will have to march with a quick step and attack, for in that way only they are said to be vulnerable."

These and other questions he propounded to Washing-

ton by letter, on the 22d of June. "I must tax you sometimes for advice," writes he. "We must have your name, if you will in any case permit us to use it. There will be more efficacy in it than in many an army."

And McHenry, the Secretary of War, writes, about the same time: "You see how the storm thickens, and that our vessel will soon require its ancient pilot. Will you —may we flatter ourselves, that, in a crisis so awful and important, you will—accept the command of all our armies? I hope you will, because you alone can unite all hearts and all hands, if it is possible that they can be united."

In a reply to the President's letter, Washington writes, on the 4th of July: "At the epoch of my retirement, an invasion of these States by any European power, or even the probability of such an event happening in my days, was so far from being contemplated by me, that I had no conception that that or any other occurrence would arise in so short a period, which could turn my eyes from the shade of Mount Vernon. . . . . In case of *actual invasion*, by a formidable force, I certainly should not intrench myself under the cover of age and retirement, if my services should be required by my country to assist in repelling it."

And in his reply of the same date, to the Secretary of War, he writes: "I see, as you do, that clouds are gathering, and that a storm may ensue; and I find, too, from a variety of hints, that my quiet, under the cir-

cumstances, does not promise to be of long continuance. . . . .

"As my whole life has been dedicated to my country in one shape or another, for the poor remains of it, it is not an object to contend for ease and quiet, when all that is valuable is at stake, further than to be satisfied that the sacrifice I should make of these, is acceptable and desired by my country."

Before these letters were despatched he had already been nominated to the Senate (July 3d) commander-in-chief of all the armies raised or to be raised. His nomination was unanimously confirmed on the following day, and it was determined that the Secretary of War should be the bearer of the commission to Mount Vernon, accompanied by a letter from the President. "The reasons and motives," writes Mr. Adams in his instructions to the Secretary, "which prevailed with me to venture upon such a step as the nomination of this great and illustrious character, whose voluntary resignation alone occasioned my introduction to the office I now hold, were too numerous to be detailed in this letter, and are too obvious and important to escape the observation of any part of America or Europe. But as it is a movement of great delicacy, it will require all your address to communicate the subject in a manner that shall be unoffensive to his feelings and consistent with all the respect that is due from me to him.

"If the general should decline the appointment, all the

world will be silent and respectfully assent. If he should accept it, all the world, except the enemies of this country, will rejoice."

Mr. McHenry was instructed to consult Washington upon the organization of the army, and upon everything relating to it. He was the bearer also of a letter from Hamilton. "I use the liberty," writes he, "which my attachment to you and to the public authorizes, to offer you my opinion, that you should not decline the appointment. It is evident that the public satisfaction at it is lively and universal. It is not to be doubted that the circumstances will give an additional spring to the public mind, will tend much to unite, and will facilitate the measures which the conjuncture requires."

It was with a heavy heart that Washington found his dream of repose once more interrupted; but his strong fidelity to duty would not permit him to hesitate. He accepted the commission, however, with the condition that he should not be called into the field until the army was in a situation to require his presence; or it should become indispensable by the urgency of circumstances.

"In making this reservation," added he, in his letter to the President, "I beg it to be understood that I do not mean to withhold any assistance to arrange and organize the army, which you may think I can afford. I take the liberty, also, to mention that I must decline having my acceptance considered as drawing after it any immediate charge upon the public; or that I can receive any emolu-

ments annexed to the appointment before entering into a situation to incur expense."

He made another reservation, through the Secretary of War, but did not think proper to embody it in his public letter of acceptance, as that would be communicated to the Senate, which was, that the principal officers in the line and of the staff should be such as he could place confidence in.

As to the question which had perplexed Mr. Adams whether, in forming the army, to call on all the old generals or appoint a new set, Washington's idea was that, as the armies about to be raised were commencing *de novo*, the President had the right to make officers of citizens or soldiers at his discretion, availing himself of the best aid the country afforded. That no officer of the old army, disbanded fourteen years before, could *expect*, much less *claim*, an appointment on any other ground than superior experience, brilliant exploits, and general celebrity founded on merit.

It was with such views that, in the arrangements made by him with the Secretary of War, the three major-generals stood, Hamilton, who was to be inspector-general, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney (not yet returned from Europe), and Knox: in which order he wished their commissions to be dated. The appointment of Hamilton as second in command was desired by the public, on account of his distinguished ability, energy, and fidelity. Pickering, in recommending it, writes: "The enemy

whom we are now preparing to encounter, veterans in arms, led by able and active officers, and accustomed to victory, must be met by the best blood, talents, energy, and experience, that our country can produce." Washington, speaking of him to the President, says: "Although Colonel Hamilton has never acted in the character of a general officer, yet, his opportunities as the principal and most confidential aide of the commander-in-chief, afforded him the means of viewing everything on a larger scale than those whose attention was confined to divisions or brigades, who know nothing of the correspondences of the commander-in-chief, or of the various orders to, or transactions with, the general staff of the army. These advantages, and his having served with usefulness in the old Congress, in the general convention, and having filled one of the most important departments of government, with acknowledged abilities and integrity, have placed him on high ground, and made him a conspicuous character in the United States and in Europe. . . . .

"By some he is considered an ambitious man, and, therefore, a dangerous one. That he is ambitious, I shall readily grant, but it is of that laudable kind which prompts a man to excel in whatever he takes in hand. He is enterprising, quick in his perceptions, and his judgment intuitively great—qualities essential to a military character."

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney was placed next in rank, not solely on account of his military qualifications, which

were great, but of his popularity and influence in the Southern States, where his connections were numerous and powerful; it being apprehended that, if the French intended an invasion in force, their operations would commence south of Maryland; in which case it would be all-important to embark General Pinckney and his connections heartily in the active scenes that would follow.

By this arrangement Hamilton and Pinckney took precedence of Knox, an officer whom Washington declared he loved and esteemed; but he trusted the exigencies of the case would reconcile the latter to the position assigned to him. "Viewing things in this light," writes he to Knox, July 10th, "I would fain hope, as we are forming an army anew, which army, if needful at all, is to fight for everything which ought to be dear and sacred to freemen, that former rank will be forgotten, and, among the fit and chosen characters, the only contention will be who shall be foremost in zeal at this crisis to serve his country, in whatever situation circumstances may place him."

The reply of Knox, written in the glow of the moment, bespoke how deeply his warm, impulsive feelings were wounded. "I yesterday received your favor," writes he, "which I opened with all the delightful sensations of affection, which I always before experienced upon the receipt of your letters. But I found, on its perusal, a striking instance of that vicissitude of human affairs and friendships, which you so justly describe. I read it with

astonishment, which, however, subsided in the reflection that few men know themselves, and therefore, that for more than twenty years I have been acting under a perfect delusion. Conscious myself of entertaining for you a sincere, active, and invariable friendship, I easily believed it was reciprocal. Nay, more, I flattered myself with your esteem and respect in a military point of view. But I find that others, greatly my juniors in rank, have been, upon a scale of comparison, preferred before me. Of this, perhaps, the world may also concur with you that I have no just reason to complain. But every intelligent and just principle of society required, either that I should have been previously consulted in an arrangement in which my feelings and happiness have been so much wounded, or that I should not have been dragged forth to public view at all, to make the comparison so conspicuously odious."

After continuing in an expostulatory vein, followed by his own views of the probable course of invasion, he adds, towards the end of his letter,—"I have received no other notification of an appointment than what the newspapers announce. When it shall please the Secretary of War to give me the information, I shall endeavor to make him a suitable answer. At present, I do not perceive how it can possibly be to any other purport, than in the negative."

In conclusion, he writes: "In whatever situation I shall be, I shall always remember with pleasure and

gratitude, the friendship and confidence with which you have heretofore honored me.

"I am, with the highest attachment, etc."

Washington was pained in the extreme at the view taken by General Knox of the arrangement, and at the wound which it had evidently given to his feelings and his pride. In a letter to the President (25th September), he writes: "With respect to General Knox, I can say with truth there is no man in the United States with whom I have been in habits of greater intimacy, no one whom I have loved more sincerely, nor any for whom I have had a greater friendship. But esteem, love, and friendship can have no influence on my mind, when I conceive that the subjugation of our government and independence are the objects aimed at by the enemies of our peace, and when possibly our all is at stake."

In reply to Knox, Washington, although he thought the reasons assigned in his previous letter ought to have been sufficiently explanatory of his motives, went into long details of the circumstances under which the military appointments had been made, and the important considerations which dictated them; and showing that it was impossible for him to consult Knox previously to the nomination of the general officers.

"I do not know," writes he, "that these explanations will afford you any satisfaction or produce any change in your determination, but it was just to myself to make them. If there has been any management in the busi-

ness, it has been concealed from me. I have had no agency therein, nor have I conceived a thought on the subject that has not been disclosed to you with the utmost sincerity and frankness of heart. And now, notwithstanding the insinuations, which are implied in your letter, of the vicissitudes of friendship and the inconstancy of mine, I will pronounce with decision, that it ever has been, and, notwithstanding the unkindness of the charge, ever will be, for aught I know to the contrary, warm and sincere."

The genial heart of Knox was somewhat soothed and mollified by the "welcome and much esteemed letter of Washington, in which," said he, "I recognize fully all the substantial friendship and kindness which I have invariably experienced from you." Still he was tenacious of the point of precedence, and unwilling to serve in a capacity which would compromise his pride. "If an invasion shall take place," writes he, "I shall deeply regret all circumstances which would insuperably bar my having an active command in the field. But if such a measure should be my destiny, I shall fervently petition to serve as one of your aides-de-camp, which, with permission, I shall do with all the cordial devotion and affection of which my soul is capable."

On the 18th of October Washington learnt through the Gazettes of the safe arrival of General Pinckney at New York, and was anxious lest there should be a second part of the difficulty created by General Knox. On the

21st, he writes again to Knox, reiterating his wish to have him in the augmented corps a major-general.

"We shall have either *no war* or a *severe contest* with France; in either case, if you will allow me to express my opinion, this is the most eligible time for you to come forward. In the first case, to assist with your counsel and aid in making judicious provisions and arrangements to avert it; in the other case, to share in the glory of defending your country, and, by making all secondary objects yield to that great and primary object, display a mind superior to embarrassing punctilios at so critical a moment as the present.

"After having expressed these sentiments with the frankness of undisguised friendship, it is hardly necessary to add, that, if you should finally decline the appointment of major-general, there is none to whom I would give a more decided preference as an aide-de-camp, the offer of which is highly flattering, honorable, and grateful to my feelings, and for which I entertain a high sense. But, my dear General Knox, and here again I repeat to you, in the language of candor and friendship, examine well your own mind upon this subject. Do not unite yourself to the suite of a man, whom you may consider as the primary cause of what you call a degradation, with unpleasant sensations. This, while it is gnawing upon you, would, if I should come to the knowledge of it, make me unhappy; as my first wish would be that my military family, and the whole army, should consider

themselves a band of brothers, willing and ready to die for each other."

Before Knox could have received this letter, he had on the 23d of October, written to the Secretary of War, declining to serve under Hamilton and Pinckney, on the principle "that no officer can consent to his own degradation by serving in an inferior situation." General Pinckney, on the contrary, cheerfully accepted his appointment, although placed under Hamilton, who had been of inferior rank to him in the last war. It was with the greatest pleasure he had seen that officer's name at the head of the list of major-generals, and applauded the discernment which had placed him there. He regretted that General Knox had declined his appointment, and that his feelings should be hurt by being outranked. "If the authority," adds he, "which appointed me to the rank of second major-general in the army, will review the arrangement, and place General Knox before me, I will neither quit the service nor be dissatisfied." *

* Letter to the Secretary of War.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WASHINGTON TAXED ANEW WITH THE CARES OF OFFICE.—CORRESPONDENCE WITH LAFAYETTE.—A MARRIAGE AT MOUNT VERNON.—APPOINTMENT OF A MINISTER TO THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.—WASHINGTON'S SURPRISE.—HIS ACTIVITY ON HIS ESTATE.—POLITICAL ANXIETIES.—CONCERN ABOUT THE ARMY.

EARLY in November (1798) Washington left his retirement and repaired to Philadelphia, at the earnest request of the Secretary of War, to meet that public functionary and major-generals Hamilton and Pinckney, and make arrangements respecting the forces about to be raised. The Secretary had prepared a series of questions for their consideration, and others were suggested by Washington, all bearing upon the organization of the provisional army. Upon these Washington and the two major-generals were closely engaged for nearly five weeks, at great inconvenience and in a most inclement season. The result of their deliberations was reduced to form, and communicated to the Secretary in two letters drafted by Hamilton, and signed by the commander-in-chief. Not the least irksome of Washington's task, in his present position, was to wade through volumes of applications and recommendations for mili-

tary appointments; a task which he performed with extreme assiduity, anxious to avoid the influence of favor or prejudice, and sensitively alive to the evil of improper selections.

As it was a part of the plan on which he had accepted the command of the army to decline the occupations of the office until circumstances should require his presence in the field; and as the season and weather rendered him impatient to leave Philadelphia, he gave the Secretary of War his views and plans for the charge and direction of military affairs, and then set out once more for Mount Vernon. The cares and concerns of office, however, followed him to his retreat. "It is not the time nor the attention only," writes he, "which the public duties I am engaged in require, but their bringing upon me applicants, recommenders of applicants, and seekers of information, none of whom, perhaps, are my acquaintances, with their servants and horses to aid in the consumption of my forage, and what to me is more valuable, my time, that I most regard; for a man in the country, nine miles from any house of entertainment, is differently situated from one in a city, where none of these inconveniences are felt."

In a letter, recently received from Lafayette, the latter spoke feelingly of the pleasure he experienced in conversing incessantly with his son George about Mount Vernon, its dear and venerated inhabitants, of the tender obligations, so profoundly felt, which he and his son had

contracted towards him who had become a father to both.

In the conclusion of his letter, Lafayette writes that, from the information he had received, he was fully persuaded that the French Directory desired to be at peace with the United States. "The aristocratical party," adds he, "whose hatred of America dates from the commencement of the European revolution, and the English government, which, since the Declaration of Independence, have forgotten and forgiven nothing, will rejoice, I know, at the prospect of a rupture between two nations heretofore united in the cause of liberty, and will endeavor, by all the means in their power, to precipitate us into a war. . . . . But you are there, my dear general, independent of all parties, venerated by all, and if, as I hope, your informant lead you to judge favorably of the disposition of the French government, your influence ought to prevent the breach from widening, and should insure a noble and durable reconciliation."

In his reply, December 25th, Washington says: "You have expressed a wish worthy of the benevolence of your heart, that I would exert all my endeavors to avert the calamitous effects of a rupture between our countries. Believe me, my dear friend, that no man can deprecate an event of this sort more than I should. . . . . You add, in another place, that the Executive Directory are disposed to an accommodation of all differences. If they are sincere in this declaration, let them evidence it by

actions; for words, unaccompanied therewith, will not be much regarded now. I would pledge myself that the government and people of the United States will meet them heart and hand at a fair negotiation; having no wish more ardent than to live in peace with all the world, provided they are suffered to remain undisturbed in their just rights."

"Of the politics of Europe," adds he, in another part of his letter, "I shall express no opinion, nor make any inquiry who is right or who is wrong. I wish well to all nations and to all men. My politics are plain and simple. I think every nation has a right to establish that form of government under which it conceives it may live most happy; provided it infringes no right, or is not dangerous to others; and that no governments ought to interfere with the internal concerns of another, except for the security of what is due to themselves."

Washington's national pride, however, had been deeply wounded by the indignities inflicted on his country by the French, and he doubted the propriety of entering into any fresh negotiations with them, unless overtures should be made on their part. As to any symptoms of an accommodation they might at present evince, he ascribed them to the military measures adopted by the United States, and thought those measures ought not to be relaxed.

We have spoken in a preceding chapter of a love affair growing up at Mount Vernon between Washing-

ton's nephew, Lawrence Lewis, and Miss Nelly Custis. The parties had since become engaged, to the general's great satisfaction, and their nuptials were celebrated at Mount Vernon on his birthday, the 22d of February (1799). Lawrence had recently received the commission of major of cavalry in the new army which was forming; and Washington made arrangements for settling the newly married couple near him on a part of the Mount Vernon lands, which he had designated in his will to be bequeathed to Miss Nelly.

As the year opened, Washington continued to correspond with the Secretary of War and General Hamilton on the affairs of the provisional army. The recruiting business went on slowly, with interruptions, and there was delay in furnishing commissions to the officers who had been appointed. Washington, who was not in the secrets of the cabinet, was at a loss to account for this apparent torpor. "If the augmented force," writes he to Hamilton, "was not intended as an *in terrorem* measure, the delay in recruiting it is unaccountable, and baffles all conjecture on reasonable grounds."

The fact was, that the military measures taken in America had really produced an effect on French policy. Efforts had been made by M. Talleyrand, through unofficial persons, to induce an amicable overture on the part of the United States. At length that wily minister had written to the French Secretary of Legation at the Hague, M. Pichon, intimating that whatever plenipo-

tentiary the United States might send to France to put an end to the existing differences between the two countries, would be undoubtedly received with the respect due to the representative of a free, independent, and powerful nation. M. Pichon communicated a copy of this letter to Mr. William Vans Murray, the American minister in Holland, who forthwith transmitted it to his government. Mr. Adams caught at the chance for an extrication from his belligerent difficulties, and laid this letter before the Senate on the 18th of February, at the same time nominating Mr. Murray to be minister plenipotentiary to the French Republic.

Washington expressed his extreme surprise when the news of this unexpected event reached him. "But far, very far indeed," writes he, "was that surprise short of what I experienced the next day, when, by a very intelligent gentleman immediately from Philadelphia, I was informed that there had been no *direct* overture from the government of France to that of the United States for a negotiation; on the contrary, that M. Talleyrand was playing the same loose and roundabout game he had attempted the year before with our envoys; and which, as in that case, might mean anything or nothing, as would subserve his purposes best."

Before the Senate decided on the nomination of Mr. Murray, two other persons were associated with him in the mission, namely, Oliver Ellsworth and Patrick Henry. The three envoys being confirmed, Mr. Murray was in-

structed by letter to inform the French Minister of Foreign Affairs of the fact, but to apprise him that his associate envoys would not embark for Europe until the Directory had given assurance, through their Minister for Foreign Affairs, that those envoys would be received in proper form and treated with on terms of equality. Mr. Murray was directed at the same time to have no further informal communications with any French agent.

Mr. Henry declined to accept his appointment on account of ill health, and Mr. William Richardson Davie was ultimately substituted for him.

Throughout succeeding months, Washington continued to superintend from a distance the concerns of the army, as his ample and minute correspondence manifests; and he was at the same time earnestly endeavoring to bring the affairs of his rural domain into order. A sixteen years' absence from home, with short intervals, had, he said, deranged them considerably, so that it required all the time he could spare from the usual avocations of life to bring them into tune again. It was a period of incessant activity and toil, therefore, both mental and bodily. He was for hours in his study occupied with his pen, and for hours on horseback, riding the rounds of his extensive estate, visiting the various farms, and superintending and directing the works in operation. All this he did with unfailing vigor, though now in his sixty-seventh year.

Occasional reports of the sanguinary conflict that was

going on in Europe would reach him in the quiet groves of Mount Vernon, and awaken his solicitude. "A more destructive sword," said he, "was never drawn, at least in modern times, than this war has produced. It is time to sheath it and give peace to mankind." *

Amid this strife and turmoil of the nations, he felt redoubled anxiety about the success of the mission to France. The great successes of the allies combined against that power; the changes in the Directory, and the rapidity with which everything seemed verging towards a restoration of the monarchy, induced some members of the cabinet to advise a suspension of the mission; but Mr. Adams was not to be convinced or persuaded. Having furnished the commissioners with their instructions, he gave his final order for their departure, and they sailed in a frigate from Rhode Island on the 3d of November.

A private letter written by Washington shortly afterwards to the Secretary of War, bespeaks his apprehensions: "I have for some time past viewed the political concerns of the United States with an anxious and painful eye. They appear to me to be moving by hasty strides to a crisis; but in what it will result, that Being, who sees, foresees, and directs all things, alone can tell. The vessel is afloat, or very nearly so, and considering myself as a passenger only, I shall trust to the mariners (whose duty it is to watch) to steer it into a safe port."

* Letter to William Vans Murray.

His latest concern about the army was to give instructions for *hutting* the troops according to an idea originally suggested by Hamilton, and adopted in the Revolutionary War. "Although I had determined to take no charge of any military operations," writes he, "unless the troops should be called into the field, yet, under the present circumstances, and considering that the advanced season of the year will admit of no delay in providing winter-quarters for the troops, I have willingly given my aid in that business, and shall never decline any assistance in my power, *when necessary*, to promote the good of the service." *

* *Washington's Writings*, xi. 463.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WASHINGTON DIGESTS A PLAN FOR THE MANAGEMENT OF HIS ESTATE.—HIS VIEWS IN REGARD TO A MILITARY ACADEMY.—LETTER TO HAMILTON.—HIS LAST HOURS.—THE FUNERAL.—THE WILL.—ITS PROVISIONS IN REGARD TO HIS SLAVES.—PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS ON HIS DEATH.—CONCLUSION.

INTER had now set in, with occasional wind and rain and frost, yet Washington still kept up his active round of in-door and out-door avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequent guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estates, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed building a new family vault; the old one being damaged by the roots of trees which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change," said he, "I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

"When I parted from him," adds the nephew, "he

stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and another. . . . . It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner, brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the general look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly realize he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him." *

For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for several succeeding years; specifying the cultivation of the several farms, with tables designating the rotations of the crops. It occupied thirty folio pages and was executed with that clearness and method which characterized all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager or steward. It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a previous occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form, that no reproach may attach itself t

* Paulding's *Life of Washington*, vol. ii. p. 196.

me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits." *

It was evident, however, that full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long-cherished hope, the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart.

According to his diary, the morning on which these voluminous instructions to his steward were dated was clear and calm, but the afternoon was lowering. The next day (11th), he notes that there was wind and rain, and "at night *a large circle round the moon.*"

The morning of the 12th was overcast. That morning he wrote to Hamilton, heartily approving of a plan for a military academy, which the latter had submitted to the Secretary of War. "The establishment of an institution of this kind upon a respectable and extensive basis," observes he, "has ever been considered by me an object of primary importance to this country; and while I was in the chair of government I omitted no proper opportunity of recommending it in my public speeches and otherwise, to the attention of the legislature. But I never undertook to go into a detail of the organization of such an academy, leaving this task to others, whose pursuit in the path of science and attention to the arrangement of such institutions, had better qualified them for the execution of it. . . . . I sincerely hope that the subject will meet with due attention, and that the reason for its

† Letter to James McHenry. *Writings*, xi. 407.

establishment which you have clearly pointed out in your letter to the secretary, will prevail upon the legislature to place it upon a permanent and respectable footing." He closes his letter with an assurance of "very great esteem and regard," the last words he ever was to address to Hamilton.

About ten o'clock he mounted his horse, and rode out as usual to make the rounds of his estate. The ominous ring round the moon, which he had observed on the preceding night, proved a fatal portent. "About one o'clock," he notes, "it began to snow, soon after to hail, and then turned to a settled cold rain." Having on an over-coat, he continued his ride without regarding the weather, and did not return to the house until after three.

His secretary approached him with letters to be franked, that they might be taken to the post-office in the evening. Washington franked the letters, but observed that the weather was too bad to send a servant out with them. Mr. Lear perceived that snow was hanging from his hair, and expressed fears that he had got wet; but he replied, "No, his great-coat had kept him dry." As dinner had been waiting for him he sat down without changing his dress. "In the evening," writes his secretary, "he appeared as well as usual."

On the following morning the snow was three inches deep and still falling, which prevented him from taking his usual ride. He complained of a sore throat, and had

evidently taken cold the day before. In the afternoon the weather cleared up, and he went out on the grounds between the house and the river, to mark some trees which were to be cut down. A hoarseness which had hung about him through the day grew worse towards night, but he made light of it.

He was very cheerful in the evening, as he sat in the parlor with Mrs. Washington and Mr. Lear, amusing himself with the papers which had been brought from the post-office. When he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he would read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit, or he listened and made occasional comments, while Mr. Lear read the debates of the Virginia Assembly.

On retiring to bed, Mr. Lear suggested that he should take something to relieve the cold. "No," replied he, "you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

In the night he was taken extremely ill with ague and difficulty of breathing. Between two and three o'clock in the morning he awoke Mrs. Washington, who would have risen to call a servant; but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold. At daybreak, when the servant woman entered to make a fire, she was sent to call Mr. Lear. He found the general breathing with difficulty, and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. Washington desired that Dr. Craik, who lived in Alexandria, should be sent for, and that in the meantime

Rawlins, one of the overseers, should be summoned, to bleed him before the doctor could arrive.

A gargle was prepared for his throat, but whenever he attempted to swallow any of it, he was convulsed and almost suffocated. Rawlins made his appearance soon after sunrise, but when the general's arm was ready for the operation, became agitated. "Don't be afraid," said the general, as well as he could speak. Rawlins made an incision. "The orifice is not large enough," said Washington. The blood, however, ran pretty freely, and Mrs. Washington, uncertain whether the treatment was proper, and fearful that too much blood might be taken, begged Mr. Lear to stop it. When he was about to unite the string the general put up his hand to prevent him, and as soon as he could speak, murmured, "More—more;" but Mrs. Washington's doubts prevailed, and the bleeding was stopped, after about half a pint of blood had been taken. External applications were now made to the throat, and his feet were bathed in warm water, but without affording any relief.

His old friend, Dr. Craik, arrived between eight and nine, and two other physicians, Drs. Dick and Brown, were called in. Various remedies were tried, and additional bleeding, but all of no avail.

"About half past four o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk his two wills, which she would find there, and

bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them, he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet. After this was done, I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me: 'I find I am going, my breath cannot last long. I believed from the first, that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else; and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters which he has began.' I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue with us. I told him that I could recollect nothing; but I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that, as it was the debt which we all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation."

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. Mr. Lear endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much ease as possible. "I am afraid I fatigue you too much," the general would say. Upon being assured to the contrary, "Well," observed he gratefully, "it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

His servant, Christopher, had been in the room during the day, and almost the whole time on his feet. The general noticed it in the afternoon, and kindly told him to sit down.

About five o'clock his old friend, Dr. Craik, came again into the room, and approached the bedside. "Doctor," said the general, "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it—my breath cannot last long." The doctor pressed his hand in silence, retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six the other physicians came in, and he was assisted to sit up in his bed. "I feel I am going," said he; "I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you will take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I cannot last long." He lay down again; all retired excepting Dr. Craik. The general continued uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was.

Further remedies were tried without avail in the evening. He took whatever was offered him, did as he was desired by the physicians, and never uttered sigh or complaint.

"About ten o'clock," writes Mr. Lear, "he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said, 'I am just going. Have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead.' I bowed assent,

for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said, 'Do you understand me?' I replied, 'Yes.' ''Tis well,' said he.

"About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier. He lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The general's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine and pressed it to my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes, and he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

"While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington, who was seated at the foot of the bed, asked with a firm and collected voice, 'Is he gone?' I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more. ''Tis well,' said she in the same voice. 'All is over now; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through.'"

We add from Mr. Lear's account a few particulars concerning the funeral. The old family vault on the estate had been opened, the rubbish cleared away, and a door made to close the entrance, which before had been closed with brick. The funeral took place on the 18th of December. About eleven o'clock the people of the neighborhood began to assemble. The corporation of Alexandria with the militia and Free Masons of the place, and eleven pieces of cannon, arrived at a later hour. A

schooner was stationed off Mount Vernon to fire minute guns.

About three o'clock the procession began to move, passing out through the gate at the left wing of the house, proceeding round in front of the lawn and down to the vault, on the right wing of the house; minute guns being fired at the time. The troops, horse and foot, formed the escort; then came four of the clergy. Then the general's horse, with his saddle, holsters, and pistols, led by two grooms in black. The body was borne by the Free Masons and officers; several members of the family and old friends, among the number Dr. Craik, and some of the Fairfaxes, followed as chief mourners. The corporation of Alexandria and numerous private persons closed the procession. The Rev. Mr. Davis read the funeral service at the vault, and pronounced a short address; after which the Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault.

Such were the obsequies of Washington, simple and modest, according to his own wishes; all confined to the grounds of Mount Vernon, which, after forming the poetical dream of his life, had now become his final resting-place.

On opening the will which he had handed to Mrs. Washington shortly before death, it was found to have been carefully drawn up by himself in the preceding July; and by an act in conformity with his whole career, one of its first provisions directed the emancipation of

his slaves on the decease of his wife. It had long been his earnest wish that the slaves held by him *in his own right* should receive their freedom during his life, but he had found that it would be attended with insuperable difficulties on account of their intermixture by marriage with the "dower negroes," whom it was not in his power to manumit under the tenure by which they were held.

With provident benignity he also made provision in his will for such as were to receive their freedom under this devise, but who, from age, bodily infirmities, or infancy, might be unable to support themselves, and he expressly forbade, under any pretense whatsoever, the sale or transportation out of Virginia, of any slave of whom he might die possessed. Though born and educated a slaveholder, this was all in consonance with feelings, sentiments, and principles which he had long entertained.

In a letter to Mr. John F. Mercer, in September, 1786, he writes, "I never mean, unless some particular circumstances should compel me to it, to possess another slave by purchase, it being among my first wishes to see some plan adopted by which slavery in this country may be abolished by law." And eleven years afterwards, in August, 1797, he writes to his nephew, Lawrence Lewis, in a letter which we have had in our hands, "I wish from my soul that the legislature of this State could see the policy of a gradual abolition of slavery. It might prevent much future mischief."

A deep sorrow spread over the nation on hearing that

Washington was no more. Congress, which was in session, immediately adjourned for the day. The next morning it was resolved that the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black; that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session, and that a joint committee of both Houses be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of doing honor to the memory of the man, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens."

Public testimonials of grief and reverence were displayed in every part of the Union. Nor were these sentiments confined to the United States. When the news of Washington's death reached England, Lord Bridport, who had command of a British fleet of nearly sixty sail of the line, lying at Torbay, lowered his flag half-mast, every ship following the example: and Bonaparte, First Consul of France, on announcing his death to the army, ordered that black crape should be suspended from all the standards and flags throughout the public service for ten days.

In the preceding volumes of our work, we have traced the career of Washington from early boyhood to his elevation to the presidential chair. It was an elevation he had neither sought nor wished; for when the independence of his country was achieved, the modest and cher-

ished desire of his heart had been "to live and die a private citizen on his own farm," * and he had shaped out for himself an ideal elysium in his beloved shades of Mount Vernon. But power sought him in his retirement. The weight and influence of his name and character were deemed all essential to complete his work; to set the new government in motion, and conduct it through its first perils and trials. With unfeigned reluctance he complied with the imperative claims of his country, and accepted the power thus urged upon him: advancing to its exercise with diffidence, and aiming to surround himself with men of the highest talent and information whom he might consult in emergency: but firm and strong in the resolve in all things to act as his conscience told him was "right as it respected his God, his country, and himself." For he knew no divided fidelity, no separate obligation; his most sacred duty to himself was his highest duty to his country and his God.

In treating of his civil administration in this closing volume, we have endeavored to show how truly he adhered to this resolve, and with what inflexible integrity and scrupulous regard to the public weal he discharged his functions. In executing our task, we have not indulged in discussions of temporary questions of controverted policy which agitated the incipient establishment of our government, but have given his words and actions

* *Writings*, ix. 412.

as connected with those questions, and as illustrative of his character. In this volume, as in those which treat of his military career, we have avoided rhetorical amplification and embellishments, and all gratuitous assumptions, and have sought, by simple and truthful details, to give his character an opportunity of developing itself, and of manifesting those fixed principles and that noble consistency which reigned alike throughout his civil and his military career.

The character of Washington may want some of those poetical elements which dazzle and delight the multitude, but it possessed fewer inequalities, and a rarer union of virtues than perhaps ever fell to the lot of one man. Prudence, firmness, sagacity, moderation, an overruling judgment, an immovable justice, courage that never faltered, patience that never wearied, truth that disdained all artifice, magnanimity without alloy. It seems as if Providence had endowed him in a preëminent degree with the qualities requisite to fit him for the high destiny he was called upon to fulfill—to conduct a momentous revolution which was to form an era in the history of the world, and to inaugurate a new and untried government, which, to use his own words, was to lay the foundation "for the enjoyment of much purer civil liberty, and greater public happiness, than have hitherto been the portion of mankind."

The fame of Washington stands apart from every other in history; shining with a truer lustre and a more benig-

nant glory. With us his memory remains a national property, where all sympathies throughout our widely-extended and diversified empire meet in unison. Under all dissensions and amid all the storms of party, his precepts and example speak to us from the grave with a paternal appeal; and his name—by all revered—forms a universal tie of brotherhood—a watchword of our Union.

"It will be the duty of the historian and the sage of all nations," writes an eminent British statesman (Lord Brougham), "to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

I.

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

[The following notices of the various representations of Washington, which have been prepared by the publisher for the illustrated edition of this work, are kindly furnished by Mr. H. T. TUCKERMAN, from a volume which he has now in press.]

THE earliest portraits of Washington are more interesting, perhaps, as memorials than as works of art; and we can easily imagine that associations endeared them to his old comrades. The dress (blue coat, scarlet facings, and underclothes) of the first portrait by Peale, and the youthful face, make it suggestive of the first experience of the future commander, when, exchanging the surveyor's implements for the colonel's commission, he bivouacked in the wilderness of Ohio, the leader of a motley band of hunters, provincials, and savages to confront wily Frenchmen, cut forest roads, and encounter all the perils of Indian ambush, inclement skies, undisciplined followers, famine, and woodland skirmish. It recalls his calm authority and providential escape amid the dismay of Braddock's defeat, and his pleasant sensation at the first whistling of bullets in the weary march to Fort Necessity. To CHARLES WILSON PEALE, we owe this precious relic of the chieftain's youth. His own career partook of the vicissitudes and was impressed

with the spirit of the revolutionary era; a captain of volunteers at the battles of Trenton and Germantown, and a State representative of Pennsylvania, a favorite pupil of West, an ingenious mechanician, and a warrior, he always cherished the instinct and the faculty for art; and even amid the bustle and duties of the camp, never failed to seize auspicious intervals of leisure, to depict his brother officers. This portrait was executed in 1772, and is now at Arlington House.

The resolution of Congress by which a portrait by this artist was ordered, was passed before the occupation of Philadelphia. Its progress marks the vicissitudes of the revolutionary struggle; commenced in the gloomy winter and half-famished encampment at Valley Forge, in 1778, the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth intervened before its completion. At the last place Washington suggested that the view from the window of the farm-house opposite to which he was sitting, would form a desirable background. Peale adopted the idea, and represented Monmouth Court-house and a party of Hessians under guard, marching out of it.* The picture was finished at Princeton, and Nassau Hall is a prominent object in the background; but Congress adjourned without making an appropriation, and it remained in the artist's hands. Lafayette desired a copy for the king of France; and Peale executed one in 1779, which was sent to Paris; but the misfortunes of the royal family occasioned its sale, and it became the property of the Count de Menou, who brought it again to this country and presented it to the National Institute, where it is now preserved. Chapman made two copies at a thousand dollars each; and Dr. Craik, one of the earliest and warmest personal friends of Washington, their commissions as officers in the French war having been signed on the same day (1754), declared it a most faithful likeness of him as he appeared in the prime of his life.†

* MS. Letter of Titian R. Peale to George Livermore, Esq.

† PHILADELPHIA, *Feb.* 4.—His Excellency General Washington set off from this city to join the army in New Jersey. During the course of his short stay, the only relief he has enjoyed from service since he first entered it, he has been honored with every mark of esteem, etc. The Council of this State, being desirous of having his picture in full length, requested his sitting for that purpose, which he politely complied with, and a striking likeness was taken by Mr. Peale of this city. The portrait is to be placed in the council chamber. Don Juan Marrailes, the minister of France, has ordered five

There is a tradition in the Peale family, honorably represented through several generations, by public spirit and artistic gifts, that intelligence of one of the most important triumphs of the American arms was received by Washington in a despatch he opened while sitting to Wilson Peale for a miniature intended for his wife who was also present. The scene occurred one fine summer afternoon; and there is something attractive to the fancy in the association of this group quietly occupied in one of the most beautiful of the arts of peace, and in a commemorative act destined to gratify conjugal love and a nation's pride, with the progress of a war and the announcement of a victory fraught with that nation's liberty and that leader's eternal renown.

The characteristic traits of Peale's portraits of Washington now at the National Institute and Arlington House, and the era of our history and of Washington's life they embalm, make them doubly valuable in a series of pictorial illustrations, each of which, independent of the degree of professional skill exhibited, is essential to our Washingtonian gallery. Before Trumbull and Stuart had caught from the living man his aspect in maturity and age, the form knit to athletic proportions by self-denial and activity, and clad in the garb of rank and war, and the countenance open with truth and grave with thought, yet rounded with the contour and ruddy with the glow of early manhood, was thus genially delineated by the hand of a comrade, and in the infancy of native art. Of the fourteen portraits by Peale, that exhibiting Washington as a Virginia colonel in the colonial force of Great Britain, is the only entire portrait before the Revolution extant.* One was painted for the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in 1780, to occupy a frame in which a portrait of George the Third had been destroyed by a cannon ball during the battle at that place on the 3d of January, 1777. It still remains in the possession of the College, and was saved fortunately from the fire which a few years ago consumed

copies, four of which, we hear, are to be sent abroad.—*Pennsylvania Packet*, February 11th, 1779. Peale's first portrait was executed for Colonel Alexander; his last is now in the Bryan Gallery, New York. He painted one in 1776 for John Hancock, and besides that for New Jersey, others for Pennsylvania and Maryland.

* A miniature, said to have been painted in 1757, at the age of twenty-five, has been engraved for *Irving's Washington*.

Nassau Hall. Peale's last portrait of Washington, executed in 1783, he retained until his death, and two years since, it was sold with the rest of the collection known as the "Peale Gallery," at Philadelphia. There is a pencil sketch also by this artist, framed with the wood of the tree in front of the famous Chew's house, around which centred the battle of Germantown.*

A few octogenarians in the city of brotherly love, used to speak, not many years since, of a diminutive family, the head of which manifested the sensitive temperament, if not the highest capabilities of artistic genius. This was ROBERT EDGE PINE. He brought to America the earliest cast of the Venus de Medici, which was privately exhibited to the select few—the manners and morals of the Quaker city forbidding its exposure to the common eye. He was considered a superior colorist, and was favorably introduced into society in Philadelphia by his acknowledged sympathy for the American cause, and by a grand project such as was afterwards partially realized by Trumbull; that of a series of historical paintings, illustrative of the American Revolution, to embrace original portraits of the leaders, both civil and military, in that achievement, including the statesmen who were chiefly instrumental in framing the Constitution and organizing the government. He brought a letter of introduction to the father of the late Judge Hopkinson, whose portrait he executed, and its vivid tints and correct resemblance still attest to his descendants the ability of the painter. He left behind him in London creditable portraits of George the Second, Garrick, and the Duke of Northumberland. In the intervals of his business as a teacher of drawing and a votary of portraiture in general, he collected from time to time, a large number of "distinguished heads," although as in the case of Ceracchi, the epoch and country were unfavorable to his ambitious project; of these portraits the heads of General Gates, Charles Carroll, Baron Steuben, and Washington, are the best known and most highly prized. Pine

* "The editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* was lately shown a pencil sketch of General Washington, taken from life by Charles Wilson Peale, in the year 1777. It was framed from part of the elm-tree then standing in front of Chew's house, on the Germantown battle-ground, and the frame was made by a son of Dr. Craley, of revolutionary fame."

remained three weeks at Mount Vernon, and his portrait bequeathes some features with great accuracy ; artists find in it certain merits not discoverable in those of a later date ; it has the permanent interest of a representation from life, by a painter of established reputation ; yet its tone is cold and its effect unimpressive, beside the more bold and glowing pencil of Stuart. It has repose and dignity. In his letter to Washington, asking his coöperation in the design he meditated, Pine says, "I have been some time at Annapolis painting the portraits of patriots, legislators, heroes, and beauties, in order to adorn my large picture ;" and he seems to have commenced his enterprise with sanguine hopes of one day accomplishing his object, which, however, it was reserved for a native artist eventually to complete. That his appeal to Washington was not neglected, however, is evident from an encouraging allusion to Pine and his scheme, in the correspondence of the former. "Mr. Pine," he says, "has met a favorable reception in this country, and may, I conceive, command as much business as he pleases. He is now preparing material for historical representations of the most important events of the war."* Pine's picture is in the possession of the Hopkinson family at Philadelphia. The fac-simile of Washington's letter proves that it was taken in 1785. A large copy was purchased at Montreal, in 1817, by the late Henry Brevoort of New York, and is now in the possession of his son, J. Carson Brevoort, at Bedford, L. I.†

The profile likeness of Washington by SHARPLESS, is a valuable item of the legacy which Art has bequeathed of those noble and benign features ; he evidently bestowed upon it his greatest skill, and there is no more correct facial outline of the immortal subject in existence ; a disciple of Lavater would probably find it the most available side-view for physiognomical inference ; it is remarkably adapted to the burin, and has been once, at least, adequately engraved ; it also has the melancholy attraction of being the last portrait of Washington taken from life.

One of Canova's fellow-workmen in the first years of his artistic life, was a melancholy enthusiast, whose thirst for the ideal was deepened by

* Sparks' *Writings of Washington.*

† This portrait is now in the engraver's hands for the illustrated edition of this work.

a morbid tenacity of purpose and sensitiveness of heart—a form of character peculiar to Italy ; in its voluptuous phase illustrated by Petrarch, in its stoical by Alfieri, and in its combination of patriotic and tender sentiments by Foscolo's "Letters of Jacopo Ortis." The political confusion that reigned in Europe for a time, seriously interfered with the pursuit of art ; and this was doubtless a great motive with GIUSEPPE CERACCHI for visiting America ; but not less inciting was the triumph of freedom, of which that land had recently become the scene—a triumph that so enlisted the sympathies and fired the imagination of the republican sculptor, that he designed a grand national monument, commemorative of American Independence, and sought the patronage of the newly organized government in its behalf. Washington, individually, favored his design, and the model of the proposed work received the warm approval of competent judges ; but taste for art, especially for grand monumental statuary, was quite undeveloped on this side of the Atlantic, and the recipient of Papal orders found little encouragement in a young republic, too busy in laying the foundation of her civil polity, to give much thought to any memorials of her nascent glory. It was, however, but a question of time. His purpose is even now in the process of achievement. Washington's native State voluntarily undertook the enterprise for which the general government, in its youth, was inadequate ; and it was auspiciously reserved for a native artist, and a single member of the original confederacy, to embody in a style worthy of more than Italian genius, the grand conception of a representative monument, with Washington in a colossal equestrian statue as the centre, and the Virginia patriots and orators of the Revolution, grouped around his majestic figure. Ceracchi, however, in aid of his elaborate project, executed the only series of marble portraitures from life of the renowned founders of the national government: his busts of Hamilton, Jay, Trumbull, and Governor George Clinton, were long the prominent ornaments of the Academy of Fine Arts in New York ; the latter, especially, was remarkable, both in regard to its resemblance to the original, and as a work of art. His most important achievement, however, was a bust of Washington, generally considered the most perfect representation of the man and the hero combined, after Stuart's

and Houdon's masterpieces. It is in the heroic style, with a fillet. The fate of this valuable effigy was singular. It was purchased by the Spanish ambassador, as a gift to the Prince of Peace, then at the height of his power at Madrid ; before the bust reached Spain, Godoy was exiled, and the minister recalled, who, on his arrival, transferred it, unpacked, to Richard Meade, Esquire, of Philadelphia, in whose family it remained until two years ago, when, at the administrators' sale of that gentleman's fine collection of paintings, it was purchased by Gouverneur Kemble, and can now be seen at his hospitable mansion on the banks of the Hudson.

The zeal of Ceracchi in his cherished purpose, is indicated by the assurance he gave Dr. Hugh Williamson—the historian of North Carolina, and the author of the earliest work on the American climate, and one of the first advocates of the canal policy—when inviting him to sit for his bust, that he did not pay him the compliment in order to secure his vote for the national monument, but only to perpetuate the "features of the American Cato." With characteristic emphasis, the honest doctor declined, on the ground that posterity would not care for his lineaments ; adding that, "if he were capable of being lured into the support of any scheme whatever, against his conviction of right, wood, and not stone, ought to be the material of his image."*

Baffled, as Ceracchi ultimately was, in the realization of hopes inspired alike by his ambition as a sculptor and his love of republican institutions, he carried to Europe the proud distinction of having taken the initiative in giving an enduring shape to the revered and then unfamiliar features of Washington. He executed two busts, one colossal, a cast of which was long in the New York Academy of Fine Arts. Impoverished, the darling scheme of his life frustrated in America, and his own patriotic hopes crushed by the victories of Bonaparte in Italy, and his rapid advances towards imperial sway, the enthusiastic artist brooded, with intense disappointment, over the contrast between the fresh and exuberant national life, of which he had partaken here, and the vassalage to which Europe was again reduced. Napoleon and Washington stood revealed, as it were,

* Dr. Hosack's *Essays.*

side by side—the selfish aggrandizement of the one, who trampled on humanity under the prestige of military fame, and the magnanimity of the other, content to be the immaculate agent of a free people, after sacrificing all for their welfare. Imbued with the principles and a witness of the self-control which consummated our Revolutionary triumph, Ceracchi beheld, with an impatience that caution only restrained, the steady and unscrupulous encroachment of Bonaparte on all that is sacred in nationality and freedom. Somewhat of the deep indignation and the sacrificial will that nerved the hand of Charlotte Corday, somewhat of the fanaticism that moved the student-assassin of Kotzebue, and, perhaps, a little of the vengeful ire of Ravaillac, at length kindled the Italian blood of the sculptor. He became one of the most determined secret conspirators against the now established usurper. The memoirs of the time speak of his "exaggerated notions," his disdain of life, of the profound gloom that often clouded his soul, of the tears he alternately shed of admiration at the brilliant exploits of the conqueror, and of grief at the wrongs inflicted on the beautiful land of his nativity. "This man," says one fair chronicler of those exciting times, "has a soul of fire." A plot, which is stigmatized as nefarious, and, according to rumor, was of the Fieschi stamp, aimed at the life of Bonaparte, when First Consul, was finally discovered, and Ceracchi became legally compromised as one of those pledged to its execution. He was tried, boldly acknowledged his murderous intention, and was condemned to death. Among his fellow-conspirators were two or three republican artists with whom he had become intimate at Rome; they were arrested at the opera, and daggers found upon their persons; the plot is designated in the annals of the time as the Arena Conspiracy. Ceracchi was a Corsican by birth; and, from an ardent admirer, thus became the deadly foe of his great countryman; and the gifted artist, the enthusiastic republican, the vindictive patriot, and the sculptor of Washington—perished on the scaffold.

His bust gives Washington a Roman look, but has been declared to exhibit more truly the expression of the mouth than any other work. Those of Hamilton and Governor Clinton, by this artist, are deemed, by their respective families, as correct as portraits, as they are superior as pieces

of statuary. And this is presumptive evidence in favor of the belief that Ceracchi's attachment to the heroic style did not seriously interfere with the general truth of his portraiture.

The design of a statue was, therefore, only realized on the arrival of HOUDON. The history of this sculptor is a striking contrast to that of Ceracchi. A native of Versailles, he flourished at an epoch remarkably prolific of original characters in all departments of letters and art. Many of these, especially his own countrymen, have been represented by his chisel. He enjoyed a long and prosperous existence, having survived the taste he initiated, and the friends of his youth, but retaining a most creditable reputation to his death, which occurred in his eighty-eighth year. He rose to distinction by a new style, which appears to have exhibited, according to the subject, a remarkable simplicity on the one hand, and elaboration on the other. An over-estimate of the effect of details marred his more labored creations ; but he had a faculty of catching the air, and a taste in generalizing the conception, both of a real and fanciful subject, which manifested unusual genius. There was an individuality about his best works that won attention and established his fame. Of the ideal kind, two were the subjects of much critical remark, though for different reasons. One of them was intended to exhibit the effect of cold—an idea almost too melodramatic and physical for sculpture, but quite in character for a Frenchman, aiming, even in his severe and limited art, at theatrical effect. The other was a statue of Diana—the object of numerous *bon mots*, first, because it was ordered by Catharine of Russia, who, it was generally thought, had no special affinity with the chaste goddess ; and, secondly, on account of the voluptuous character given by the artist, which procured for his Diana the name of Venus. Houdon's bust of Voltaire gained him renown at once in this department of his pursuit, and is a memorable example of his success. How various the characters whose similitudes are perpetuated by his chisel—Gluck and Buffon, Rousseau and D'Alembert, Mirabeau and Washington! Jefferson, in behalf of the State of Virginia, arranged with Houdon at Paris, to undertake the latter commission ; and he accompanied Dr. Franklin to the United States. He remained at Mount Vernon long enough to execute

a model of Washington's head, and familiarize himself with every detail of his features and the traits of his natural language ; but that implicit fidelity, now evident in the busts of our own leading sculptors, was not then in vogue, and the artists of the day were rather adepts in idealizing than in precise imitation of nature ; therefore, the result of Houdon's labors, though in general satisfactory, cannot be used with the mathematical exactitude, as a guide, which greater attention to minutiæ would have secured. There is a sketch by Stuart indicating some minute errors in the outline of Houdon's bust. On leaving, he presented Washington with the bas-relief which used to hang over his chair in the library at Mount Vernon. He completed the statue after his return to Paris, and in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, is an entry noting his attendance at the artist's studio, to stand for the figure of his illustrious friend, whom, before he became corpulent, he is said to have resembled. He alludes to the circumstance as "being the humble employment of a mannikin ;" and adds, "this is literally taking the advice of St. Paul, to be all things to all men." The original cast of the head of this statue is still at Mount Vernon, and the statue itself is the cherished ornament of the Capitol at Richmond, and has been declared, by one of Washington's biographers, to be "as perfect a resemblance, in face and figure, as the art admits ;" while, on the other hand, a critic of large and studious observation, who was well acquainted with the appearance of the original, says that, as a likeness, the head is inferior to Ceracchi's bust. The costume is authentic, that Washington wore as commander-in-chief ; it has been assailed with the usual arguments—its want of classical effect, and its undignified style ; but less conservative reasoners applaud the truth of the drapery, and the work is endeared as a faithful and unique representation of the man—the only one from life, bequeathed by the art of the sculptor. "Judge Marshall," says Dr. Sparks in a letter to us, "once told me that the head of Houdon's statue at Richmond, seen at a point somewhat removed towards the side, from the front, presented as perfect a resemblance of the living man as he could conceive possible in marble."

Rembrandt Peale, when quite young, became the companion of his father's artistic labors. In compliment to the latter, Washington sat for

a likeness to the novice of eighteen, who says the honor agitated more than it inspired him, and he solicited his father's intercession and countenance on the memorable occasion. Of the precise value of his original sketch it is difficult to form an accurate opinion, but the mature result of his efforts to produce a portrait of Washington has attained a high and permanent fame. He availed himself of the best remembered points, and always worked with Houdon's bust before him. This celebrated picture is the favorite portrait of a large number of amateurs. It is more dark and mellowed in tint, more elaborately worked up, and, in some respects, more effectively arranged, than any of its predecessors. Inclosed in an oval of well-imitated stone fretwork, vigorous in execution, rich in color, the brow, eyes, and mouth, full of character—altogether it is a striking and impressive delineation. That it was thus originally regarded we may infer from the unanimous resolution of the United States Senate, in 1832, appropriating two thousand dollars for its purchase, and from the numerous copies of the original, in military costume, belonging to the artist, which have been and are still ordered. Rembrandt Peale is said to be the only living artist who ever saw Washington. In the pamphlet which he issued to authenticate the work, we find the cordial testimony to its fidelity and other merits of Lawrence Lewis, the eldest nephew of Washington : of the late venerable John Vaughan, of Bishop White, Rufus King, Charles Carroll, Edward Livingston, General Smith, Dr. James Thatcher, and Judge Cranch. Chief Justice Marshall says of it : "It is more Washington himself than any portrait I have ever seen ;" and Judge Peters explains his approval by declaring "I judge from its effect on my heart."

. . . . . .

No artist enjoyed the opportunities of Colonel Trumbull as the portrayer of Washington. As aide-de-camp he was familiar with his appearance in the prime of his life and its most exciting era. At the commencement of the revolutionary struggle, this officer was among the most active, and essentially promoted the secure retreat of the American forces, under General Sullivan, from Rhode Island; he, therefore, largely partook of the spirit of those days, came freely under the influence of Washington's

character as it pervaded the camp, and had ample time and occasion to observe the commander-in-chief in his military aspect, and in social intercourse, on horseback, in the field, and at the hospitable board, in the councils of war, when silently meditating his great work, when oppressed with anxiety, animated by hope, or under the influence of those quick and strong feelings he so early learned to subdue. After Trumbull's resignation, and when far away from the scene of Washington's glory, he painted his head from recollection, so distinctly was every feature and expression impressed upon his mind. In the autumn of 1789 he returned from Europe, and began his sketches of the chiefs and statesmen of the Revolution, afterwards embodied in the pictures that adorn the Rotunda of the Capitol, and the originals of which, invaluable for their authenticity, may now be seen in the gallery at New Haven. Here is preserved the most spirited portrait of Washington that exists—the only reflection of him as a soldier of freedom worthy of the name, drawn from life. The artist's own account of this work is given in his memoirs : "In 1792 I was again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington, now placed in the gallery at New Haven, the best, certainly, of those that I painted, and the best, in my estimation, which exists in his heroic and military character. The city of Charleston, S. C., instructed Mr. W. R. Smith, one of the representatives of South Carolina, to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the great man, and I undertook it *con amore*, as the commission was unlimited, meaning to give his military character at the most sublime moment of its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Trenton, when, viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning by a night march into the country from which he had been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication and destroying the depot of stores at Brunswick." There is a singular felicity in this choice of the moment to represent Washington, for it combines all the most desirable elements of expression characteristic of the man. It is a moment, not of brilliant achievement, but of intrepid conception, when the dignity of thought is united with the sternness of resolve, and the enthusiasm of a daring experiment kindles the

habitual mood of self-control into an unwonted glow. As the artist unfolded his design to Washington, the memory of that eventful night thrilled him anew; he rehearsed the circumstances, described the scene, and his face was lighted up as the memorable crisis in his country's fate and his own career was renewed before him. He spoke of the desperate chance, the wild hope, and the hazardous but fixed determination of that hour; and, as the gratified painter declares, "looked the scene." "The result," he says, "was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the general was satisfied." Whether the observer of the present day accedes to the opinion, that he "happily transferred to the canvas the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the resolve to conquer or perish;" whether the picture comes up to his preconceived ideal of the heroic view of Washington or not, he must admit that it combines great apparent fidelity, with more spirit and the genius of action, than all other portraits.

Although not so familiar as Stuart's, numerous good copies of Trumbull's Washington, some from his own, and others by later pencils, have rendered it almost as well known in this country. Contemporaries give it a decided preference: it recalled the leader of the American armies, the man who was "first in the hearts of his country," ere age relaxed the facial muscles and modified the decisive lines of the mouth; it was associated in their minds with the indignant rebuke at Monmouth, the brilliant surprise at Trenton, and the heroic patience at Valley Forge; it was the Washington of their youth who led the armies of freedom, the modest, the brave, the vigilant, and triumphant chief. Ask an elderly Knickerbocker what picture will give you a good idea of Washington, and he will confidently refer you, as the testimony his father has taught him, to Trumbull's portrait in the City Hall. When Lafayette first beheld a copy of this picture, in a gentleman's house in New Jersey, on his visit to this country, a few years before his death, he uttered an exclamation of delight at its resemblance. An excellent copy, by Vanderlyn, adorns the United States House of Representatives, for the figure in which, George B. Rapalye, Esq., a highly respected citizen of New York, stood with exemplary patience, for many days, wearing a coat, perhaps

the first specimen of American broadcloth, that had been worn by Washington. The air of the figure is as manly and elegant, the look as dignified and commanding, and the brow as practical in its moulding, as in Stuart's representation of him at a more advanced period ; but the face is less round, the profile more aquiline, the complexion has none of the fresh and ruddy hue, and the hair is not yet blanched. It is altogether a keener, more active, less thoughtful, but equally graceful and dignified man. He stands in an easy attitude, in full uniform, with his hand on his horse's neck ; and the most careless observer, though ignorant of the subject, would recognize, at a glance, the image of a brave man, an intelligent officer, and an honorable gentleman. The excellent engraving of Durand has widely disseminated Trumbull's spirited head of Washington.

Although the concurrent testimony of those best fitted to judge, give the palm to Trumbull's portrait, now in the gallery at New Haven, as the most faithful likeness of Washington in his prime, this praise seems to refer rather to the general expression and air than to the details of the face. Trumbull often failed in giving a satisfactory likeness ; he never succeeded in rendering the complexion, as is obvious by comparing that of his picture in the New York City Hall with any or all of Stuart's heads ; the former is yellow, and gives the idea of a bilious temperament, while the latter, in every instance, have the florid, ruddy tint, which, we are assured, was characteristic of Washington, and indicative of his active habits, constant exposure to the elements, and Saxon blood. The best efforts of Trumbull were his first, careful sketches ; he never could elaborate with equal effect ; the collection of small, original heads, from which his historical pictures were drawn, are invaluable, as the most authentic resemblances in existence of our revolutionary heroes. They have a genuine look and a spirited air, seldom discoverable in the enlarged copies.

"Washington," says Trumbull, in describing the picture, "is represented standing on elevated ground, on the south side of the Creek at Trenton, a little below the stone bridge and mill. He has a reconnoitering glass in his hand, with which he is supposed to have been examining

the strength of the hostile army, pouring into and occupying Trenton, which he has just abandoned at their appearance ; and, having ascertained their great superiority, as well in numbers as discipline, he is supposed to have been meditating how to avoid the apparently impending ruin, and to have just formed the plan which he executed during the night. This led to the splendid success at Princeton on the following morning ; and, in the estimation of the great Frederick, placed his military character on a level with that of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times. Behind, and near, an attendant holds his horse. Every minute article of dress, down to the buttons and spurs, and the buckles and straps of the horse furniture, were carefully painted from the different objects."

The gentleman who was the medium of this commission to Trumbull, praised his work ; but aware of the popular sentiment, declared it not calm and peaceful enough to satisfy those for whom it was intended. With reluctance, the painter asked Washington, overwhelmed as he was with official duty, to sit for another portrait, which represents him in his every-day aspect, and therefore better pleased the citizens of Charleston. "Keep this picture," said Washington to the artist, speaking of the first experiment, "and finish it to your own taste." When the Connecticut State Society of Cincinnati dissolved, a few of the members purchased it as a gift to Yale College.

GILBERT STUART's most cherished anticipation when he left England for America, was that of executing a portrait of Washington. A consummate artist in a branch which his own triumphs had proved could be rendered of the highest interest, he eagerly sought illustrious subjects for his pencil. This enthusiasm was increased in the present case, by the unsullied fame and the exalted European reputation of the American hero, by the greatest personal admiration of his character, and by the fact that no satisfactory representation existed abroad of a man whose name was identical with more than Roman patriotism and magnanimity. Stuart, by a series of masterly portraits, had established his renown in London ; he had mingled in the best society ; his vigorous mind was cognizant of all the charms that wit and acumen lend to human intercourse, and he knew the power which genius and will may so readily

command. His own nature was more remarkable for strength than refinement; he was eminently fitted to appreciate practical talents and moral energy; the brave truths of nature, rather than her more delicate effects, were grasped and reproduced by his skill; he might not have done justice to the ideal contour of Shelley, or the gentle features of Mary of Scotland, but could have perfectly reflected the dormant thunder of Mirabeau's countenance, and the argumentative abstraction that knit the brows of Samuel Johnson. He was a votary of truth in her boldest manifestations, and a delineator of character in its normal and sustained elements. The robust, the venerable, the moral picturesque, the mentally characteristic, he seized by intuition; those lines of physiognomy which channeled by will the map of inward life, which years of consistent thought and action trace upon the countenance, the hue that to an observant eye indicates almost the daily vocation, the air suggestive of authority or obedience, firmness or vacillation, the glance of the eye, which is the measure of natural intelligence and the temper of the soul, the expression of the mouth that infallibly betrays the disposition, the tint of hair and mould of features, not only attesting the period of life, but revealing what that life has been, whether toilsome or inert, self-indulgent or adventurous, careworn or pleasurable—these, and such as these records of humanity, Stuart transferred, in vivid colors and most trustworthy outlines, to the canvas. Instinctive, therefore, was his zeal to delineate Washington; a man who, of all the sons of fame, most clearly and emphatically wrote his character in deeds upon the world's heart, whose traits required no imagination to give them effect and no metaphysical insight to unravel their perplexity, but were brought out by the exigencies of the time in distinct relief, as bold, fresh, and true as the verdure of spring and the lights of the firmament, equally recognized by the humblest peasant and the most gifted philosopher.

To trace the history of each of Stuart's portraits of Washington would prove of curious interest. One of his letters to a relative, dated the second of November, 1794, enables us to fix the period of the earliest experiment. "The object of my journey," he says, "is only to secure a portrait of the President and finish yours." One of the succeeding pictures

was bought from the artist's studio by Mr. Tayloe, of Washington, and is, at present, owned by his son, B. Ogle Tayloe, Esq.; another was long in the possession of Madison, and is now in that of Gov. E. Coles, of Philadelphia. The full-length, in the presidential mansion, at the seat of government, was saved through the foresight and care of the late Mrs. Madison, when the city was taken by the British in the last war. Stuart, however, always denied that this copy was by him. Another portrait of undoubted authenticity was offered to and declined by Congress, a few years ago, and is owned by a Boston gentleman; and one graced the hospitable dwelling of Samuel Williams, the London banker. For a long period artistic productions on this side of the water were subjects of ridicule. Tudor not inaptly called the New England country meeting-houses "wooden lanterns;" almost every town boasted an architectural monstrosity, popularly known as somebody's "folly;" the rows of legs in Trumbull's picture of the Signing of the Declaration, obtained for it the sarcastic name, generally ascribed to John Randolph, of "the shin piece;" and Stuart's full-length, originally painted for Lord Lansdowne, with one arm resting on his sword hilt, and the other extended, was distinguished among artists by the title of the "tea-pot portrait," from the resemblance of the outline to the handle and spout of that domestic utensil. The feature usually exaggerated in poor copies, and the least agreeable in the original, is the mouth, resulting from the want of support of those muscles consequent on the loss of teeth, a defect which Stuart vainly attempted to remedy by inserting cotton between the jaw and the lips; and Wilson Peale more permanently, but not less ineffectually, sought to relieve by a set of artificial teeth.

We have seen in Western New York, a cabinet head of Washington which bears strong evidence of Stuart's pencil, and is traced directly by its present owner to his hand, which was purchased of the artist and presented to Mr. Gilbert, a member of Congress from Columbia County, New York, a gentleman who held the original in such veneration that he requested, on his death-bed, to have the picture exhibited to his fading gaze, as it was the last object he desired to behold on earth. The remarks of the latter artist indicate what a study he made of his illustrious

sitter: "There were," he said, "features in his face totally different from what he had observed in any other human being; the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader. All his features were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world." The color of his eyes were a light grayish blue, but according to Mr. Custis, Stuart painted them of a deeper blue, saying, "in a hundred years they will have faded to the right color."

While Congress was in session at Philadelphia, in 1794, Stuart went thither with a letter of introduction to Washington, from John Jay. He first met his illustrious subject on a reception evening, and was spontaneously accosted by him with a greeting of dignified urbanity. Familiar as was the painter with eminent men, he afterwards declared that no human being ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree. For a moment he lost his self-possession—with him an experience quite unprecedented—and it was not until several interviews that he felt himself enough at home with his sitter to give the requisite concentration of mind to his work. This was owing not less to the personal impressiveness of Washington—which all who came in contact with him felt and acknowledged—than to the profound respect and deep interest which the long anticipations of the artist had fostered in his own mind. He failed, probably from this cause, in his first experiment. No portrait-painter has left such a reputation for the faculty of eliciting expression by his social tact, as Stuart. He would even defer his task upon any pretext, until he succeeded in making the sitter, as he said, "look like himself." To induce a natural, unconscious, and characteristic mood, was his initiative step in the execution of a portrait. Innumerable are the anecdotes of his ingenuity and persistence in carrying out this habit. More or less conversant with every topic of general interest, and endowed with rare conversational ability and knowledge of character, he seldom failed to excite the ruling passion, magnetize the prominent idiosyncrasy, or awaken the professional interest of the occupant of his throne, whether statesman, farmer, actor, judge, or merchant; and his fund of

good stories, narrated with dramatic effect, by enchaining the attention or enlisting the sympathies, usually made the delighted listener self-oblivious and demonstrative, when, with an alertness and precision like magic, the watchful limner transferred the vital identity of his preoccupied and fascinated subject, with almost breathing similitude. In Washington, however, he found a less flexible character upon which to scintillate his wit and open his anecdotical battery. Facility of adaptation seldom accompanies great individuality ; and a man whose entire life has been oppressed with responsibility, and in whom the prevalent qualities are conscience and good sense, can scarcely be expected to possess humor and geniality in the same proportion as self-control and reflection. On the professional themes of agriculture and military science, Washington was always ready to converse, if not with enthusiasm, at least in an attentive and intelligent strain ; but the artillery of repartee, and the sallies of fancy, made but a slight impression upon his grave and reserved nature. He was deficient in language—far more a man of action than of words—and had been obliged to think too much on vast interests, to "carry America in his brain," as one of his eulogists has aptly said, to readily unbend in colloquial diversion. By degrees, however, the desirable relation was established between himself and the artist, who, of several portraits, justly gave the preference to the Lansdowne picture and the unfinished one now possessed by the Boston Athenæum. They, doubtless, are the most perfect representations of Washington, as he looked at the time they were executed, and will ever be the standards and resource of subsequent delineators. The latter, supposed by many to have been his original "study," engaged his attention for months. The freshness of color, the studious modeling of the brow, the mingling of clear purpose and benevolence in the eye, and a thorough nobleness and dignity in the whole head, realize all the most intelligent admirer of the original has imagined — not, indeed, when thinking of him as the intrepid leader of armies, but in the last analysis and complete image of the hero in retirement, in all the consciousness of a sublime career, unimpeachable fidelity to a national trust, and the eternal gratitude of a free people. It is this masterpiece of Stuart that has not only perpetu-

ated, but distributed over the globe the resemblance of Washington. It has been sometimes lamented, that so popular a work does not represent him in the aspect of a successful warrior, or in the flush of youth; but there seems to be a singular harmony between this venerable image—so majestic, benignant, and serene—and the absolute character and peculiar example of Washington, separated from what was purely incidental and contingent in his life. Self-control, endurance, dauntless courage, loyalty to a just but sometimes desperate cause, hope through the most hopeless crisis, and a tone of feeling the most exalted, united to habits of candid simplicity, are better embodied in such a calm, magnanimous, mature image, full of dignity and sweetness, than if portrayed in battle array or melodramatic attitude. Let such pictures as David's Napoleon—with prancing steed, flashing eye, and waving sword—represent the mere victor and military genius ; but he who spurned a crown, knew no watchword but duty, no goal but freedom and justice, and no reward but the approval of conscience and the gratitude of a country, lives more appropriately both to memory and in art, under the aspect of a finished life, crowned with the harvest of honor and peace, and serene in the consummation of disinterested purpose.

A letter of Stuart's which appeared in the "New York Evening Post," in 1853,* attested by three gentlemen of Boston, with one from Washing-

* Extract from article in *Evening Post*, N. Y., March 15th, 1853 :—

"It may set this question at rest to state, that Stuart himself has given an account of all the portraits of Washington that he painted.

"A gentleman of Philadelphia has in his possession the originals of the following documents. [*Edit. Post.*]—

"'SIR :—I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham, to sit for you to-morrow at nine o'clock, and wishing to know if it be convenient to you that I should do so, and whether it shall be at your own house (as she talked of the State-House). I send this note to you to ask information.—I am, sir, your obedient servt.,

"'GEO. WASHINGTON.

"'Monday evening, 11*th April*, 1796.'

"This letter was indorsed in Washington's handwriting,—'Mr. Stuart, Chestnut Street.' At the foot of the manuscript are the following certificates :—

"'In looking over my papers to find one that had the signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams of London. I have thought it proper it should be his, especially as he

ton making the appointment for a sitting, proves the error long current in regard both to the dates and the number of this artist's original portraits. He there distinctly states that he never executed but three from life, the first of which was so unsatisfactory that he destroyed it; the second was the picture for Lord Lansdowne; and the third, the one now belonging to the Boston Athenæum. Of these originals he made twenty-six copies. The finishing touches were put to the one in September, 1795, and to the other, at Philadelphia, in the spring of 1796. This last, it appears by a letter of Mr. Custis, which we have examined, was undertaken, against the desire of Washington, and at the earnest solicitation of his wife, who wished a portrait from life, of her illustrious husband, to be placed among the other family pictures at Mount Vernon. For this express purpose, and to gratify her, the artist commenced the work, and Washington agreed to sit once more. It was left, intentionally, unfinished, and when subsequently claimed by Mr. Custis, who offered a premium upon the original price, Stuart excused himself, much to the former's dissatisfaction, on the plea that it was a requisite legacy for his children. Simultaneously with the Lansdowne portrait, the artist executed for William Constable that now in the possession of his grandson,

owns the only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but rubbed it out. I now present this to his brother, Timo Williams, for said Samuel. GT. STUART.

"'Boston, *9th day of March*, 1820.

"'Attest—J. P. Davis.
W. Dutton.
L. Baldwin.'

"'N. B.—Mr Stuart painted in ye *winter season* his first portrait of Washington, but destroyed it. The next painting was ye one owned by S. Williams; the third Mr. S. now has—the two only remain, as above stated. T. W.'

"The picture alluded to in the above note of the late Timo Williams, as being then in Mr. Stuart's possession, is the one now in the Boston Athenæum; and that which belonged to the late Samuel Williams, Esq., alluded to in Mr. Stuart's note above quoted, is yet extant and owned by the son of an American gentleman (John D. Lewis, Esq.,), who died in London some years since, where it still remains. Mr. Williams had paid for it at the sale of the personal effects of the Marquis of Lansdowne,—to whom it was originally presented by Mr. Bingham of Philadelphia,—two thousand guineas.

"It is this portrait, full length and full size, from which the bad engraving was made by Heath, so many copies of which are still to be seen in this country."

Henry E. Pierrepont, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I. Motives of personal friendship induced the artist to exert his best skill in this instance ; it is a facsimile of its prototype, and the expression has been thought even more noble and of higher significance, more in accordance with the traditional character of the subject, than the Athenæum picture. It has the eyes looking off, and not at the spectator as in the latter. Mr. Constable, the original proprietor, was aide to General Washington; and when Lafayette visited this country in 1824, upon entering the drawing room at Brooklyn Heights, where the picture hangs, he exclaimed, "That is my old friend, indeed!" Colonel Nicholson Fish, and General Van Rensselaer, joined in attesting the superior correctness of the likeness.

The usual objection to Stuart's Washington is a certain feebleness about the lines of the mouth, which does not correspond with the distinct outline of the frontal region, the benign yet resolved eye, and the harmonious dignity of the entire head; but this defect was an inevitable result of the loss of teeth, and their imperfect substitution by a false set. In view of the state of the arts in this country at the period, and the age of Washington, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that we have so pleasing and satisfactory a portrait, and exclaim, with Leslie, "how fortunate it was that a painter existed in the time of Washington, who could hand him down looking like a gentleman!" Dr. Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice, said that Washington did not resemble Pine's portrait, when he knew him, that Wertmuller's had too French a look, another by Wertmuller had eyes too light, but that Stuart's was prodigiously "like."

Opinions are quite diverse in regard to the WERTMULLER portrait. There are many points of executive merit in the original not completely rendered in the engraving; the air of the head, the grave and refined look, well-arranged hair, neat ruffles, and old-fashioned coat, sprinkled at the shoulders with powder, at once gave the somewhat vague yet unmistakable impression of "the portrait of a gentleman." There is an expression of firmness and clear-sightedness, and an erect, brave attitude which reveals the soldier; and there is more animation than we are accustomed to see in portraits of Washington. The latter trait is probably

that which led to the selection of this picture as an illustration to Irving's "Biography."

ADOLPHE ULRIC WERTMULLER was a devoted student of art, but his taste and style were chiefly formed under the influence of the old French Academy—and long before the delicate adherence to nature which now redeems the best modern pictures of French artists, had taken the place of a certain artificial excellence and devotion to mere effect. The career of this accomplished painter was marked by singular vicissitudes: a native of Stockholm, after preparatory studies there, he went to Paris, and remained several years acquiring both fame and fortune by his pencil; the latter, however, was nearly all lost by the financial disasters at the outbreak of the revolution, and Wertmuller embarked for America, and arrived in Philadelphia in 1794. He was well received and highly estimated; Washington sat to him;* in 1796 he returned to Europe, but, after a brief period, the failure of a commercial house at Stockholm, in whose care he had placed his funds, so vexed him, that he returned to Philadelphia in 1800, where he soon after exhibited his large and beautiful picture of "Danae"—which, while greatly admired for the executive talent it displayed, was too exceptionable a subject to meet with the approbation of the sober citizens, whose sense of propriety was so much more vivid than their enthusiasm for art. Wertmuller soon after married a lady of Swedish descent, purchased a farm in Delaware county, Penn., and resided there in much comfort and tranquillity, until his death in 1812. His pictures were sold at auction; and a small copy of the "Danae" brought $500; the original, some years after, being purchased in New York for three times that sum. In an appreciative notice of him, which appeared soon after his death in a leading literary journal, there is the following just reference to his portrait of Washington: "It has been much praised and frequently copied on the continent of Europe; but it has a forced and foreign air, into which the painter seems to have fallen by losing sight of the noble presence before him, in an attempt after ideal dignity." †

* See notice of Wertmuller in *Analectic Magazine*, 1815.

† *Analectic Magazine.*

Wertmuller was eminent in his day for miniatures and oil portraits. Our first knowledge of him was derived from the superb picture of Danae, which, for some time, occupied a nook, curtained from observation, in the studio of the late Henry Inman, of New York, and it was exhibited in Washington City, thirty years ago. There was fine drawing and rich color in this voluptuous creation—enough to convey a high idea of the skill and grace of the artist. With this picture vividly in the mind, it is difficult to realize that the chaste, subdued portrait of Washington was from the same hand.

It was confidently asserted, that Washington invariably noted in his diary his sittings to portrait painters, and that no entry appears in reference to this picture. Its claim to originality was, therefore, questioned. With the impatience of the whole subject, however, that Washington confessed at last, he may have ceased to record what became a penance ; and were the picture satisfactory in other respects, we should not be disposed to complain that it was skillfully combined from other portraits. But, in our view, the engraving, at least, has intrinsic faults. It is neither the Washington familiar to observation as portrayed, nor to fancy as idealized. There is a self-conscious expression about the mouth, not visible in Stuart's or Trumbull's heads, and out of character in itself ; the eyebrows are raised so as to indicate either a supercilious or a surprised mood, both alien to Washington's habitual state of mind ; it is impossible for the brows to be knit between the eyes, and arched over them at the same time, as in this engraving ; the eyes themselves have a staring look ; the animation so much wanted is here obtained at the expense of that serenity which was a normal characteristic of the man ; we miss the modesty, the latent power, the placid strength, so intimately associated with the looks as well as the nature of Washington ; the visage is too elongated ; compared with the Athenæum portrait this picture has a commonplace expression ; it does not approach it in moral elevation ; we should pass it by in a gallery as the likeness of a gentleman and a brave officer, but not linger over it as the incarnation of disinterested, magnanimous, loyal courage, such as lent a certain unconscious, impressive, and superior aspect to Washing

ton, and divided him, by an infinite distance, from the mob of vulgar heroes.

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The latest and most triumphant attempt to embody and illustrate the features, form, and character of Washington in statuary, was made by the late American sculptor—THOMAS CRAWFORD. How well he studied, and how adequately he reproduced the head of his illustrious subject, may be realized by a careful examination of the noble and expressive marble bust of Washington from his chisel, now in the possession of John Ward, Esq., of New York. Essentially, and as far as contour and proportions are concerned, based upon the model of Houdon,—this beautiful and majestic effigy is instinct with the character of its subject, so that while satisfactory in detail as a resemblance caught from nature, it, at the same time, is executed in a spirit perfectly accordant with the traditional impressions and the instinctive ideas whence we derive our ideal of the man, the chieftain, and the patriot; the moulding of the brow, the *pose* of the head, and especially the expression of the mouth, are not less authentic and effective. But the crowning achievement of this artist is in his equestrian statue executed for the State of Virginia, and now the grand trophy and ornament of her Capitol. "When on the evening of his arrival, Crawford went to see, for the first time, his Washington in bronze at the Munich foundry, he was surprised at the dusky precincts of the vast area; suddenly torches flashed illumination on the magnificent horse and rider, and simultaneously burst forth from a hundred voices a song of triumph and jubilee; thus the delighted Germans congratulated their gifted brother and hailed the sublime work—typical to them of American freedom, patriotism, and genius. The Bavarian king warmly recognized its original merits and consummate effect; the artists would suffer no inferior hands to pack and despatch it to the sea-side; peasants greeted its triumphal progress; the people of Richmond were emulous to share the task of conveying it from the quay to Capitol Hill; mute admiration, followed by ecstatic cheers, hailed its unveiling, and the most gracious native eloquence inaugurated its erection. We might descant upon the union of majesty and spirit in the figure of Washington,

and the vital truth of action in the horse, the air of command and of rectitude, the martial vigor and grace, so instantly felt by the popular heart, and so critically praised by the adept in sculpture cognizant of the difficulties to overcome, and the impression to be absolutely conveyed by such a work in order to make it at once true to nature and to character; we might repeat the declaration that no figure, ancient or modern, so entirely illustrates the classical definition of oratory, as consisting in action, as the statue of Patrick Henry, one of the grand accessories of the work,—which seems instinct with that memorable utterance, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" By a singular and affecting coincidence, the news of Crawford's death reached the United States simultaneously with the arrival of the ship containing this colossal bronze statue of Washington—his "crowning achievement." In this work, the first merit is *naturalness;* although full of equine ardor, the graceful and noble animal is evidently subdued by his rider; calm power is obvious in the man; restrained eagerness in the horse; Washington's left hand is on the snaffle bridle, which is drawn back; he sits with perfect ease and dignity, the head and face a little turned to the left, as if his attention had just been called in that direction, either in expectancy, or to give an order; he points forward and a little upwards; the figure is erect, the chest thrown forward, the knees pressed to the saddle, the heel nearly beneath the shoulder, and the sole of the foot almost horizontal. The seat is a military and not a hunting seat; the horse is recognized by one acquainted with breeds, as "a charger of Arab blood."

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His hands were large, as became one inured to practical achievement; his forehead was of that square mould that accompanies an executive mind, not swelling at the temples, as in the more ideal conformation of poetical men; a calm and benevolent light usually gleamed from his eyes, and they flashed at times, with valorous purpose or stern indignation; but they were not remarkably large as in persons of more fluency, and foretold Washington's natural deficiency in language, proclaiming the man of deeds, not words; neither had they the liquid hue of extreme sensibility, nor the varying light of an unsubdued temperament; the

habitual expression was self-possessed, serene, and thoughtful. There was a singular breadth to the face, invariably preserved by Stuart, but not always by Trumbull, who often gives an aquiline and somewhat elongated visage ; no good physiognomist can fail to see in his nose that dilatation of the nostril and prominence of the ridge which belong to resolute and spirited characters ; the distance between the eyes marks a capacity to measure distances and appreciate form and the relation of space ; but these special traits are secondary to the carriage of the body, and the expression of the whole face, in which appear to have blended an unparalleled force of impression. When fully possessed of the details of his remarkable countenance, and inspired by the record of his career, we turn from the description of those who beheld the man, on horseback, at the head of an army, presiding over the national councils, or seated in the drawing-room, to any of the portraits, we feel that no artist ever caught his best look, or transmitted his features when kindled by that matchless soul. If we compare any selection of engravings with each other, so inferior are the greater part extant, we find such glaring discrepancies that doubts multiply ; and we realize that art never did entire justice to the idea, the latent significance, and the absolute character of Washington. There is dignity in Houdon's bust, an effective facial angle in the crayon of Sharpless, and elegance, wisdom, and benignity in Stuart's head ; but what are they, each and all, in contrast with the visage we behold in fancy, and revere in heart ? It has been ingeniously remarked, that the letters received by an individual indicate his character better than those he writes, because they suggest what he elicits from others, and thereby furnish the best key to his scope of mind and temper of soul ; on the same principle the likeness drawn, not from the minute descriptions, but the vivid impressions of those brought into intimate contact with an illustrious character, are the most reliable materials for his portrait ; they reflect the man in the broad mirror of humanity, and are the faithful daguerreotypes which the vital radiance of his nature leaves on the consciousness of mankind.

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II.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

[The original MS. of the Farewell Address, in Washington's handwriting, and with his revisions and alterations, having been purchased by James Lenox, Esquire, of New York, that gentleman caused a few copies of it, with some illustrative documents, to be printed for private distribution. By permission of Mr. Lenox it is here reprinted, with the alterations, and with his explanatory remarks.]

PREFACE.

THIS reprint of Washington's Farewell Address to the people of the United States, is made from the original manuscript recently sold in Philadelphia by the administrators of the late Mr. David C. Claypoole, in whose possession it had been from the date of its first publication. The paper is *entirely* in the autograph of Washington: no one acquainted with his handwriting can inspect it, and doubt for a moment the statements to that effect made by Mr. Claypoole and Mr. Rawle.

Upon examining the manuscript, it was found that, in addition to its importance as an historical document, and its value from being in the autograph of Washington, it was of great interest as a literary curiosity, and threw light upon the disputed question of the authorship of the Address. It clearly shows the process by which that paper was wrought into the form in which it was first given to the public; and notes written on the margin of passages and paragraphs, which have been erased, prove, almost beyond a doubt, that this draft was submitted to the judgment of other persons. Such memoranda were unnecessary either for Washington's own direction on a subsequent revision, or for the guidance of the printer; but he might very naturally thus note the reasons which had led him to make the alterations before he asked the advice

and opinion of his friends. It seems probable, therefore, that this is the very draft sent to General Hamilton and Chief Justice Jay, as related in the letter of the latter. Some of the alterations, however, were evidently made during the writing of the paper; for in a few instances a part, and even the whole, of a sentence is struck out, which afterwards occurs in the body of the address.

Mr. Claypoole's description of the appearance of the manuscript is very accurate. There are many alterations, corrections, and interlineations: and whole sentences and paragraphs are sometimes obliterated. All these, however, have been deciphered without much trouble, and carefully noted.

It was thought best to leave the text in this edition as it was first printed: only two slight verbal variations were found between the corrected manuscript, and the common printed copies. All the interlineations and alterations are inserted in brackets [ ], and where, in any case, words or sentences have been struck out, either with or without corrections in the text to supply their place, these portions have been deciphered and are printed in notes at the foot of the page. The reader will thus be enabled to perceive at a glance the changes made in the composition of the Address; and if the draft made by General Hamilton, and read by him to Mr. Jay, should be published, it will be seen how far Washington adopted the modifications and suggestions made by them.

When this preface was thus far prepared for the press, an opportunity was afforded, through the kindness of John C. Hamilton, Esquire, to examine several letters which passed between Washington and General Hamilton relating to the Address, and also a copy of it in the handwriting of the latter. It appears from these communications that the President, both in sending to him a rough draft of the document, and at subsequent dates, requested him to prepare such an Address as he thought would be appropriate to the occasion; that Washington consulted him particularly, and most minutely, on many points connected with it; and that at different times General Hamilton laid forward to the President three drafts of such a paper. The first was sent back to him with suggestions for its correction and enlargement: from the second draft thus altered and improved, the manuscript now printed may be supposed to have been prepared by Washington, and transmitted for final examination to General Hamilton and Judge Jay; and with it the third draft was returned to the President, and may probably yet be found among his papers.

The copy in the possession of Mr. Hamilton is probably the second of these

three drafts: it is very much altered and corrected throughout. In comparing it with that in Washington's autograph, the sentiments are found to be the same, and the words used are very frequently identical. Some of the passages erased in the manuscript are in the draft: three paragraphs, namely, those on pages 50, 51, and 52, have nothing corresponding to them in the draft: but a space is left in it, evidently for the insertion of additional matter. The comparison of these two papers is exceedingly curious. It is difficult to conceive how two persons should express the same ideas in substantially the same language, and yet with much diversity in the construction of the sentences, and the position of the words.

J. L.

NEW YORK, *April* 12, 1850.

FAREWELL ADDRESS.

FRIENDS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS :—

The period for a new election of a Citizen, to administer the Executiv Government of the United States, being not far distant, and the tim actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating th person, who is to be clothed with that important trust [*], it appears t me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression c the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I hav formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out c whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, tha this resolution has not been taken, without a strict regard to all the con siderations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen t his country—and that, in withdrawing the tender of service which silenc in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zea for your future interest, no deficiency of grateful respect for your pa kindness; but [am supported by] † a full conviction that the step is com patible with both.

The acceptance of, and continuance hitherto in, the office to which you suffrages have twice called me, have been a uniform sacrifice of inclin

* for another term † act under

tion to the opinion of duty, and to a deference for what appeared to be your desire.—I constantly hoped, that it would have been much earlier in my power, consistently with motives which I was not at liberty to disregard, to return to that retirement, from which I had been reluctantly drawn.—The strength of my inclination to do this, previous to the last election, had even led to the preparation of an address to declare it to you; but mature reflection on the then perplexed and critical posture of our affairs with foreign Nations, and the unanimous advice of persons entitled to my confidence, impelled me to abandon the idea.—

I rejoice that the state of your concerns, external as well as internal, no longer renders the pursuit of inclination incompatible with the sentiment of duty, or propriety; and [am persuaded] * whatever partiality [may be retained] † for my services, [that] ‡ in the present circumstances of our country [you] will not disapprove my determination to retire.

The impressions, [with] § which I first [undertook] ‖ the arduous trust, were explained on the proper occasion. In the discharge of this trust, I will only say that I have, with good intentions, contributed [towards] ¶ the organization and administration of the government, the best exertions of which a very fallible judgment was capable. Not unconscious, in the outset, of the inferiority of my qualifications, experience in my own eyes, [perhaps] still more in the eyes of others, has [strengthened] ** the motives to diffidence of myself; and every day the increasing weight of years admonishes me more and more, that the shade of retirement is as necessary to me as it will be welcome.—Satisfied that if any circumstances have given peculiar value to my services, they were temporary, I have the consolation to believe, that, while choice and prudence invite me to quit the political scene, patriotism does not forbid it. [††]

* that † any portion of you may yet retain ‡ even they
§ under ‖ accepted ¶ to ** not lessened

†† May I also have that of knowing in my retreat, that the involuntary errors, I have probably committed, have been the sources of no serious or lasting mischief to our country. I may then expect to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government; the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, I trust, of our mutual cares, dangers, and labours.

In the margin opposite this paragraph is the following note in Washington's autograph also erased, "obliterated to avoid the imputation of affected modesty."

In looking forward to the moment, which is [intended] to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment [of]* that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country,—for the many honors it has conferred upon me; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though [in usefulness unequal]† to my zeal.—If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that, [‡] under circumstances in which the Passions agitated in every direction were liable to [mislead],§ amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging—in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism [the constancy of your support] was the essential prop of the efforts and [a]‖ guarantee of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to the grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows [¶] that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence—that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual—that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained—that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue—that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these States, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing as will acquire to them the glory [**] of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop.—But a solicitude for your welfare which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, [urge me, on an occasion like the present, to

* demanded by
‡ the constancy of your support.
‖ the
** or satisfaction
† unequal in usefulness
§ wander and fluctuate
¶ the only return I can henceforth make

offer] * to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation [†], and which appear to me all important to the permanency of your felicity as a people.—These will be offered to you with the more freedom as you can only see in them, the disinterested warnings of a departed friend, who can [possibly] have no personal motive to bias his counsels.—[Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.]

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.—

The Unity of Government which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you.—It is justly so ;—for it is a main Pillar in the Edifice of your real independence ; [the support] of your tranquillity at home ; your peace abroad ; of your safety; [‡] of your prosperity [§] ; of that very Liberty which you so highly prize.—But, as it is easy to foresee, that from [different] ‖ causes, and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth :—as this is the point in your [political] fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively (though often covertly and insidiously) directed, it is of infinite moment, that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national Union to your collective and individual happiness ; —that you should cherish [¶] a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment [to it, accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned, and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any

* encouraged by the remembrance of your indulgent reception of my sentiments on an occasion not dissimilar to the present, urge me to offer

† and experience ‡ in every relation § in every shape

‖ various ¶ towards it

portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.] *—

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest.—Citizens [by birth or choice of a common country],† that country has a right to concentrate your affections.—The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of Patriotism, more than any appellation [‡] derived from local discriminations. —With slight shades of difference, you have the same Religion, Manners, Habits, and political Principles.—You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together.—The Independence and Liberty you possess are the work of joint councils and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.—

But these considerations, however powerfully they address themselves to your sensibility, are greatly outweighed by those which apply more immediately to your Interest.—Here every portion of our country finds the most commanding motives for carefully guarding and preserving the Union of the whole.

The *North* in an [unrestrained] § intercourse with the *South*, protected by the equal Laws of a common government, finds in the productions of the latter [‖] great additional resources of maritime and commercial enterprise—and precious materials of manufacturing industry.—The *South* in the same intercourse benefiting by the agency of the *North*, sees its agriculture grow and its commerce expand. Turning partly into its own channels the seamen of the *North*, it finds its particular navigation invigorated ;—and while it contributes, in different ways, to nourish and increase the general mass of the national navigation, it looks forward to the protection of a maritime strength to which itself is unequally adapted. —The *East*, in a like intercourse with the *West*, already finds, and is

* that you should accustom yourselves to reverence it as the Palladium of your political safety and prosperity, adapting constantly your words and actions to that momentous idea ; that you should watch for its preservation with jealous anxiety discountenance whatever may suggest a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned ; and frown upon the first dawning of any attempt to alienate any portion of our Country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the several parts.

† of a common country by birth or choice

‡ to be

§ unfettered

‖ many of the peculiar

the progressive improvement of interior communications, by land and water, will more and more find, a valuable vent for the commodities which it brings from abroad, or manufactures at home.—The *West* derives from the *East* supplies requisite to its growth and comfort, and what is perhaps of still greater consequence, it must of necessity owe the *secure* enjoyment of indispensable *outlets* for its own productions to the weight, influence, and the future maritime strength of the Atlantic-side of the Union, directed by an indissoluble community of interest, as *one Nation.* [Any other] * tenure by which the *West* can hold this essential advantage, [whether derived] † from its own separate strength or from what an apostate and unnatural connection with any foreign Power, must be intrinsically precarious. [‡]

[§] While [then] every part of our Country thus [feels] ‖ an immediate and particular interest in Union, all the parts ¶ [combined cannot fail to find] in the united mass of means and efforts [**] greater strength, greater resource, proportionably greater security from external danger, a less frequent interruption of their peace by foreign Nations ; and, [what is] †† of inestimable value ! they must derive from Union an exemption from those broils and wars between themselves, which [so frequently] ‡‡ afflict neighboring countries, not tied together by the same government ; which their own rivalships alone would be sufficient to produce ; but which opposite foreign alliances, attachments and intrigues would stimulate and embitter.—Hence likewise they will avoid the necessity of those overgrown Military establishments, which under any form of Government, are inauspicious to liberty, and which [are to be regarded] §§ as particularly hostile to Republican Liberty : In this sense it is, that your Union ought to be considered as a main prop of your Liberty, and that the love of the one ought to endear to you the preservation of the other.

These considerations speak a persuasive language to [every] ‖‖ reflecting

* The † either

‡ liable every moment to be disturbed by the fluctuating combinations of the primary interests of Europe, which must be expected to regulate the conduct of the Nations of which it is composed.

§ And ‖ finds ¶ of it ** cannot fail to find †† which is an advantage

‡‡ inevitably §§ there is reason to regard ‖‖ any

and virtuous mind,—[and]* exhibit the continuance of the Union as a primary object of Patriotic desire.—Is there a doubt, whether a common government can embrace so large a sphere? Let experience solve it.—To listen to mere speculation in such a case were criminal.—[We are authorized] † to hope that a proper organization of the whole, with the auxiliary agency of governments for the respective subdivisions, will afford a happy issue to the experiment. 'Tis well worth a fair and full experiment. [‡] With such powerful and obvious motives to Union, [affecting] § all parts of our country [‖], while experience shall not have demonstrated its impracticability, there will always be [reason] ¶ to distrust the patriotism of those, who in any quarter may endeavor to weaken its bands. [**]—

In contemplating the causes which may disturb our Union, it occurs as matter of serious concern, that [any ground should have been furnished for characterizing parties by] †† *Geographical* discriminations—*Northern* and *Southern*—*Atlantic* and *Western;* [whence designing men may en-

* they

† 'Tis natural

‡ It may not impossibly be found, that the spirit of party, the machinations of foreign powers, the corruption and ambition of individual citizens are more formidable adversaries to the Unity of our Empire than any inherent difficulties in the scheme. Against these the mounds of national opinion, national sympathy, and national jealousy ought to be raised.

§ as

‖ have

¶ cause in the effect itself

** Besides the more serious causes already hinted as threatening our Union, there is one less dangerous, but sufficiently dangerous to make it prudent to be upon our guard against it. I allude to the petulance of party differences of opinion. It is not uncommon to hear the irritations which these excite vent themselves in declarations that the different parts of the United States are ill affected to each other, in menaces that the Union will be dissolved by this or that measure. Intimations like these are as indiscreet as they are intemperate. Though frequently made with levity and without any really evil intention, they have a tendency to produce the consequence which they indicate. They teach the minds of men to consider the Union as precarious;—as an object to which they ought not to attach their hopes and fortunes;—and thus chill the sentiment in its favour. By alarming the pride of those to whom they are addressed, they set ingenuity at work to depreciate the value of the thing, and to discover reasons of indifference towards it. This is not wise.—It will be much wiser to habituate ourselves to reverence the Union as the palladium of our national happiness; to accommodate constantly our words and actions to that idea, and to discountenance whatever may suggest a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned. (In the margin opposite this *paragraph* are the words, "Not important enough.")

†† our parties for some time past have been too much characterized by

deavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views.] * One of the expedients of Party to acquire influence, within particular districts, is to misrepresent the opinions and aims of other districts.—You cannot shield yourselves too much against the jealousies and heartburnings which spring from these misrepresentations;—They tend to render alien to each other those who ought to be bound together by fraternal affection.—The inhabitants of our Western country have lately had a useful lesson on this [head.] †—They have seen, in the negotiation by the Executive, and in the unanimous ratification by the Senate, of the Treaty with Spain, and in the universal satisfaction at that event, throughout the United States, a decisive proof how unfounded were the suspicions propagated among them of a policy in the General Government and in the Atlantic States unfriendly to their interests in regard to the MISSISSIPPI.—They have been witnesses to the formation of two Treaties, that with G. Britain, and that with Spain, which secure to them everything they could desire, in respect to our foreign Relations towards confirming their prosperity.—Will it not be their wisdom to rely for the preservation of these advantages on the UNION by which they were procured?—Will they not henceforth be deaf to those advisers, if such there are, who would sever them from their Brethren, and connect them with Aliens?—

To the efficacy and permanency of your Union, a Government for the whole is indispensable.—No alliances however strict between the parts can be an adequate substitute.—They must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced.—Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your

* These discriminations, —— the mere contrivance of the spirit of Party, (always dexterous to seize every handle by which the passions can be wielded, and too skilful not to turn to account the sympathy of neighbourhood), have furnished an argument against the Union as evidence of a real difference of local interests and views; and serve to hazard it by organizing larger districts of country, under the leaders of contending factions; whose rivalships, prejudices, and schemes of ambition, rather than the true interests of the Country, will direct the use of their influence. If it be possible to correct this poison in the habit of our body politic, it is worthy the endeavors of the moderate and the good to effect it.

† subject.

first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government, better calculated than your former for an intimate Union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.—This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support.—Respect for its authority, compliance with its Laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true Liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitutions of Government.—But the Constitution which at any time exists, 'till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole People, is sacredly obligatory upon all.—The very idea of the power and the right of the People to establish Government, presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established Government.

All obstructions to the execution of the Laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with [the real] design to direct, controul, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency.—They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force—to put, [*] in the place of the delegated will of the Nation, the will of a party;—often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community;—and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common councils and modified by mutual interests.—However combinations or associations of the above description may now and then answer popular ends, [†] they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become potent engines, by which cunning, ambitious and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the People, and to usurp for themselves the reins of

* it † and purposes

Government; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.—

Towards the preservation of your Government and the permanency of your present happy state, it is requisite, not only that you steadily discountenance irregular opposition to its acknowledged authority, but also that you resist with care [the]* spirit of innovation upon its principles however specious the pretexts.—One method of assault may be to effect, in the forms of the Constitution, alterations which will impair the energy of the system, [and thus to]† undermine what cannot be directly overthrown. In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of Governments, as of other human institutions—that experience is the surest standard, by which to test the real tendency of the existing Constitution of a Country—that facility in changes upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion :—and remember, especially, that for the efficient management of your common interests in a country so extensive as ours, a Government of as much vigour as is consistent with the perfect security of Liberty is indispensable—Liberty itself will find in such a Government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. —[It is indeed little else than a name, where the Government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of the Society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.]‡

I have already intimated to you the danger of Parties in the State, with particular reference to the founding of them on Geographical discriminations.—Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party, generally.

This Spirit, unfortunately, is inseparable from [our]§ nature, having

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‡ Owing to you as I do a frank and free disclosure of my heart, I shall not conceal from you the belief I entertain, that your Government as at present constituted is far more likely to prove too feeble than too powerful.

§ human

its root in the strongest passions of the [human] mind.—It exists under different shapes in all Governments, more or less stifled, controuled or repressed ; but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, and is truly their worst enemy.—[*]

The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism.—But this leads at length to a more formal and permanent despotism.—The disorders and miseries, which result, gradually incline the minds of men to seek security and repose in the absolute power of an Individual : and sooner or later the chief of some prevailing faction, more able or more fortunate than his own competitors, turns this disposition to the purposes of his own elevation, on the ruins of Public Liberty.

Without looking forward to an extremity of this kind (which nevertheless ought not to be entirely out of sight), the common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of Party are sufficient to make it the interest and the duty of a wise People to discourage and restrain it.—

It serves always to distract the Public Councils and enfeeble the Public administration.—It agitates the community with ill-founded jealousies and false alarms, kindles the animosity of one part against another, foments occasionally riot and insurrection.—It opens the door to foreign influence and corruption, which find a facilitated access [to the Govern-

* In Republics of narrow extent, it is not difficult for those who at any time hold the reins of Power, and command the ordinary public favor, to overturn the established [constitution]* in favor of their own aggrandizement.—The same thing may likewise be too often accomplished in such Republics, by partial combinations of men, who though not in office, from birth, riches or other sources of distinction, have extraordinary influence and numerous [adherents] †—By debauching the Military force, by surprising some commanding citadel, or by some other sudden and unforeseen movement the fate of the Republic is decided.—But in Republics of large extent, usurpation can scarcely make its way through these avennes.—The powers and opportunities of resistance of a wide extended and numerous nation, defy the successful efforts of the ordinary Military force, or of any collections which wealth and patronage may call to their aid.—In such Republics, it is safe to assert, that the conflicts of popular factions are the chief, if not the only inlets, of usurpation and Tyranny.

* order

† retainers

ment itself through the channels of party passions. Thus, the policy and the will of one country, are subjected to the policy and will of another.]*

There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the Administration of the Government, and serve to keep alive the Spirit of Liberty.—This within certain limits is probably true—and in Governments of a Monarchical cast, Patriotism may look with indulgence, if not with favour, upon the spirit of party.—But in those of the popular character, in Governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged.—From their natural tendency, it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose,—and there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it.—A fire not to be quenched; it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, [instead of warming, it should] † consume.—

It is important, likewise, that the habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration, to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres; avoiding in the exercise of the powers of one department to encroach upon another. —The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one, and thus to create, [‡] whatever [the form of government, a real] § despotism.—A just estimate of that love of power, and [‖] proneness to abuse it, which predominates in the human heart, is sufficient to satisfy us of the truth of this position.—The necessity of reciprocal checks in the exercise of political power, by dividing and distributing it into different depositories, and constituting each the Guardian of the Public Weal [against] ¶ invasions by the others, has been evinced by experiments ancient and modern; some of them in our country and under our own eyes.—To preserve them must be as necessary as to institute them.—If in the opinion of the People, the distribution or modification of the Constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be

* through the channels of party passions. It frequently subjects the policy of our own country to the policy of some foreign country, and even enslaves the will of our Government to the will of some foreign Government.

† it should not only warm, bu

‡ under § forms, a ‖ the ¶ from

corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates.—But let there be no change by usurpation ; for though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the [customary]* weapon by which free governments are destroyed.—The precedent [†] must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or [transient] ‡ benefit which the use [§] can at any time yield.—

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, Religion and morality are indispensable supports.—In vain would that man claim the tribute of Patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great Pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of Men and Citizens.—The mere Politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them.—A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.—Let it simply be asked where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation *desert* the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in the Courts of Justice ? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion.—Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure—reason and experience doth forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle.—

'Tis substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government.—The rule indeed extends with more or less force to every species of Free Government.—Who that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric ?—

[Promote then as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge.—In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.]—‖

* usual and natural † of its use ‡ temporary § itself

‖ Cultivate industry and frugality, as auxiliaries to good morals and sources of private and public prosperity.—Is there not room to regret that our propensity to expense exceeds our means for it ? Is there not more luxury among us and more diffusively than suits the actual stage of our national progress ? Whatever may be the apology

As a very important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as [sparingly] * as possible;—avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it—avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by [shunning] † occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertions in time of Peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burthen which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your Representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should [co-operate.] ‡—To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind, that towards the payment of debts there must be Revenue—that to have Revenue there must be taxes—that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant—that the intrinsic embarrassment inseparable from the selection of the proper objects (which is always a choice of difficulties) ought to be a decisive motive for a candid construction of the conduct of the Government in making it, and for a spirit of acquiescence in the measures for obtaining Revenue which the public exigencies may at any time dictate.—

Observe good faith and justice towards all Nations. [§] Cultivate peace and harmony with all.—Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?—It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.—Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it?

for luxury in a country, mature in the Arts which are its ministers, and the cause of national opulence—can it promote the advantage of a young country, almost wholly agricultural, in the infancy of the Arts, and certainly not in the maturity of wealth?

(Over this paragraph in the original a piece of paper is wafered, on which the passage is written as printed in the text.)

* little † avoiding ‡ coincide

§ and cultivate peace and harmony with all. for in public as well as in private transactions, I am persuaded that honesty w[illegible] found to be the best policy.

Can it be, that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature.—Alas! is it rendered impossible by its vices?

In the execution of such a plan nothing is more essential than that [permanent, inveterate]* antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings towards all should be cultivated.—The Nation, which indulges towards another [an]† habitual hatred or [an]‡ habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interests.—Antipathy in one Nation against another [§] disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage, and to be haughty and intractable, when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur.—Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests.—The Nation prompted by ill-will and resentment sometimes impels to War the Government, contrary to [the best]‖ calculations of policy. The Government sometimes participates in the [national] propensity, and adopts through passion what reason would reject;—at other times, it makes the animosity of the Nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition, and other sinister and pernicious motives.—The peace often, sometimes perhaps the Liberty, of Nations has been the victim.—

So likewise a passionate attachment of one Nation for another produces a variety of evils.—Sympathy for the favourite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in case where no common interest exists, and infusing into one [¶] the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification: It leads also to concessions to the favourite Nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the Nation making the concessions; [**] by unnecessarily parting with

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§ begets of course a similar sentiment in that other. ‖ its own
¶ another ** 1stly

what ought to have been retained,* and by exciting jealousy, ill-will, and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld ; and it gives to ambitious, corrupted, or deluded citizens (who devote themselves to the favourite Nation) facility to betray, or sacrifice the interests of their own country without odium, sometimes even with popularity :—gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable deference for public opinion, or a laudable zeal for public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption, or infatuation.—

As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways, such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot.—How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic factions, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils ! Such an attachment of a small or weak, towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence [I conjure you to] believe me, [fellow-citizens],† the jealousy of a free people ought to be [constantly]‡ awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican Government.—But that jealousy to be useful must be impartial ; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defence against it.—Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts of influence on the other.—Real Patriots, who may resist the intrigues of the favourite, are liable to become suspected and odious ; while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, to surrender their interests.—

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign Nations is, [in extending our commercial relations], to have with them as little *Political* connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engage-

*2dly † my friends ‡ incessantly

ments let them be fulfilled with [*] perfect good faith.—Here let us stop.—

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation.—Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns.—Hence therefore it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by [†] artificial [ties] ‡ in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, [or] § the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships, or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course.—If we remain one People, under an efficient government, the period is not far off, when we may defy material injury from external annoyance ; when we take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve [upon] ‖ to be scrupulously respected.—When [¶] belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will [not] lightly hazard the giving us provocation [**] ; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by [††] justice shall counsel.—

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation ?—Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground ?—Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humour or caprice ?—

'Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances [‡‡] with any portion of the foreign world ;—so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it—for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to [existing] §§ engagements, [(I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs] ‖‖, that honesty is [always] the best policy).—[I repeat it therefore let those engagements] ¶¶ be observed in their genuine sense.—But in my opinion it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.—

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a

* circumspection indeed, but with
† an
‡ connection
§ in
‖ to observe
¶ neither of two
** to throw our weight into the opposite scale ;
†† our
‡‡ intimate connections
§§ pre-existing
‖‖ for I hold it to be as true in public as in private transactions,
¶¶ those must

respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to [temporary] * alliances for extraordinary emergencies.——

Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest.—But even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand :—neither seeking nor granting exclusive favours and preferences ;—consulting the natural course of things ;—diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce, but forcing nothing ;—establishing with Powers so disposed—in order to give to trade a stable course, to define the rights of our Merchants and to enable the Government to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit ; but temporary, and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstances shall dictate ; constantly keeping in view, that 'tis folly in one nation to look for disinterested favors [from] † another,—that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such acceptance, it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favours and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more.—There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favours from Nation to Nation.—'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard.

In offering to you, my Countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression, I could wish,—that they will control the usual current of the passions or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of Nations.—But if I may even flatter myself, that they may be productive of some partial benefit; some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.—

How far in the discharge of my official duties, I have been guided by

* occasional † at

the principles which have been delineated, the public Records and other evidences of my conduct must witness to You, and to the World.—To myself, the assurance of my own conscience is, that I have at least believed myself to be guided by them.

In relation to the still subsisting War in Europe, my Proclamation of the 22d of April 1793 is the index to my plan.—Sanctioned by your approving voice and by that of Your Representatives in both Houses of Congress, the spirit of that measure has continually governed me :—uninfluenced by any attempts to deter or divert me from it.

After deliberate examination with the aid of the best lights I could obtain, [*] I was well satisfied that our country, under all the circumstances of the case, had a right to take, and was bound in duty and interest, to take a Neutral position.—Having taken it, I determined, as far as should depend upon me, to maintain it, with moderation, perseverance and firmness.—

[The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, [it is not necessary] † on this occasion [to detail.] I will only observe, that according to my understanding of the matter, that right, so far from being denied by any of the Belligerent Powers, has been virtually admitted by all.—] ‡

The duty of holding a neutral conduct may be inferred, without anything more, from the obligation which justice and humanity impose on

(* and from men disagreeing in their impressions of the origin, progress and nature of that war,)

† some of them of a delicate nature, would be improperly the subject of explanation.

‡ The considerations which respect the right to hold this conduct, some of them of a delicate nature, would be improperly the subject of explanation on this occasion. I will barely observe that according to my understanding of the matter, that right so far from being denied by any belligerent Power, has been virtually admitted by all.—

This paragraph is then erased from the word "conduct," and the following sentence interlined, "would be improperly the subject of particular discussion on this occasion. I will barely observe that to me they appear to be warranted by well-established principles of the Laws of Nations as applicable to the nature of our alliance with France in connection with the circumstances of the War and the relative situation of the contending Parties."

A piece of paper is afterwards wafered over both, on which the paragraph as it stands in the text is written, and on the margin is the following note : "This is the first draft, and it is questionable which of the two is to be preferred."

every Nation, in cases in which it is free to act, to maintain inviolate the relations of Peace and Amity towards other Nations.—

The inducements of interest for observing that conduct, will best be referred to your own reflections and experience.———With me, a predominant motive has been to endeavour to gain time to our country to settle and mature its yet recent institutions, and to progress without interruption to that degree of strength and consistency, which is necessary to give it, humanly speaking, the command of its own fortunes.

Though in reviewing the incidents of my Administration, I am unconscious of intentional error—I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I [may] have committed many errors.—[Whatever they may be I] * fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate [the evils to which they may tend.] †—I shall also carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence; and that after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service, with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest. [‡]

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man, who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for [several] § generations;—I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good Laws under a

* I deprecate the evils to which they may tend, and

† them

‡ May I without the charge of ostentation add, that neither ambition nor interest has been the impelling cause of my actions—that I have never designedly misused any power confided to me nor hesitated to use one, where I thought it could redound to your benefit? May I without the appearance of affectation say, that the fortune with which I came into office is not bettered otherwise than by the improvement in the value of property which the quick progress and uncommon prosperity of our country have produced? May I still further add without breach of delicacy, that I shall retire without cause for a blush, with no sentiments alien to the force of those vows for the happiness of his country so natural to a citizen who sees in it the native soil of his progenitors and himself for four generations?

On the margin opposite this paragraph is the following note: "This paragraph may have the appearance of self-distrust and mere vanity."

§ four

free Government,—the ever favourite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labours and dangers.*

Go. Washington.

United States,
19*th September*, 1796.

* The paragraph beginning with the words, "May I without the charge of ostentation add," having been struck out, the following note is written on the margin of that which is inserted in its place in the text: "Continuation of the paragraph preceding the last ending with the word 'rest.'"

III.

PROCEEDINGS OF CONGRESS IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

SPEECH OF JOHN MARSHALL IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, AND RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE HOUSE, DECEMBER 19TH, 1799.*

MR. SPEAKER,—

The melancholy event, which was yesterday announced with doubt, has been rendered but too certain. Our Washington is no more! The hero, the patriot, and the sage of America; the man on whom in times of danger every eye was turned, and all hopes were placed, lives now only in his own great actions, and in the hearts of an affectionate and afflicted people.

If, sir, it had even not been usual openly to testify respect for the memory of those whom Heaven has selected as its instruments for dispensing good to man, yet such has been the uncommon worth, and such the extraordinary incidents, which have marked the life of him whose loss we all deplore, that the whole American nation, impelled by the same feelings, would call with one voice for a public manifestation of that sorrow, which is so deep and so universal.

More than any other individual, and as much as to one individual was possible, has he contributed to found this our wide-spreading empire, and to give to the western world independence and freedom.

Having effected the great object for which he was placed at the head of

* The intelligence of the death of Washington had been received the preceding day, and the House immediately adjourned. The next morning Mr. Marshall addressed this speech to the House.

our armies, we have seen him convert the sword into the ploughshare, and sink the soldier in the citizen.

When the debility of our federal system had become manifest, and the bonds which connected this vast continent were dissolving, we have seen him the chief of those patriots who formed for us a constitution, which, by preserving the Union, will, I trust, substantiate and perpetuate those blessings which our Revolution had promised to bestow.

In obedience to the general voice of his country, calling him to preside over a great people, we have once more seen him quit the retirement he loved, and, in a season more stormy and tempestuous than war itself, with calm and wise determination pursue the true interests of the nation, and contribute, more than any other could contribute, to the establishment of that system of policy, which will, I trust, yet preserve our peace, our honor, and our independence.

Having been twice unanimously chosen the chief magistrate of a free people, we have seen him, at a time when his reëlection with universal suffrage could not be doubted, afford to the world a rare instance of moderation, by withdrawing from his station to the peaceful walks of private life.

However the public confidence may change, and the public affections fluctuate with respect to others, with respect to him they have, in war and in peace, in public and in private life, been as steady as his own firm mind, and as constant as his own exalted virtues.

Let us, then, Mr. Speaker, pay the last tribute of respect and affection to our departed friend. Let the grand council of the nation display those sentiments which the nation feels. For this purpose I hold in my hand some resolutions, which I take the liberty of offering to the House.

Resolved, That this House will wait on the President, in condolence of this mournful event.

Resolved, That the Speaker's chair be shrouded with black, and that the members and officers of the House wear black during the session.

Resolved, That a committee, in conjunction with one from the Senate, be appointed to consider on the most suitable manner of paying honor to

the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

LETTER FROM THE SENATE TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

23 *December*, 1799.

SIR,—

The Senate of the United States respectfully take leave to express to you their deep regret for the loss their country sustains in the death of General George Washington.

This event, so distressing to all our fellow-citizens, must be peculiarly heavy to you, who have long been associated with him in deeds of patriotism. Permit us, sir, to mingle our tears with yours. On this occasion it is manly to weep. To lose such a man, at such a crisis, is no common calamity to the world. Our country mourns a father. The Almighty Disposer of human events has taken from us our greatest benefactor and ornament. It becomes us to submit with reverence to him "who maketh darkness his pavilion."

With patriotic pride we review the life of our Washington, and compare him with those of other countries who have been preëminent in fame. Ancient and modern times are diminished before him. Greatness and guilt have too often been allied; but his fame is whiter than it is brilliant. The destroyers of nations stood abashed at the majesty of his virtues. It reproved the intemperance of their ambition and darkened the splendor of victory. The scene is closed, and we are no longer anxious lest misfortune should sully his glory: he has travelled on to the end of his journey, and carried with him an increasing weight of honor; he has deposited it safely, where misfortune cannot tarnish it, where malice cannot blast it. Favored of heaven, he departed without exhibiting the weakness of humanity. Magnanimous in death, the darkness of the grave could not obscure his brightness.

Such was the man whom we deplore. Thanks to God, his glory is con-

summated. Washington yet lives on earth in his spotless example; his spirit is in heaven.

Let his countrymen consecrate the memory of the heroic general, the patriotic statesman, and the virtuous sage. Let them teach their children never to forget that the fruits of his labors and his example are their inheritance.

THE PRESIDENT'S ANSWER.

23 *December*, 1799.

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE,—

I receive with the most respectful and affectionate sentiments, in this impressive address, the obliging expressions of your regret for the loss our country has sustained in the death of her most esteemed, beloved, and admired citizen.

In the multitude of my thoughts and recollections on this melancholy event, you will permit me to say, that I have seen him in the days of adversity, in some of the scenes of his deepest distress and most trying perplexities. I have also attended him in his highest elevation and most prosperous felicity, with uniform admiration of his wisdom, moderation, and constancy.

Among our original associates in that memorable league of this continent, in 1774, which first expressed the sovereign will of a free nation in America, he was the only one remaining in the general government. Although with a constitution more enfeebled than his, at an age when he thought it necessary to prepare for retirement, I feel myself alone, bereaved of my last brother, yet I derive a strong consolation from the unanimous disposition which appears in all ages and classes, to mingle their sorrows with mine, on this common calamity to the world.

The life of our Washington cannot suffer by a comparison with those of other countries who have been most celebrated and exalted by fame. The attributes and decorations of royalty could only have served to eclipse

the majesty of those virtues which made him, from being a modest citizen, a more resplendent luminary. Misfortune, had he lived, could hereafter have sullied his glory only with those superficial minds, who, believing that character and actions are marked by success alone, rarely deserve to enjoy it. Malice could never blast his honor, and Envy made him a singular exception to her universal rule. For himself, he had lived long enough to life and to glory; for his fellow-citizens, if their prayers could have been answered, he would have been immortal; for me, his departure is at a most unfortunate moment. Trusting, however, in the wise and righteous dominion of Providence over the passions of men and the results of their actions, as well as over their lives, nothing remains for me but humble resignation.

His example is now complete; and it will teach wisdom and virtue to magistrates, citizens, and men, not only in the present age, but in future generations, as long as our history shall be read. If a Trajan found a Pliny, a Marcus Aurelius can never want biographers, eulogists, or historians.

JOHN ADAMS.

JOINT RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY BOTH HOUSES OF CONGRESS.

December 23*d*. *Resolved*, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That a marble monument be erected by the United States at the Capitol of the city of Washington, and that the family of General Washington be requested to permit his body to be deposited under it, and that the monument be so designed as to commemorate the great events of his military and political life.

And be it further resolved, That there be a funeral procession from Congress Hall, to the German Lutheran Church, in memory of General George Washington, on Thursday the 26th instant, and that an oration be prepared at the request of Congress, to be delivered before both Houses that day; and that the President of the Senate, and Speaker of the

House of Representatives, be desired to request one of the members of Congress to prepare and deliver the same.

And be it further resolved, That it be recommended to the people of the United States, to wear crape on their left arm, as mourning for thirty days.

And be it further resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to direct a copy of these resolutions to be transmitted to Mrs. Washington, assuring her of the profound respect Congress will ever bear for her person and character, of their condolence on the late afflicting dispensation of Providence; and entreating her assent to the interment of the remains of General Washington in the manner expressed in the first resolution.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to issue his proclamation, notifying to the people throughout the United States the recommendation contained in the third resolution.

December 30th. Resolved, That it be recommended to the people of the United States to assemble, on the 22d day of February next, in such numbers and manner as may be convenient, publicly to testify their grief for the death of General George Washington, by suitable eulogies, orations, and discourses, or by public prayers.

And it is further resolved, That the President be requested to issue a proclamation, for the purpose of carrying the foregoing resolution into effect.

IV.

WASHINGTON'S WILL.

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN.

I, GEORGE WASHINGTON, of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United tates, and lately President of the same, do make, ordain, and declare is instrument, which is written with my own hand, and every page ereof subscribed with my name,* to be my last WILL and TESTAMENT. voking all others.

Imprimis.—All my debts, of which there are but few, and none of agnitude, are to be punctually and speedily paid, and the legacies, herein ter bequeathed, are to be discharged as soon as circumstances will per- it, and in the manner directed.

Item.—To my dearly beloved wife, *Martha Washington*, I give and be- eath the use, profit, and benefit, of my whole estate real and per- nal, for the term of her natural life, except such parts thereof as are ecially disposed of hereafter. My improved lot in the town of Alexan- ia, situated on Pitt and Cameron streets, I give to her and her heirs ever; as I also do my household and kitchen furniture of every sort d kind, with the liquors and groceries which may be on hand at the e of my decease, to be used and disposed of as she may think proper.

Item.—Upon the decease of my wife, it is my will and desire that all slaves whom I hold *in my own right* shall receive their freedom. To ancipate them during her life would, though earnestly wished by me,

* In the original manuscript, GEORGE WASHINGTON'S name was written at the bottom every page.

be attended with such insuperable difficulties, on account of their intermixture by marriage with the dower negroes, as to excite the most painful sensations, if not disagreeable consequences to the latter, while both descriptions are in the occupancy of the same proprietor ; it not being in my power, under the tenure by which the dower negroes are held to manumit them. And whereas, among those who will receive freedom according to this devise, there may be some, who, from old age, or bodily infirmities, and others, who, on account of their infancy, will be unable to support themselves, it is my will and desire, that all, who come under the first and second description, shall be comfortably clothed and fed by my heirs while they live ; and that such of the latter description as have no parents living, or, if living, are unable or unwilling to provide for them, shall be bound by the court until they shall arrive at the age of twenty-five years; and, in cases where no record can be produced, whereby their ages can be ascertained, the judgment of the court, upon its own view of the subject, shall be adequate and final. The negroes thus bound, are (by their masters and mistresses) to be taught to read and write, and to be brought up to some useful occupation, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth of Virginia, providing for the support of orphan and other poor children. And I do hereby expressly forbid the sale or transportation out of the said Commonwealth, of any slave I may die possessed of, under any pretense whatsoever. And I do, moreover, most pointedly and most solemnly enjoin it upon my executors hereafter named, or the survivors of them, to see that this clause respecting slaves and every part thereof, be religiously fulfilled at the epoch at which it is directed to take place, without evasion, neglect, or delay, after the crops which may then be on the ground are harvested, particularly as it respects the aged and infirm ; seeing that a regular and permanent fund be established for their support, as long as there are subjects requiring it ; not trusting to the uncertain provision to be made by individuals. And to my mulatto man, *William*, calling himself *William Lee*, I give immediate freedom, or, if he should prefer it, (on account of the accidents which have befallen him, and which have rendered him incapable of walking, or of any active employment,) to remain in the situation he

ow is, it shall be optional in him to do so ; in either case, however, I al-
w him an annuity of thirty dollars, during his natural life, which shall
independent of the victuals and clothes he has been accustomed to re-
ive, if he chooses the last alternative ; but in full with his freedom, if
prefers the first; and this I give him as a testimony of my sense of his
tachment to me, and for his faithful services during the Revolutionary
ar.

Item.—To the trustees (governors, or by whatsoever other name they
ay be designated) of the Academy in the town of Alexandria, I give
d bequeath, in trust, four thousand dollars, or in other words, twenty
the shares which I hold in the Bank of Alexandria, towards the sup-
rt of a free school, established at and annexed to, the said Academy,
the purpose of educating such orphan children, or the children of
ch other poor and indigent persons, who are unable to accomplish it
th their own means, and who, in the judgment of the trustees of the
d seminary, are best entitled to the benefit of this donation. The
oresaid twenty shares I give and bequeath in perpetuity ; the dividends
ly of which are to be drawn for and applied, by the said trustees for
time being, for the uses above mentioned ; the stock to remain entire
l untouched, unless indications of failure of the said bank should be
apparent, or a discontinuance thereof, should render a removal of this
id necessary. In either of these cases, the amount of the stock here
ised is to be vested in some other bank or public institution, whereby
interest may with regularity and certainty be drawn and applied as
ve. And to prevent misconception, my meaning is, and is hereby
lared to be, that these twenty shares are in lieu of, and not in addi-
to, the thousand pounds given by a missive letter some years ago,
consequence whereof an annuity of fifty pounds has since been paid
ards the support of this institution.

tem.—Whereas by a law of the Commonwealth of Virginia, enacted
the year 1785, the Legislature thereof was pleased, as an evidence of
pprobation of the services I had rendered the public during the Revo-
on, and partly, I believe, in consideration of my having suggested the
advantages which the community would derive from the extension

of its inland navigation under legislative patronage, to present me with one hundred shares, of one hundred dollars each, in the incorporated Company, established for the purpose of extending the navigation of James River from the tide water to the mountains ; and also with fifty shares, of £100 sterling each, in the corporation of another company, likewise established for the similar purpose of opening the navigation of the River Potomac from the tide water to Fort Cumberland ; the acceptance of which, although the offer was highly honorable and grateful to my feelings, was refused, as inconsistent with a principle which I had adopted and had never departed from, viz., not to receive pecuniary compensation for any services I could render my country in its arduous struggle with Great Britain for its rights, and because I had evaded similar propositions from other States in the Union ; adding to this refusal, however, an intimation, that, if it should be the pleasure of the legislature to permit me to appropriate the said shares to *public uses*, I would receive them on those terms with due sensibility ; and this it having consented to, in flattering terms, as will appear by a subsequent law, and sundry resolutions, in the most ample and honorable manner ;—I proceed after this recital, for the more correct understanding of the case, to declare that, as it has always been a source of serious regret with me, to see the youth of these United States sent to foreign countries for the purpose of education, often before their minds were formed, or they had imbibed any adequate ideas of the happiness of their own ; contracting too frequently, not only habits of dissipation and extravagance, but principles unfriendly to republican government, and to the true and genuine liberties of mankind, which thereafter are rarely overcome ; for these reasons it has been my ardent wish to see a plan devised on a liberal scale, which would have a tendency to spread systematic ideas through all parts of this rising empire, thereby to do away local attachments and State prejudices, as far as the nature of things would, or indeed ought to admit, from our national councils. Looking anxiously forward to the accomplishment of so desirable an object as this is (in my estimation), my mind has not been able to contemplate any plan more likely to effect the measure, than the establishment of a UNIVERSITY in a central part of the

United States, to which the youths of fortune and talents from all parts hereof may be sent for the completion of their education, in all the branches of polite literature, in arts and sciences, in acquiring knowledge in the principles of politics and good government, and, as a matter of infinite importance in my judgment, by associating with each other and forming friendships in juvenile years, be enabled to free themselves in a proper degree from those local prejudices and habitual jealousies which have just been mentioned, and which, when carried to excess, are never-failing sources of disquietude to the public mind, and pregnant of mischievous consequences to this country. Under these impressions, so fully dilated,

Item.—I give and bequeath, in perpetuity, the fifty shares which I hold in the Potomac company, (under the aforesaid acts of the Legislature of Virginia,) towards the endowment of a University, to be established within the limits of the District of Columbia, under the auspices of the general government, if that government should incline to extend a fostering hand towards it; and, until such seminary is established, and the funds arising on these shares shall be required for its support, my further will and desire is, that the profit accruing therefrom shall, whenever the dividends are made, be laid out in purchasing stock in the bank of Columbia, or some other bank, at the discretion of my executors, or by the Treasurer of the United States for the time being under the direction of Congress, provided that honorable body should patronize the measure; and the dividends proceeding from the purchase of such stock are to be vested in more stock, and so on, until a sum adequate to the accomplishment of the object is obtained; of which I have not the smallest doubt, before many years pass away, even if no aid or encouragement is given by the legislative authority, or from any other source.

Item.—The hundred shares which I hold in the James River Company, have given and now confirm in perpetuity, to and for the use and benefit of Liberty Hall Academy, in the County of Rockbridge in the Commonwealth of Virginia.

Item.—I release, exonerate, and discharge the estate of my deceased brother, *Samuel Washington*, from the payment of the money which is

due to me for the land I sold to *Philip Pendleton*, (lying in the county
Berkeley,) who assigned the same to him, the said *Samuel*, who by agre
ment was to pay me therefor. And whereas, by some contract (the pu
port of which was never communicated to me) between the said *Samu*
and his son, *Thornton Washington*, the latter became possessed of t
aforesaid land, without any conveyance having passed from me, either
the said *Pendleton*, the said *Samuel* or the said *Thornton*, and witho
any consideration having been made, by which neglect neither the leg
nor equitable title has been alienated; it rests therefore with me to decla
my intentions concerning the premises; and these are, to give and b
queath the said land to whomsoever the said *Thornton Washington* (w
is also dead) devised the same, or to his heirs forever, if he died intestat
exonerating the estate of the said *Thornton*, equally with that of the sa
Samuel, from payment of the purchase money, which, with interes
agreeably to the original contract with the said *Pendleton*, would amou
to more than a thousand pounds. And whereas two other sons of my sa
deceased brother *Samuel*, namely, *George Steptoe Washington*, and *La
rence Augustine Washington*, were, by the decease of those to whose ca
they were committed, brought under my protection, and, in consequen
have occasioned advances on my part for their education at college a
other schools, for their board, clothing, and other incidental expenses,
the amount of near five thousand dollars, over and above the sums fu
nished by their estate, which sum it may be inconvenient for them or th
father's estate to refund; I do for these reasons acquit them and the sa
estate from the payment thereof, my intention being, that all accounts
tween them and me, and their father's estate and me, shall stand balanc

Item.—The balance due to me from the estate of *Bartholomew Da
dridge*, deceased, (my wife's brother,) and which amounted on the fi
day of October, 1795, to four hundred and twenty-five pounds, (as will a
pear by an account rendered by his deceased son, *John Dandridge*, w
was the acting executor of his father's will.) I release and acquit from t
payment thereof. And the negroes, then thirty-three in number, f
merly belonging to the said estate, who were taken in execution, sold, a
purchased in on my account, in the year [*blank*], and ever since have

ained in the possession and to the use of *Mary*, widow of the said *Bar-olomew Dandridge*, with their increase, it is my will and desire shall ntinue and be in her possession, without paying hire, or making com-nsation for the same for the time past, or to come, during her natural fe; at the expiration of which, I direct that all of them who are forty ars old and upwards shall receive their freedom; and all under that ge, and above sixteen, shall serve seven years and no longer; and all un-r sixteen years shall serve until they are twenty-five years of age, and en be free. And, to avoid disputes respecting the ages of any of these groes, they are to be taken into the court of the county in which they side, and the judgment thereof, in this relation, shall be final and rec-d thereof made, which may be adduced as evidence at any time there-ter if disputes should arise concerning the same. And I further direct, at the heirs of the said *Bartholomew Dandridge* shall equally share the nefits arising from the services of the said negroes according to the nor of this devise, upon the decease of their mother.

Item.—If *Charles Carter*, who intermarried with my niece *Betty Lewis*, not sufficiently secured in the title to the lots he had of me in the town Fredericksburg, it is my will and desire that my executors shall ake such conveyances of them as the law requires to render it perfect.

Item.—To my nephew, *William Augustine Washington*, and his heirs, he should conceive them to be objects worth prosecuting), a lot in the wn of Manchester, (opposite to Richmond,) No. 265, drawn on my sole count, and also the tenth of one or two hundred acre lots, and two or ee half-acre lots, in the city and vicinity of Richmond, drawn in part-ship with nine others, all in the lottery of the deceased *William Byrd*, given; as is also a lot which I purchased of *John Hood*, conveyed by *William Willie* and *Samuel Gordon*, trustees of the said *John Hood*, mbered 139, in the town of Edinburgh, in the County of Prince George, te of Virginia.

Item.—To my nephew, *Bushrod Washington*,* I give and bequeath all

* As General Washington never had any children, he gave the larger part of his prop-to his nephews and nieces, and the children of Mrs. Washington's son by her first riage. The principal heir was Bushrod Washington, son of his brother, John Augustine Washington.

the papers in my possession which relate to my civil and military admin istration of the affairs of this country. I leave to him also such of m private papers as are worth preserving ; and at the decease of my wife and before, if she is not inclined to retain them, I give and bequeath m library of books and pamphlets of every kind.

Item.—Having sold lands which I possessed in the State of Pennsy vania and part of a tract held in equal right with *George Clinton*, lat governor of New York, in the State of New York, my share of land an interest in the Great Dismal Swamp, and a tract of land which I owne in the county of Gloucester,—withholding the legal titles thereto, unt the consideration money should be paid—and having moreover lease and conditionally sold (as will appear by the tenor of the said leases) a my lands upon the Great Kenhawa, and a tract upon Difficult Run, in th County of Loudoun, it is my will and direction, that whensoever th contracts are fully and respectively complied with, according to the spiri true intent, and meaning thereof, on the part of the purchasers, the heirs or assigns, that then, and in that case, conveyances are to be mad agreeably to the terms of the said contracts, and the money arising ther from, when paid, to be vested in bank stock ; the dividends whereof, of that also which is already vested therein, are to inure to my said w during her life ; but the stock itself is to remain and be subject to t general distribution hereafter directed.

Item.—To the *Earl of Buchan* I recommit the "Box made of the O that sheltered the great Sir *William Wallace*, after the battle of F kirk," presented to me by his Lordship, in terms too flattering for me repeat, with a request "to pass it, on the event of my decease, to t man in my country, who should appear to merit it best, upon the sa conditions that have induced him to send it to me." Whether easy not to select the man, who might comport with his Lordship's opinion this respect, is not for me to say ; but, conceiving that no disposition this valuable curiosity can be more eligible than the recommitment o to his own cabinet, agreeably to the original design of the Goldsmit Company of Edinburgh, who presented it to him, and, at his requ consented that it should be transferred to me, I do give and bequeath

me to his Lordship ; and, in case of his decease, to his heir, with my rateful thanks for the distinguished honor of presenting it to me, and ore especially for the favorable sentiments with which he accompan d it.

Item.—To my brother, *Charles Washington,* I give and bequeath the old-headed cane left me by Dr. *Franklin* in his will. I add nothing to because of the ample provision I have made for his issue. To the quaintances and friends of my juvenile years, *Lawrence Washington* d *Robert Washington,* of Chotanck, I give my other two gold-headed nes, having my arms engraved on them ; and to each, as they will be eful where they live, I leave one of the spyglasses, which constituted rt of my equipage during the late war. To my compatriot in arms d old and intimate friend, Dr. *Craik,* I give my bureau (or, as the binet-makers call it, tambour secretary) and the circular chair, an ap-ndage of my study. To Dr. *David Stewart* I give my large shaving d dressing table, and my telescope. To the Reverend, now *Bryan, rd Fairfax,* I give a Bible, in three large folio volumes, with notes, sented to me by the Right Reverend *Thomas Wilson,* Bishop of Sodor d Man. To General *de Lafayette* I give a pair of finely-wrought steel tols, taken from the enemy in the Revolutionary War. To my sisters-law *Hannah Washington* and *Mildred Washington,* to my friends, *anor Stuart, Hannah Washington,* of Fairfield, and *Elizabeth shington,* of Hayfield, I give each a mourning ring, of the value of hundred dollars. These bequests are not made for the intrinsic ue of them, but as mementoes of my esteem and regard. To *Tobias r* I give the use of the farm, which he now holds in virtue of a lease n me to him and his deceased wife, (for and during their natural lives,) from rent during his life; at the expiration of which, it is to be posed of as is hereinafter directed. To *Sally B. Haynie,* (a distant tion of mine,) I give and bequeath three hundred dollars. To *Sarah en,* daughter of the deceased *Thomas Bishop,* and to *Ann Walker,* ghter of *John Alton,* also deceased, I give each one hundred dollars, onsideration of the attachment of their fathers to me : each of whom ing lived nearly forty years in my family. To each of my nephews

William Augustine Washington, *George Lewis*, *George Steptoe Wash ington*, *Bushrod Washington*, and *Samuel Washington*, I give one of th swords or couteaux, of which I may die possessed ; and they are t choose in the order they are named. These swords are accompanied wit an injunction not to unsheath them for the purpose of shedding blood except it be for self-defense or in defense of their country and its rights and in the latter case, to keep them unsheathed, and prefer falling wit them in their hands to the relinquishment thereof.

And now, having gone through these specific devises, with explanatio for the more correct understanding of the meaning and design of them, proceed to the distribution of the more important part of my estate, i manner following :—

First.—To my nephew, *Bushrod Washington*, and his heirs, (part in consideration of an intimation to his deceased father, while we we bachelors, and he had kindly undertaken to superintend my estate durir my military services in the former war between Great Britain and Franc that, if I should fall therein, Mount Vernon, then less extensive in d main than at present, should become his property,) I give and bequea all that part thereof, which is comprehended within the following limi viz. Beginning at the ford of Dogue Run, near my Mill, and extendi along the road, and bounded thereby, as it now goes, and ever has goi since my recollection of it, to the ford of Little Hunting Creek, at t Gum Spring, until it comes to a knoll opposite to an old road, whi formerly passed through the lower field of Muddy-Hole Farm ; at whi on the north side of the said road, are three red or Spanish oaks, mark as a corner, and a stone placed ; thence by a line of trees, to be mark rectangular, to the back line or outer boundary of the tract betw *Thompson Mason* and myself ; thence with that line easterly (now dou ditching, with a post-and-rail fence thereon) to the run of Little Hunti Creek ; thence with that run, which is the boundary between the la of the late *Humphrey Peake* and me, to the tide water of the said cre thence by that water to Potomac River ; thence with the river to mouth of Dogue Creek ; and thence with the said Dogue Creek to place of beginning at the aforesaid ford ; containing upwards of f

housand acres, be the same more or less, together with the mansion-
ouse, and all other buildings and improvements thereon.

SECOND.—In consideration of the consanguinity between them and my
vife, being as nearly related to her as to myself, as on account of the
ffection I had for, and the obligation I was under to, their father when
iving, who from his youth had attached himself to my person, and fol-
owed my fortunes through the vicissitudes of the late Revolution, after-
vards devoting his time to the superintendence of my private concerns
or many years, whilst my public employments rendered it impracticable
or me to do it myself, thereby affording me essential services, and always
erforming them in a manner the most filial and respectful ; for these
easons, I say, I give and bequeath to *George Fayette Washington* and
awrence Augustine Washington, and their heirs, my estate east of Little
Hunting Creek, lying on the River Potomac, including the farm of three
undred and sixty acres, leased to *Tobias Lear*, as noticed before, and
ontaining in the whole, by deed, two thousand and twenty-seven acres,
e it more or less ; which said estate it is my will and desire should be
quitably and advantageously divided between them, according to quan-
ty, quality, and other circumstances, when the youngest shall have
rrived at the age of twenty-one years, by three judicious and disinter-
sted men ; one to be chosen by each of the brothers, and the third by
hese two. In the meantime, if the termination of my wife's interest
herein should have ceased, the profits arising therefrom are to be applied
r their joint uses and benefit.

THIRD.—And whereas it has always been my intention, since my expec-
tion of having issue has ceased, to consider the grandchildren of my
ife in the same light as I do my own relations, and to act a friendly
art by them ; more especially by the two whom we have raised from
eir earliest infancy, namely, *Eleanor Parke Custis* and *George Wash-
gton Parke Custis ;* and whereas the former of these hath lately inter-
arried with *Lawrence Lewis*, a son of my deceased sister, *Betty Lewis*,
which the inducement to provide for them both has been increased ;
herefore, I give and bequeath to the said *Lawrence Lewis*, and *Eleanor
arke Lewis*, his wife, and their heirs, the residue of my Mount Vernon

estate, not already devised to my nephew *Bushrod Washington*, comprehended within the following description, viz. All the land north of the road leading from the ford of Dogue Run to the Gum Spring as described in the devise of the other part of the tract to *Bushrod Washington*, until it comes to the stone and three red or Spanish oaks on the knoll ; thence with the rectangular line to the back line (between Mr. *Mason* and me) ; thence with that line westerly along the new double ditch to Dogue Run, by the tumbling dam of my Mill ; thence with the said run to the ford aforementioned. To which I add all the land I possess west of the said Dogue Run and Dogue Creek, bounded easterly and southerly thereby ; together with the mill, distillery, and all other houses and improvements on the premises, making together about two thousand acres, be it more or less.

Fourth.—Actuated by the principle already mentioned, I give and bequeath to *George Washington Parke Custis*, the grandson of my wife, and my ward, and to his heirs, the tract I hold on Four Mile Run, in the vicinity of Alexandria, containing one thousand two hundred acres, more or less, and my entire square, No. 21, in the city of Washington.

Fifth.—All the rest and residue of my estate real and personal, not disposed of in manner aforesaid, in whatsoever consisting, wheresoever lying, and whensoever found, (a schedule of which, as far as is recollected, with a reasonable estimate of its value, is hereunto annexed,) I desire may be sold by my executors at such times, in such manner, and on such credits, (if an equal, valid, and satisfactory distribution of the specific property cannot be made without,) as in their judgment shall be most conducive to the interests of the parties concerned ; and the money arising therefrom to be divided into twenty-three equal parts, and applied as follows, viz. To *William Augustine Washington*, *Elizabeth Spotswood*, *Jane Thornton*, and the heirs of *Ann Ashton*, sons and daughters of my deceased brother, *Augustine Washington*, I give and bequeath four parts ; that is, one part to each of them. To *Fielding Lewis*, *George Lewis*, *Robert Lewis*, *Howell Lewis*, and *Betty Carter*, sons and daughters of my deceased sister, *Betty Lewis*, I give and bequeath five other parts ; one to each of them. To *George Steptoe Washington*, *Lawrence Augustine Washington*, *Harriet Parks*, and the heir

f *Thornton Washington*, sons and daughters of my deceased brother, *Samuel Washington*, I give and bequeath other four parts ; one to each of hem. To *Corbin Washington*, and the heirs of *Jane Washington*, son and aughter of my deceased brother, *John Augustine Washington*, I give and equeath two parts ; one to each of them. To *Samuel Washington*, *Fran-s Ball*, and *Mildred Hammond*, son and daughters of my brother, *Charles Vashington*, I give and bequeath three parts ; one to each of them. And *George Fayette Washington*, *Charles Augustine Washington*, and *Ma-ia Washington*, sons and daughter of my deceased nephew, *George Au-ustine Washington*, I give one other part; that is, to each a third of that art. To *Elizabeth Parke Law*, *Martha Parke Peter*, and *Eleanor Parke ewis*, I give and bequeath three other parts; that is, a part to each of iem. And to my nephews, *Bushrod Washington* and *Lawrence Lewis*, id to my ward, the grandson of my wife, I give and bequeath one other art; that is, a third thereof to each of them. And, if it should so hap-n that any of the persons whose names are here enumerated (unknown me) should now be dead, or should die before me, that in either of these ses, the heir of such deceased person shall, notwithstanding, derive all e benefits of the bequest in the same manner as if he or she was actu-y living at the time. And, by way of advice, I recommend it to my ex-cutors not to be precipitate in disposing of the landed property, (herein erected to be sold,) if from temporary causes the sale thereof should be ell ; experience having fully evinced that the price of land, especially bove the falls of the river and on the western waters, has been progres-sively rising, and cannot be long checked in its increasing value. And I particularly recommend it to such of the legatees (under this clause of my will), as can make it convenient, to take each a share of my stock in the Potomac Company in preference to the amount of what it might sell for ; being thoroughly convinced myself that no uses to which the money can be applied, will be so productive as the tolls arising from this navigation when in full operation, (and thus, from the nature of things, it must be, a long,) and more especially if that of the Shenandoah is added thereto. The family vault at Mount Vernon requiring repairs, and being im-properly situated besides, I desire that a new one of brick, and upon a

larger scale, may be built at the foot of what is commonly called the Vineyard Enclosure, on the ground which is marked out; in which my remains, with those of my deceased relations (now in the old vault) and such others of my family as may choose to be entombed there, may be deposited. And it is my express desire, that my corpse may be interred in a private manner, without parade or funeral oration.

Lastly, I constitute and appoint my dearly beloved wife, *Martha Washington*, my nephews, *William Augustine Washington*, *Bushrod Washington*, *George Steptoe Washington*, *Samuel Washington*, and *Lawrence Lewis*, and my ward, *George Washington Parke Custis*, (when he shall have arrived at the age of twenty-one years,) executrix and executors of this my will and testament; in the construction of which it will be readily perceived, that no professional character has been consulted, or has had any agency in the draft; and that, although it has occupied many of my leisure hours to digest, and to throw it into its present form, it may, notwithstanding, appear crude and incorrect; but having endeavored to be plain and explicit in all the devises, even at the expense of prolixity, perhaps of tautology, I hope and trust that no disputes will arise concerning them. But if, contrary to expectation, the case should be otherwise, from the want of legal expressions, or the usual technical terms, or because too much or too little has been said on any of the devises to be consonant with law, my will and direction expressly is, that all disputes (if unhappily any should arise) shall be decided by three impartial and intelligent men, known for their probity and good understanding, two to be chosen by the disputants, each having the choice of one, and the third by those two which three men, thus chosen, shall, unfettered by law or legal constructions, declare their sense of the testator's intention; and such decision is to all intents and purposes, to be as binding on the parties as if it had been given in the Supreme Court of the United States.

In witness of all and of each of the things herein contained, I have set my hand and seal, this ninth day of July, in the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety, and of the Independence of the United States the twenty-fourth.*

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

* It appears that the testator omitted the word "nine."

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END OF VOLUME V

SPANISH PAPERS

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

PIERRE M. IRVING

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Preface by the Editor.

A LIMITED edition of the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," with which this volume commences, was published in 1835. These legends, consisting of the "Legend of Don Roderick," the "Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," the "Legend of Count Julian and his Family," formed No. III. of the "Crayon Miscellany." For the Chronicles which follow them, with the exception of "Abderahman" and "Spanish Romance," which have appeared in the "Knickerbocker Magazine," I have drawn upon the unpublished manuscripts of Mr. Irving, bequeathed to me by his will. This portion of the volume is illustrative of the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors, and consists of the "Legend of Pelayo," the "Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez," the most illustrious hero of his epoch, who united the kingdoms of Leon and Castile; and the "Chronicle of Fernando the Saint," that renowned champion of the faith, under whom the greater part of Spain was rescued from the Moors. I have selected these

themes from a mass of unpublished manuscript that came into my hands at the death of Mr. Irving, because they bore the impress of being most nearly, though not fully, prepared for the press, and because they had for him a special fascination, arising in part, perhaps, from his long residence in that romantic country. "These old Morisco-Spanish subjects"—is the language of one of his published letters—"have a charm that makes me content to write about them at half price. They have so much that is high-minded, and chivalrous, and quaint, and picturesque, and at times half comic, about them."

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PREFACE.

FEW events in history have been so original and striking in their main circumstances, and so overwhelming and enduring in their consequences, as that of the conquest of Spain by the Saracens; yet there are few where the motives, and characters, and actions of the agents have been enveloped in more doubts and contradiction. As in the memorable story of the "Fall of Troy," we have to make out, as well as we can, the veritable details through the mists of poetic fiction; yet poetry has so combined itself with, and lent its magic coloring to every fact, that to strip it away would be to reduce the story to a meagre skeleton and rob it of all its charms. The storm of Moslem invasion that swept so suddenly over the peninsula, silenced for a time the faint voice of the Muse, and drove the sons of learning from their cells. The pen was thrown aside to grasp the sword and spear, and men were too much taken up with battling against the evils which beset them on every side, to find time or inclination to record them.

When the nation had recovered in some degree fro the effects of this astounding blow, or rather had becor accustomed to the tremendous reverse which it produce and sage men sought to inquire and write the particula it was too late to ascertain them in their exact veri The gloom and melancholy that had overshadowed te land had given birth to a thousand superstitious fanci the woes and terrors of the past were clothed with sup natural miracles and portents, and the actors in the fe ful drama had already assumed the dubious characterist s of romance. Or if a writer from among the conquer s undertook to touch upon the theme, it was embellish d with all the wild extravagances of an oriental imagi tion, which afterwards stole into the graver works of e monkish historians.

Hence, the earliest chronicles which treat of the do fall of Spain, are apt to be tinctured with those sair y miracles which savor of the pious labors of the clois r, or those fanciful fictions that betray their Arabian thors. Yet from these apocryphal sources the m st legitimate and accredited Spanish histories have ta n their rise, as pure rivers may be traced up to the l s and mantled pools of a morass. It is true, the auth s, with cautious discrimination, have discarded those p r- ticulars too startling for belief, and have culled only s h as, from their probability and congruity, might be sa ly recorded as historical facts; yet, scarce one of these nt has been connected in the original with some roma i

fiction, and, even in its divorced state bears traces of its former alliance.

To discard, however, everything wild and marvelous in this portion of Spanish history, is to discard some of its most beautiful, instructive, and national features; it is to judge of Spain by the standard of probability suited to tamer and more prosaic countries. Spain is virtually a land of poetry and romance, where every-day life partakes of adventure, and where the least agitation or excitement carries everything up into extravagant enterprise and daring exploit. The Spaniards, in all ages, have been of swelling and braggart spirit, soaring in thought, pompous in word, and valiant, though vainglorious, in deed. Their heroic aims have transcended the cooler conceptions of their neighbors, and their reckless roaring has borne them on to achievements which prudent enterprise could never have accomplished. Since the time, too, of the conquest and occupation of their country by the Arabs, a strong infusion of oriental magnificence has entered into the national character, and rendered the Spaniard distinct from every other nation of Europe.

In the following pages, therefore, the author has ventured to dip more deeply into the enchanted fountains of old Spanish chronicle than has usually been done by those who, in modern times, have treated of the eventful period of the Conquest; but in so doing, he trusts he will illustrate more fully the character of the people and the

times. He has thought proper to throw these recor
into the form of legends, not claiming for them the a-
thenticity of sober history, yet giving nothing that h
not historical foundation. All the facts herein containe
however extravagant some of them may be deemed, w
be found in the works of sage and reverend chronicle
of yore, growing side by side with long-acknowledg
truths, and might be supported by learned and imposi
references in the margin.

LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN.

THE LEGEND OF DON RODERICK.*

CHAPTER I.

OF THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF SPAIN.—OF THE MISRULE OF WITIZA THE WICKED.

SPAIN, or Iberia as it was called in ancient days, has been a country harassed from the earliest times by the invader. The Celts, the Greeks, the Phenicians, the Carthaginians, by turns or simultaneously, infringed its territories, drove the native Iberians from their rightful homes, and established colonies and founded cities in the land. It subsequently fell into the all-grasping power of Rome, remaining for some time a subjugated province; and when that gigantic empire crumbled into pieces, the Suevi, the Alani, and the Van-

* Many of the facts in this legend are taken from an old chronicle, written in quaint and antiquated Spanish, and professing to be a translation from the Arabian chronicle of the Moor Rasis, by Mohammed, a Moslem writer, and Gil Perez, a Spanish priest. It is supposed to be a piece of literary mosaic work, made up from both Spanish and Arabian chronicles; yet, from this work most of the Spanish historians have drawn their particulars relative to the fortunes of Don Roderick.

dals, those barbarians of the North, overran and ravag
this devoted country, and portioned out the soil amo
them.

Their sway was not of long duration. In the fifth ce-
tury the Goths, who were then the allies of Rome, u-
dertook the reconquest of Iberia, and succeeded, aft
a desperate struggle of three years' duration. Th
drove before them the barbarous hordes, their predec-
sors, intermarried and incorporated themselves with t
original inhabitants, and founded a powerful and spl-
did empire, comprising the Iberian peninsula, the anci
Narbonnaise, afterwards called Gallia Gotica, or Gotl
Gaul, and a part of the African coast called Tingitan
A new nation was, in a manner, produced by this m-
ture of the Goths and Iberians. Sprang from a union
warrior races, reared and nurtured amidst the din
arms, the Gothic Spaniards, if they may so be term
were a warlike, unquiet, yet high-minded and her
people. Their simple and abstemious habits, their c-
tempt for toil and suffering, and their love of dari
enterprise, fitted them for a soldier's life. So addict
were they to war that, when they had no external f
to contend with, they fought with one another; a
when engaged in battle, says an old chronicler, the ve
thunders and lightnings of heaven could not separ
them.*

* Florain, *de Ocampo*, lib. 3, c. 12. Justin, *Abrev. Trog. Pomp.*,
44. Bleda, *Cronica*, lib. 2, c. 3.

For two centuries and a half the Gothic power remained unshaken, and the sceptre was wielded by twenty-five successive kings. The crown was elective, in a council of palatines, composed of the bishops and nobles, who, while they swore allegiance to the newly made sovereign, bound him by a reciprocal oath to be faithful to his trust. Their choice was made from among the people, subject only to one condition, that the king should be of pure Gothic blood. But though the crown was elective in principle, it gradually became hereditary from usage, and the power of the sovereign grew to be almost absolute. The king was commander-in-chief of the armies; the whole patronage of the kingdom was in his hands; he summoned and dissolved the national councils; he made and revoked laws according to his pleasure; and, having ecclesiastical supremacy, he exercised a sway even over the consciences of his subjects.

The Goths, at the time of their inroad, were stout adherents of the Arian doctrines; but after a time they embraced the Catholic faith, which was maintained by the native Spaniards free from many of the gross superstitions of the Church at Rome, and this unity of faith contributed more than anything else to blend and harmonize the two races into one. The bishops and other clergy were exemplary in their lives, and aided to promote the influence of the laws and maintain the authority of the state. The fruits of regular and secure government were manifest in the advancement of agri-

culture, commerce, and the peaceful arts; and in the increase of wealth, of luxury, and refinement; but there was a gradual decline of the simple, hardy, and warlike habits that had distinguished the nation in its semi-barbarous days.

Such was the state of Spain when, in the year of Redemption 701, Witiza was elected to the Gothic throne. The beginning of his reign gave promise of happy days to Spain. He redressed grievances, moderated the tributes of his subjects, and conducted himself with mingled mildness and energy in the administration of the laws. In a little while, however, he threw off the mask, and showed himself in his true nature—cruel and luxurious.

Two of his relatives, sons of a preceding king, awakened his jealousy for the security of his throne. One of them, named Favila, Duke of Cantabria, he put to death, and would have inflicted the same fate upon his son Pelayo, but that the youth was beyond his reach, being preserved by Providence for the future salvation of Spain. The other object of his suspicion was Theodofredo, who lived retired from court. The violence of Witiza reached him even in his retirement. His eyes were put out, and he was immured within a castle at Cordova. Roderick, the youthful son of Theodofredo, escaped to Italy, where he received protection from the Romans.

Witiza, now considering himself secure upon the throne, gave the reins to his licentious passions, and

soon, by his tyranny and sensuality, acquired the appellation of Witiza the Wicked. Despising the old Gothic continence, and yielding to the example of the sect of Mahomet, which suited his lascivious temperament, he indulged in a plurality of wives and concubines, encouraging his subjects to do the same. Nay, he even sought to gain the sanction of the Church to his excesses, promulgating a law by which the clergy were released from their vows of celibacy, and permitted to marry and to entertain paramours.

The sovereign Pontiff Constantine threatened to depose and excommunicate him, unless he abrogated this licentious law; but Witiza set him at defiance, threatening, like his Gothic predecessor Alaric, to assail the eternal city with his troops, and make spoil of her accumulated treasures.* "We will adorn our damsels," said he, "with the jewels of Rome, and replenish our coffers from the paint of St. Peter."

Some of the clergy opposed themselves to the innovating spirit of the monarch, and endeavored from the pulpits to rally the people to the pure doctrines of their faith; but they were deposed from their sacred office, and banished as seditious mischief-makers. The church of Toledo continued refractory; the archbishop Sindaredo, it is true, was disposed to accommodate himself to the corruptions of the times, but the prebendaries battled intrep-

* *Chron. de Luitprando*, 709. Abarca, *Anales de Aragon* (en Manomo mo, fol. 5).

idly against the new laws of the monarch, and stood manfully in defense of their vows of chastity. "Since the church of Toledo will not yield itself to our will," said Witiza, "it shall have two husbands." So saying, he appointed his own brother Oppas, at that time archbishop of Seville, to take a seat with Sindaredo in the episcopal chair of Toledo, and made him primate of Spain. He was a priest after his own heart, and seconded him in all his profligate abuses.

It was in vain the denunciations of the Church were fulminated from the chair of St. Peter. Witiza threw off all allegiance to the Roman Pontiff, threatening with pain of death those who should obey the papal mandates. "We will suffer no foreign ecclesiastic, with triple crown," said he, "to domineer over our dominions."

The Jews had been banished from the country during the preceding reign, but Witiza permitted them to return, and even bestowed upon their synagogues privileges of which he had despoiled the churches. The children of Israel, when scattered throughout the earth by the fall of Jerusalem, had carried with them into other lands the gainful arcana of traffic, and were especially noted as opulent money-changers, and curious dealers in gold and silver and precious stones; on this occasion, therefore, they were enabled, it is said, to repay the monarch for his protection by bags of money, and caskets of sparkling gems the rich product of their oriental commerce.

The kingdom at this time enjoyed external peace, but

ıere were symptoms of internal discontent. Witiza took ıe alarm ; he remembered the ancient turbulence of the ıtion and its proneness to internal feuds. Issuing secret ders, therefore, in all directions, he dismantled most the cities, and demolished the castles and fortresses at might serve as rallying-points for the factious. He sarmed the people also, and converted the weapons war into the implements of peace. It seemed, in fact, if the millennium were dawning upon the land ; for the ord was beaten into a ploughshare, and the spear into a uning-hook.

While thus the ancient martial fire of the nation was tinguished, its morals likewise were corrupted. The ars were abandoned, the churches closed, wide dis-der and sensuality prevailed throughout the land, so ıt, according to the old chroniclers, within the com-ss of a few short years "Witiza the Wicked taught all ain to sin."

CHAPTER II.

THE RISE OF DON RODERICK.—HIS GOVERNMENT.

WOE to the ruler who founds his hope of sw
on the weakness or corruption of the peop
The very measures taken by Witiza to pe
petuate his power insured his downfall. While t
whole nation, under his licentious rule, was sinki
into vice and effeminacy, and the arm of war was u
strung, the youthful Roderick, son of Theodofredo, w
training up for action in the stern but wholeso
school of adversity. He instructed himself in the u
of arms; became adroit and vigorous by varied ex
cises; learned to despise all danger, and inured hi
self to hunger and watchfulness and the rigor of t
seasons.

His merits and misfortunes procured him many frien
among the Romans; and when, being arrived at a fitti
age, he undertook to revenge the wrongs of his fatl
and his kindred, a host of brave and hardy soldi
flocked to his standard. With these he made his sudd
appearance in Spain. The friends of his house and t
disaffected of all classes hastened to join him, and

dvanced rapidly and without opposition, through an narmed and enervated land.

Witiza saw too late the evil he had brought upon himelf. He made a hasty levy, and took the field with scantily equipped and undisciplined host, but was asily routed and made prisoner, and the whole kingdom ubmitted to Don Roderick.

The ancient city of Toledo, the royal residence of the othic kings, was the scene of high festivity and solemn remonial on the coronation of the victor. Whether he as elected to the throne according to the Gothic usage, seized it by the right of conquest, is a matter of dispute among historians, but all agree that the nation bmitted cheerfully to his sway, and looked forward to osperity and happiness under their newly elevated narch. His appearance and character seemed to justy the anticipation. He was in the splendor of youth, l of a majestic presence. His soul was bold and ring, and elevated by lofty desires. He had a sagacity t penetrated the thoughts of men, and a magnificent rit that won all hearts. Such is the picture which ient writers give of Don Roderick, when, with all the rn and simple virtues unimpaired, which he had acired in adversity and exile, and flushed with the mph of a pious revenge, he ascended the Gothic one.

rosperity, however, is the real touchstone of the man heart; no sooner did Roderick find himself in

possession of the crown, than the love of power and th jealousy of rule were awakened in his breast. His fir measure was against Witiza, who was brought in chai into his presence. Roderick beheld the captive monar with an unpitying eye, remembering only his wron and cruelties to his father. "Let the evils he h inflicted on others be visited upon his own head," sa he; "as he did unto Theodofredo, even so be it do unto him." So the eyes of Witiza were put out, and was thrown into the same dungeon at Cordova in whi Theodofredo had languished. There he passed the br remnant of his days in perpetual darkness, a prey wretchedness and remorse.

Roderick now cast an uneasy and suspicious eye up Evan and Siseburto, the two sons of Witiza. Fear lest they should foment some secret rebellion, he ba ished them the kingdom. They took refuge in Spanish dominions in Africa, where they were recei and harbored by Requila, governor of Tangier, out gratitude for favors which he had received from th late father. There they remained, to brood over th fallen fortunes, and to aid in working out the fut woes of Spain.

Their uncle Oppas, bishop of Seville, who had b made copartner, by Witiza, in the archiepiscopal ch at Toledo, would have likewise fallen under the s picion of the king; but he was a man of consumm art, and vast exterior sanctity, and won upon the g

races of the monarch. He was suffered, therefore, to etain his sacred office at Seville; but the see of Toledo as given in charge to the venerable Urbino, and the w of Witiza was revoked that dispensed the clergy om their vows of celibacy.

The jealousy of Roderick for the security of his crown as soon again aroused, and his measures were prompt id severe. Having been informed that the governors certain castles and fortresses in Castile and Andalusia id conspired against him, he caused them to be put to ath and their strongholds to be demolished. He now nt on to imitate the pernicious policy of his predeces- r, throwing down walls and towers, disarming the peo- e, and thus incapacitating them from rebellion. A few ies were permitted to retain their fortifications, but ese were intrusted to alcaides in whom he had especial nfidence; the greater part of the kingdom was left fenseless; the nobles, who had been roused to tem- rary manhood during the recent stir of war, sunk back o the inglorious state of inaction which had disgraced m during the reign of Witiza—passing their time in sting and dancing to the sound of loose and wanton nstrelsy.* It was scarcely possible to recognize in se idle wassailers and soft voluptuaries the descend- s of the stern and frugal warriors of the frozen rth—who had braved flood and mountain, and heat

* Mariana, *Hist. Esp.*, lib. 6, c. 21.

and cold, and had battled their way to empire acro
half a world in arms.

They surrounded their youthful monarch, it is tru
with a blaze of military pomp. Nothing could surpa
the splendor of their arms, which were embossed a
enameled, and enriched with gold and jewels and curio
devices; nothing could be more gallant and glorio
than their array; it was all plume and banner and silk
pageantry, the gorgeous trappings for tilt and tourn
and courtly revel; but the iron soul of war was wanti

How rare it is to learn wisdom from the misfortun
of others. With the fate of Witiza full before his ey
Don Roderick indulged in the same pernicious erro
and was doomed, in like manner, to prepare the way f
his own perdition.

CHAPTER III.

OF THE LOVES OF RODERICK AND THE PRINCESS ELYATA.

AS yet the heart of Roderick, occupied by the struggles of his early life, by warlike enterprises, and by the inquietudes of newly-got-n power, had been insensible to the charms of women; t in the present voluptuous calm the amorous propen-ies of his nature assumed their sway. There are vers accounts of the youthful beauty who first found or in his eyes, and was elevated by him to the one. We follow in our legend the details of an Ara-n chronicler,* authenticated by a Spanish poet.† Let se who dispute our facts produce better authority for ir contradiction.

Among the few fortified places that had not been dis-ntled by Don Roderick was the ancient city of Denia, iated on the Mediterranean coast, and defended by a k-built castle that overlooked the sea.

The alcaide of the castle, with many of the people of nia, was one day on his knees in the chapel, imploring

* *Perdida de España*, por Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, lib. 1.
† Lope de Vega.

the Virgin to allay a tempest which was strewing th coast with wrecks, when a sentinel brought word that Moorish cruiser was standing for the land. The alcaid gave orders to ring the alarm-bells, light signal-fires o the hill-tops, and rouse the country, for the coast wa subject to cruel maraudings from the Barbary cruisers.

In a little while the horsemen of the neighborhoo were seen pricking along the beach, armed with suc weapons as they could find, and the alcaide and h scanty garrison descended from the hill. In the mea time the Moorish bark came rolling and pitching towar the land. As it drew near, the rich carving and gildi with which it was decorated, its silken bandaroles a banks of crimson oars, showed it to be no warlike vess but a sumptuous galiot destined for state and ceremo It bore the marks of the tempest; the masts we broken, the oars shattered, and fragments of snowy sa and silken awnings were fluttering in the blast.

As the galiot grounded upon the sand, the impati rabble rushed into the surf to capture and make spo but were awed into admiration and respect by the a pearance of the illustrious company on board. Th were Moors of both sexes sumptuously arrayed, a adorned with precious jewels, bearing the demeanor persons of lofty rank. Among them shone conspicu a youthful beauty, magnificently attired, to whom seemed to pay reverence.

Several of the Moors surrounded her with dra

swords, threatening death to any that approached; others sprang from the bark, and throwing themselves on their knees before the alcaide, implored him by his honor and courtesy as a knight, to protect a royal virgin from injury and insult.

"You behold before you," said they, "the only daughter of the king of Algiers, the betrothed bride of the son of the king of Tunis. We were conducting her to the court of her expecting bridegroom, when a tempest drove us from our course and compelled us to take refuge on your coast. Be not more cruel than the tempest, but deal nobly with that which even sea and storm have spared."

The alcaide listened to their prayers. He conducted the princess and her train to the castle, where every honor due to her rank was paid her. Some of her attendant attendants interceded for her liberation, promising countless sums to be paid by her father for her ransom; but the alcaide turned a deaf ear to all their golden offers. "She is a royal captive," said he; "it belongs to her sovereign alone to dispose of her." After she had reposed, therefore, for some days at the castle, and recovered from the fatigue and terror of the seas, he caused her to be conducted, with all her train, in magnificent state to the court of Don Roderick.

The beautiful Elyata * entered Toledo more like a tri-

* By some she is called Zara.

umphant sovereign than a captive. A chosen band Christian horsemen, splendidly armed, appeared to wa upon her as a mere guard of honor. She was su rounded by the Moorish damsels of her train, and fo lowed by her own Moslem guards, all attired with t magnificence that had been intended to grace her arri at the court of Tunis. The princess was arrayed bridal robes, woven in the most costly looms of the O ent; her diadem sparkled with diamonds and was de rated with the rarest plumes of the bird of paradise, a even the silken trappings of her palfrey, which swept t ground, were covered with pearls and precious stor As this brilliant cavalcade crossed the bridge of Tagus, all Toledo poured forth to behold it, and noth was heard throughout the city but praises of the wond ful beauty of the princess of Algiers. King Rode came forth, attended by the chivalry of his court, to ceive the royal captive. His recent voluptuous life disposed him for tender and amorous affections, and the first sight of the beautiful Elyata he was enraptu with her charms. Seeing her face clouded with sor and anxiety, he soothed her with gentle and courte words, and, conducting her to a royal palace, "Beho said he, " thy habitation, where no one shall molest th consider thyself at home in the mansion of thy fat and dispose of anything according to thy will."

Here the princess passed her time with the female tendants who had accompanied her from Algiers; and

ne but the king was permitted to visit her, who daily ecame more and more enamored of his lovely captive, nd sought by tender assiduity to gain her affections. he distress of the princess at her captivity was soothed y this gentle treatment. She was of an age when sor- ow cannot long hold sway over the heart. Accompanied y her youthful attendants, she ranged the spacious partments of the palace, and sported among the groves nd alleys of its garden. Every day the remembrance the paternal home grew less and less painful, and the ng became more and more amiable in her eyes; and hen at length he offered to share his heart and throne ith her, she listened with downcast looks and kindling ushes, but with an air of resignation.

One obstacle remained to the complete fruition of e monarch's wishes, and this was the religion of the incess. Roderick forthwith employed the archbishop Toledo to instruct the beautiful Elyata in the mys- ries of the Christian faith. The female intellect is ick in perceiving the merits of new doctrines; the chbishop, therefore, soon succeeded in converting, not erely the princess, but most of her attendants, and a y was appointed for their public baptism. The cere- ony was performed with great pomp and solemnity, in e presence of all the nobility and chivalry of the court. e princess and her damsels, clad in white, walked on t to the cathedral, while numerous beautiful children, ayed as angels, strewed their path with flowers; and

the archbishop meeting them at the portal, receiv them, as it were, into the bosom of the church. T princess abandoned her Moorish appellation of Elyat and was baptized by the name of Exilona, by which s was thenceforth called, and has generally been known history.

The nuptials of Roderick and the beautiful conve took place shortly afterwards, and were celebrated wi great magnificence. There were jousts, and tourne and banquets, and other rejoicings, which lasted twen days, and were attended by the principal nobles from parts of Spain. After these were over, such of the atten ants of the princess as refused to embrace Christiani and desired to return to Africa, were dismissed wi munificent presents; and an embassy was sent to t king of Algiers, to inform him of the nuptials of h daughter, and to proffer him the friendship of Ki Roderick.*

* "Como esta Infanta era muy hermosa, y el Rey [Don Rodrigo] puesta y gentil hombre, entro por medio el amor y aficion, y junto co regalo con que la avia mandado hospedar y servir ful causa que el persuadio esta Infanta, que si se tornava a su ley de christiano la toma por muger, y que la haria señora de sus Reynos. Con esta persuasion fue contenta, y aviendose vuelto christiana, se caso con ella, y se celeb ron sus bodas con muchas fiestas y regozijos, como era razon."—Abul sim, *Conq'st de Espan.*, cap. 3.

CHAPTER IV.

OF COUNT JULIAN.

FOR a time Don Roderick lived happily with his young and beautiful queen, and Toledo was the seat of festivity and splendor. The principal nobles throughout the kingdom repaired to his court to pay him homage, and to receive his commands; and none were more devoted in their reverence than those who were obnoxious to suspicion from their connection with the late king.

Among the foremost of these was Count Julian, a man destined to be infamously renowned in the dark story of his country's woes. He was of one of the proudest Gothic families, lord of Consuegra and Algeziras, and connected by marriage with Witiza and the bishop Oppas—his wife, the countess Frandina, being their sister. In consequence of this connection, and of his own merits, he had enjoyed the highest dignities and commands, being one of the Espatorios, or royal sword-bearers—an office of the greatest confidence about the person of the sovereign.* He had, moreover, been intrusted with the mili-

* Condes Espatorios; so called from the drawn swords of ample size and breadth with which they kept guard in the ante-chambers of the

tary government of the Spanish possessions on th African coast of the strait, which at that time wer threatened by the Arabs of the East, the followers Mahomet, who were advancing their victorious standar to the extremity of Western Africa. Count Julian estal lished his seat of government at Ceuta, the frontie bulwark, and one of the far-famed gates of the Medite ranean Sea. Here he boldly faced, and held in chec the torrent of Moslem invasion.

Don Julian was a man of an active, but irregula genius, and a grasping ambition; he had a love f power and grandeur, in which he was joined by h haughty countess; and they could ill brook the downfa of their house, as threatened by the fate of Witiza. The had hastened therefore to pay their court to the new elevated monarch, and to assure him of their fidelity his interests.

Roderick was readily persuaded of the sincerity Count Julian; he was aware of his merits as a soldi and a governor, and continued him in his importa command; honoring him with many other marks of im plicit confidence. Count Julian sought to confirm th confidence by every proof of devotion. It was a custo among the Goths to rear many of the children of th most illustrious families in the royal household. The

Gothic kings. Comes Spathariorum, custodum corporis Regis Profectu Hunc et Propospatharium appellatum existimo.—*Patr. Pant. de Of* Goth.

served as pages to the king, and handmaids and ladies of honor to the queen, and were instructed in all manner of accomplishments befitting their gentle blood. When about to depart for Ceuta, to resume his command, Don Julian brought his daughter Florinda to present her to the sovereigns. She was a beautiful virgin that had not as yet attained to womanhood. "I confide her to your protection," said he to the king, "to be unto her as a father; and to have her trained in the paths of virtue. I can leave with you no dearer pledge of my loyalty."

King Roderick received the timid and blushing maiden into his parental care; promising to watch over her happiness with a parent's eye, and that she should be enrolled among the most cherished attendants of the queen. With this assurance of the welfare of his child, Count Julian departed, well pleased, for his government at Ceuta.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF FLORINDA.

THE beautiful daughter of Count Julian was r ceived with great favor by the queen Exilon and admitted among the noble damsels th attended upon her person. Here she lived in honor ar apparent security, and surrounded by innocent delight To gratify his queen, Don Roderick had built for h rural recreation a palace without the walls of Toledo, c the banks of the Tagus. It stood in the midst of a ga den, adorned after the luxurious style of the East. Th air was perfumed by fragrant shrubs and flowers; th groves resounded with the song of the nightingale, whi the gush of fountains and water-falls, and the dista murmur of the Tagus, made it a delightful retreat duri the sultry days of summer. The charm of perfect priva also reigned throughout the place, for the garden wal were high, and numerous guards kept watch without protect it from all intrusion.

In this delicious abode, more befitting an oriental v luptuary than a Gothic king, Don Roderick was accu tomed to while away much of that time which shou

have been devoted to the toilsome cares of government. The very security and peace which he had produced throughout his dominions by his precautions to abolish the means and habitudes of war, had effected a disastrous change in his character. The hardy and heroic qualities which had conducted him to the throne, were softened in the lap of indulgence. Surrounded by the pleasures of an idle and effeminate court, and beguiled by the example of his degenerate nobles, he gave way to a fatal sensuality that had lain dormant in his nature during the virtuous days of his adversity. The mere love of female beauty had first enamored him of Exilona, and the same passion, fostered by voluptuous idleness, now betrayed him into the commission of an act fatal to himself and Spain. The following is the story of his error as gathered from an old chronicle and legend.

In a remote part of the palace was an apartment devoted to the queen. It was like an eastern harem, shut up from the foot of man, and where the king himself but rarely entered. It had its own courts, and gardens, and fountains, where the queen was wont to recreate herself with her damsels, as she had been accustomed to do in the jealous privacy of her father's palace.

One sultry day the king, instead of taking his siesta, or mid-day slumber, repaired to this apartment to seek the society of the queen. In passing through a small oratory, he was drawn by the sound of female voices to a casement overhung with myrtles and jessamines.

It looked into an interior garden or court, set out with orange trees, in the midst of which was a marble fountain, surrounded by a grassy bank, enameled with flowers.

It was the high noontide of a summer day, when, in sultry Spain, the landscape trembles to the eye, and all nature seeks repose, except the grasshopper, that pipes his lulling note to the herdsman as he sleeps beneath the shade.

Around the fountain were several of the damsels of the queen, who, confident of the sacred privacy of the place, were yielding in that cool retreat to the indulgence prompted by the season and the hour. Some lay asleep on the flowery bank; others sat on the margin of the fountain, talking and laughing, as they bathed their feet in its limpid waters, and King Roderick beheld delicate limbs shining through the waves that might rival the marble in whiteness.

Among the damsels was one who had come from the Barbary coast with the queen. Her complexion had the dark tinge of Mauritania, but it was clear and transparent, and the deep rich rose blushed through the lovely brown. Her eyes were black and full of fire, and flashed from under long silken eyelashes.

A sportive contest arose among the maidens, as to the comparative beauty of the Spanish and Moorish forms; but the Mauritanian damsel revealed limbs of voluptuous symmetry that seemed to defy all rivalry.

The Spanish beauties were on the point of giving up the contest, when they bethought themselves of the young Florinda, the daughter of Count Julian, who lay on the grassy bank, abandoned to a summer slumber. The soft glow of youth and health mantled on her cheek; her fringed eyelashes scarcely covered their sleeping orbs; her moist and ruby lips were slightly parted, just revealing a gleam of her ivory teeth, while her innocent bosom rose and fell beneath her bodice, like the gentle swelling and sinking of a tranquil sea. There was a breathing tenderness and beauty in the sleeping virgin, that seemed to send forth sweetness like the flowers around her.

"Behold," cried her companions exultingly, "the champion of Spanish beauty!"

In their playful eagerness they half disrobed the innocent Florinda before she was aware. She awoke in time, however, to escape from their busy hands; but enough of her charms had been revealed to convince the monarch that they were not to be rivaled by the rarest beauties of Mauritania.

From this day the heart of Roderick was inflamed with a fatal passion. He gazed on the beautiful Florinda with fervid desire, and sought to read in her looks whether there was levity or wantonness in her bosom; but the eye of the damsel ever sunk beneath his gaze, and remained bent on the earth in virgin modesty.

In vain he called to mind the sacred trust reposed in

him by Count Julian, and the promise he had given to watch over his daughter with parental care; his heart was vitiated by sensual indulgence, and the consciousness of power had rendered him selfish in his gratifications.

Being one evening in the garden where the queen was diverting herself with her damsels, and coming to the fountain where he had beheld the innocent maidens at their sport, he could no longer restrain the passion raging within his breast. Seating himself beside the fountain, he called Florinda to draw forth a thorn which had pierced his hand. The maiden knelt at his feet to examine his hand, and the touch of her slender fingers thrilled through his veins. As she knelt, too, her amber locks fell in rich ringlets about her beautiful head, her innocent bosom palpitated beneath the crimson bodice, and her timid blushes increased the effulgence of her charms.

Having examined the monarch's hand in vain, she looked up in his face with artless perplexity.

"Señor," said she, "I can find no thorn nor any sign of wound."

Don Roderick grasped her hand and pressed it to his heart. "It is here, lovely Florinda!" said he; "it is here! and thou alone canst pluck it forth!"

"My lord! exclaimed the blushing and astonished maiden.

"Florinda!" said Don Roderick, "dost thou love me?"

"Señor," said she, "my father taught me to love and reverence you. He confided me to your care as one who would be as a parent to me, when he should be far distant, serving your majesty with life and loyalty. May God incline your majesty ever to protect me as a father." So saying, the maiden dropped her eyes to the ground, and continued kneeling; but her countenance had become deadly pale, and as she knelt she trembled.

"Florinda," said the king, "either thou dost not, or thou wilt not understand me. I would have thee love me, not as a father, nor as a monarch, but as one who adores thee. Why dost thou start? No one shall know our loves; and, moreover, the love of a monarch inflicts no degradation, like the love of a common man; riches and honors attend upon it. I will advance thee to rank and dignity, and place thee above the proudest females of my court. Thy father, too, shall be more exalted and endowed than any noble in my realm."

The soft eye of Florinda kindled at these words. "Señor," said she, "the line I spring from can receive no dignity by means so vile; and my father would rather die than purchase rank and power by the dishonor of his child. But I see," continued she, "that your majesty speaks in this manner only to try me. You may have thought me light and simple, and unworthy to attend upon the queen. I pray your majesty to pardon me, that I have taken your pleasantry in such serious part."

In this way the agitated maiden sought to evade the

addresses of the monarch, but still her cheek was blanched and her lip quivered as she spake.

The king pressed her hand to his lips with fervor. "May ruin seize me," cried he, "if I speak to prove thee. My heart, my kingdom, are at thy command. Only be mine, and thou shalt rule absolute mistress of myself and my domains."

The damsel rose from the earth where she had hitherto knelt, and her whole countenance glowed with virtuous indignation. "My lord," said she, "I am your subject, and in your power; take my life if it be your pleasure, but nothing shall tempt me to commit a crime which would be treason to the queen, disgrace to my father, agony to my mother, and perdition to myself." With these words she left the garden, and the king, for the moment, was too much awed by her indignant virtue to oppose her departure.

We shall pass briefly over the succeeding events of the story of Florinda, about which so much has been said and sung by chronicler and bard; for the sober page of history should be carefully chastened from all scenes that might inflame a wanton imagination—leaving them to poems and romances, and such like highly seasoned works of fantasy and recreation.

Let it suffice to say that Don Roderick pursued his suit to the beautiful Florinda, his passion being more and more inflamed by the resistance of the virtuous damsel. At length, forgetting what was due to helpless

beauty, to his own honor as a knight, and his word as a sovereign, he triumphed over her weakness by base and unmanly violence.

There are not wanting those who affirm that the hapless Florinda lent a yielding ear to the solicitations of the monarch, and her name has been treated with opprobrium in several of the ancient chronicles and legendary ballads that have transmitted, from generation to generation, the story of the woes of Spain. In very truth, however, she appears to have been a guiltless victim, resisting as far as helpless female could resist, the arts and intrigues of a powerful monarch, who had naught to check the indulgence of his will, and bewailing her disgrace with a poignancy that shows how dearly she had prized her honor.

In the first paroxysm of her grief she wrote a letter to her father, blotted with her tears, and almost incoherent from her agitation. "Would to God, my father," said she, "that the earth had opened and swallowed me ere I had been reduced to write these lines. I blush to tell thee, what it is not proper to conceal. Alas, my father! thou hast intrusted thy lamb to the guardianship of the lion. Thy daughter has been dishonored, the royal cradle of the Goths polluted, and our lineage insulted and disgraced. Hasten, my father, to rescue your child from the power of the spoiler, and to vindicate the honor of your house."

When Florinda had written these lines she summoned

a youthful esquire who had been a page in the service of her father. "Saddle thy steed," said she, "and if thou dost aspire to knightly honor, or hope for lady's grace; if thou hast fealty for thy lord, or devotion to his daughter, speed swiftly upon my errand. Rest not, halt not, spare not the spur, but hie thee day and night until thou reach the sea; take the first bark, and haste with sail and oar to Ceuta, nor pause until thou give this letter to the count my father." The youth put the letter in his bosom. "Trust me, lady," said he, "I will neither halt, nor turn aside, nor cast a look behind, until I reach Count Julian." He mounted his fleet steed, sped his way across the bridge, and soon left behind him the verdant valley of the Tagus.

CHAPTER VI.

DON RODERICK RECEIVES AN EXTRAORDINARY EMBASSY.

THE heart of Don Roderick was not so depraved by sensuality, but that the wrong he had been guilty of toward the innocent Florinda, and the disgrace he had inflicted on her house, weighed heavy on his spirits, and a cloud began to gather on his once clear and unwrinkled brow.

Heaven at this time, say the old Spanish chronicles, permitted a marvelous intimation of the wrath with which it intended to visit the monarch and his people, in punishment of their sins; nor are we, say the same orthodox writers, to startle and withhold our faith when we meet in the page of discreet and sober history with these signs and portents, which transcend the probabilities of ordinary life; for the revolutions of empires and the downfalls of mighty kings are awful events, that shake the physical as well as the moral world, and are often announced by forerunning marvels and prodigious omens.

With such like cautious preliminaries do the wary but credulous historiographers of yore usher in a marvelous

event of prophecy and enchantment, linked in ancient story with the fortunes of Don Roderick, but which modern doubters would fain hold up as an apocryphal tradition of Arabian origin.

Now, so it happened, according to the legend, that about this time, as King Roderick was seated one day on his throne, surrounded by his nobles, in the ancient city of Toledo, two men of venerable appearance entered the hall of audience. Their snowy beards descended to their breasts, and their gray hairs were bound with ivy. They were arrayed in white garments of foreign or antiquated fashion, which swept the ground, and were cinctured with girdles, wrought with the signs of the zodiac, from which were suspended enormous bunches of keys of every variety of form. Having approached the throne and made obeisance,—"Know, O king," said one of the old men, "that in days of yore, when Hercules of Lybia, surnamed the Strong, had set up his pillars at the ocean strait, he erected a tower near to this ancient city of Toledo. He built it of prodigious strength, and finished it with magic art, shutting up within it a fearful secret, never to be penetrated without peril and disaster. To protect this terrible mystery he closed the entrance to the edifice with a ponderous door of iron, secured by a great lock of steel, and he left a command that every king who should succeed him should add another lock to the portal; denouncing woe and destruction on him who should eventually unfold the secret of the tower.

"The guardianship of the portal was given to our ancestors, and has continued in our family, from generation to generation, since the days of Hercules. Several kings, from time to time, have caused the gate to be thrown open, and have attempted to enter, but have paid dearly for their temerity. Some have perished within the threshold; others have been overwhelmed with horror at tremendous sounds, which shook the foundations of the earth, and have hastened to reclose the door and secure it with its thousand locks. Thus, since the days of Hercules, the inmost recesses of the pile have never been penetrated by mortal man, and a profound mystery continues to prevail over this great enchantment. This, O king, is all we have to relate; and our errand is to entreat thee to repair to the tower and affix thy lock to the portal, as has been done by all thy predecessors." Having thus said, the ancient men made a profound reverence and departed from the presence-chamber.*

Don Roderick remained for some time lost in thought after the departure of the men; he then dismissed all his court excepting the venerable Urbino, at that time archbishop of Toledo. The long white beard of this prelate bespoke his advanced age, and his overhanging eyebrows showed him a man full of wary counsel.

"Father," said the king, "I have an earnest desire to

* *Perdida de España*, por Abulcasim Tarif Abentarique, L. 1, c. 6. *Cronica del Rey Don Rodrigo*, por el Moro Rasis, L. 1, c. 1. Bleda, *Cron.*, cap. vii.

penetrate the mystery of this tower." The worthy prelate shook his hoary head. "Beware, my son," said he; "there are secrets hidden from man for his good. Your predecessors for many generations have respected this mystery, and have increased in might and empire. A knowledge of it, therefore, is not material to the welfare of your kingdom. Seek not then to indulge a rash and unprofitable curiosity, which is interdicted under such awful menaces."

"Of what importance," cried the king, "are the menaces of Hercules the Libyan? was he not a pagan? and can his enchantments have aught avail against a believer in our holy faith? Doubtless in this tower are locked up treasures of gold and jewels, amassed in days of old, the spoils of mighty kings, the riches of the pagan world. My coffers are exhausted; I have need of supply; and surely it would be an acceptable act in the eyes of Heaven to draw forth this wealth which lies buried under profane and necromantic spells, and consecrate it to religious purposes."

The venerable archbishop still continued to remonstrate, but Don Roderick heeded not his counsel, for he was led on by his malignant star. "Father," said he, "it is in vain you attempt to dissuade me. My resolution is fixed. To-morrow I will explore the hidden mystery, or rather the hidden treasures, of this tower."

CHAPTER VII.

STORY OF THE MARVELOUS AND PORTENTOUS TOWER.

THE morning sun shone brightly upon the cliff-built towers of Toledo, when King Roderick issued out of the gate of the city at the head of a numerous train of courtiers and cavaliers, and crossed the bridge that bestrides the deep rocky bed of the Tagus. The shining cavalcade wound up the road that leads among the mountains, and soon came in sight of the necromantic tower.

Of this renowned edifice marvels are related by the ancient Arabian and Spanish chroniclers, "and I doubt much," adds the venerable Agapida, "whether many readers will not consider the whole as a cunningly devised fable, sprung from an Oriental imagination; but it is not for me to reject a fact which is recorded by all those writers who are the fathers of our national history; a fact too, which is as well attested as most of the remarkable events in the story of Don Roderick. None but light and inconsiderate minds," continues the good friar, "do hastily reject the marvelous. To the thinking mind the whole world is enveloped in mystery, and everything

is full of type and portent. To such a mind the necromantic tower of Toledo will appear as one of those wondrous monuments of the olden time; one of those Egyptian and Chaldaic piles, storied with hidden wisdom and mystic prophecy, which have been devised in past ages, when man yet enjoyed an intercourse with high and spiritual natures, and when human foresight partook of divination."

This singular tower was round and of great height and grandeur, erected upon a lofty rock, and surrounded by crags and precipices. The foundation was supported by four brazen lions, each taller than a cavalier on horseback. The walls were built of small pieces of jasper and various colored marbles, not larger than a man's hand; so subtilely joined, however, that, but for their different hues, they might be taken for one entire stone. They were arranged with marvelous cunning, so as to represent battles and warlike deeds of times and heroes long since passed away, and the whole surface was so admirably polished that the stones were as lustrous as glass, and reflected the rays of the sun with such resplendent brightness as to dazzle all beholders.*

King Roderick and his courtiers arrived wondering and amazed at the foot of the rock. Here there was a narrow arched way cut through the living stone, the only

* From the minute account of the good friar, drawn from the ancient chronicles, it would appear that the walls of the tower were pictured in mosaic work.

entrance to the tower. It was closed by a massive iron gate, covered with rusty locks of divers workmanship and in the fashion of different centuries, which had been affixed by the predecessors of Don Roderick. On either side of the portal stood the two ancient guardians of the tower, laden with the keys appertaining to the locks.

The king alighted, and approaching the portals ordered the guardians to unlock the gate. The hoary headed men drew back with terror. "Alas!" cried they, "what is it your majesty requires of us? Would you have the mischiefs of this tower unbound, and let loose to shake the earth to its foundations?"

The venerable archbishop Urbino likewise implored him not to disturb a mystery which had been held sacred from generation to generation within the memory of man, and which even Cæsar himself, when sovereign of Spain, had not ventured to invade. The youthful cavaliers, however, were eager to pursue the adventure, and encouraged him in his rash curiosity.

"Come what come may," exclaimed Don Roderick, "I am resolved to penetrate the mystery of this tower." So saying, he again commanded the guardians to unlock the portal. The ancient men obeyed with fear and trembling, but their hands shook with age, and when they applied the keys the locks were so rusted by time, or of such strange workmanship, that they resisted their feeble efforts, whereupon the young cavaliers pressed forward and lent

their aid. Still the locks were so numerous and difficult, that with all their eagerness and strength a great part of the day was exhausted before the whole of them could be mastered.

When the last bolt had yielded to the key, the guardians and the reverend archbishop again entreated the king to pause and reflect. "Whatever is within this tower," said they, "is as yet harmless, and lies bound under a mighty spell; venture not then to open a door which may let forth a flood of evil upon the land." But the anger of the king was roused, and he ordered that the portal should be instantly thrown open. In vain, however, did one after another exert his strength, and equally in vain did the cavaliers unite their forces, and apply their shoulders to the gate; though there was neither bar nor bolt remaining, it was perfectly immovable.

The patience of the king was now exhausted, and he advanced to apply his hand; scarcely, however, did he touch the iron gate, when it swung slowly open, uttering, as it were, a dismal groan, as it turned reluctantly upon its hinges. A cold, damp wind issued forth, accompanied by a tempestuous sound. The hearts of the ancient guardians quaked within them, and their knees smote together; but several of the youthful cavaliers rushed in, eager to gratify their curiosity, or to signalize themselves in this redoubtable enterprise. They had scarcely advanced a few paces, however, when they recoiled, over-

come by the baleful air, or by some fearful vision.* Upon this, the king ordered that fires should be kindled to dispel the darkness, and to correct the noxious and long imprisoned air; he then led the way into the interior; but though stout of heart, he advanced with awe and hesitation.

After proceeding a short distance, he entered a hall or ante-chamber, on the opposite side of which was a door, and before it, on a pedestal, stood a gigantic figure, of the color of bronze and of a terrible aspect. It held a huge mace, which it whirled incessantly, giving such cruel and resounding blows upon the earth as to prevent all further entrance.

The king paused at sight of this appalling figure, for whether it were a living being, or a statue of magic artifice, he could not tell. On its breast was a scroll, whereon was inscribed, in large letters, "I do my duty."† After a little while Roderick plucked up heart, and addressed it with great solemnity. "Whatever thou be," said he, "I know that I come not to violate this sanctuary, but to inquire into the mystery it contains; I conjure thee, therefore, to let me pass in safety."

Upon this the figure paused with uplifted mace, and the king and his train passed unmolested through the door.

They now entered a vast chamber, of a rare and sump-

* Bleda, *Cronica*, cap. 7. † Ibid.

tuous architecture, difficult to be described. The wall
were incrusted with the most precious gems, so joine
together as to form one smooth and perfect surface. Th
lofty dome appeared to be self-supported, and was studde
with gems, lustrous as the stars of the firmament. Ther
was neither wood, nor any other common or base materi
to be seen throughout the edifice. There were no wi
dows or other openings to admit the day, yet a radia
light was spread throughout the place which seemed
shine from the walls and to render every object distinct
visible.

In the centre of this hall stood a table of alabaster,
the rarest workmanship, on which was inscribed, in Gre
characters, that Hercules Alcides, the Theban Greek, h
founded this tower in the year of the world three tho
sand and six. Upon the table stood a golden cask
richly set round with precious stones, and closed with
lock of mother-of-pearl, and on the lid were inscribed t
following words :—

"In this coffer is contained the mystery of the tow
The hand of none but a king can open it; but let h
beware! for marvelous events will be revealed to hi
which are to take place before his death."

King Roderick boldly seized upon the casket. T
venerable archbishop laid his hand upon his arm, a
made a last remonstrance. "Forbear, my son," said h
"desist while there is yet time. Look not into the m
terious decrees of Providence. God has hidden them

mercy from our sight, and it is impious to rend the veil by which they are concealed."

"What have I to dread from a knowledge of the future?" replied Roderick, with an air of haughty presumption. "If good be destined me, I shall enjoy it by anticipation; if evil, I shall arm myself to meet it." So saying, he rashly broke the lock.

Within the coffer he found nothing but a linen cloth, folded between two tablets of copper. On unfolding it, he beheld painted on it figures of men on horseback, of fierce demeanor, clad in turbans and robes of various colors, after the fashion of the Arabs, with scimetars hanging from their necks, and cross-bows at their saddle-backs, and they carried banners and pennons with divers devices. Above them was inscribed, in Greek characters, "Rash monarch! behold the men who are to hurl thee from thy throne, and subdue thy kingdom!"

At sight of these things the king was troubled in spirit, and dismay fell upon his attendants. While they were yet regarding the paintings, it seemed as if the figures began to move, and a faint sound of warlike tumult arose from the cloth, with the clash of cymbal and bray of trumpet, the neigh of steed and shout of army; but all was heard indistinctly, as if afar off, or in a reverie or dream. The more they gazed, the plainer became the vision, and the louder the noise; and the linen cloth rolled forth, and amplified, and spread out, as it were, a mighty banner, and filled the hall, and mingled with the

air, until its texture was no longer visible, or appeared as a transparent cloud. And the shadowy figures became all in motion, and the din and uproar became fiercer and fiercer; and whether the whole were an animated picture, or a vision, or an array of embodied spirits, conjured up by supernatural power, no one present could tell. They beheld before them a great field of battle, where Christians and Moslems were engaged in deadly conflict. They heard the rush and tramp of steeds, the blast of trump and clarion, the clash of cymbal, and the stormy din of a thousand drums. There was the clash of swords, and maces, and battle-axes, with the whistling of arrows and the hurtling of darts and lances. The Christians quailed before the foe; the infidels pressed upon them and put them to utter rout; the standard of the cross was cast down, the banner of Spain was trodden under foot the air resounded with shouts of triumph, with yells of fury, and with the groans of dying men. Amid the flying squadrons King Roderick beheld a crowned warrior, whose back was towards him, but whose arms and device were his own, and who was mounted on a white steed that resembled his own war-horse Orelia. In the confusion of the flight, the warrior was dismounted, and was no longer to be seen, and Orelia galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider.

Roderick stayed to see no more, but rushed from the fatal hall, followed by his terrified attendants. They fled through the outer chamber, where the gigantic figure

with the whirling mace had disappeared from his pedestal, and, on issuing into the open air, they found the two ancient guardians of the tower lying dead at the portal, as though they had been crushed by some mighty blow. All nature, which had been clear and serene, was now in wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds; loud bursts of thunder rent the air, and the earth was deluged with rain and rattling hail.

The king ordered that the iron portal should be closed, but the door was immovable, and the cavaliers were dismayed by the tremendous turmoil and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail within. The king and his train hastened back to Toledo, pursued and pelted by the tempest. The mountains shook and echoed with the thunder, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the Tagus raged and roared and flowed above its banks. It seemed to the affrighted courtiers as if the phantom legions of the tower had issued forth and mingled with the storm; for amidst the claps of thunder and the howling of the wind, they fancied they heard the sound of the drums and trumpets, the shouts of armies, and the rush of steeds. Thus beaten by tempest and overwhelmed with horror, the king and his courtiers arrived at Toledo, clattering across the bridge of the Tagus, and entering the gate in headlong confusion, as though they had been pursued by an enemy.

In the morning the heavens were again serene, and all nature was restored to tranquillity. The king, therefore,

issued forth with his cavaliers, and took the road to the tower, followed by a great multitude, for he was anxious once more to close the iron door, and shut up those evils that threatened to overwhelm the land. But lo! on coming in sight of the tower, a new wonder met their eyes. An eagle appeared high in the air, seeming to descend from heaven. He bore in his beak a burning brand, and, lighting on the summit of the tower, fanned the fire with his wings. In a little while the edifice burst forth into a blaze, as though it had been built of rosin, and the flames mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun; nor did they cease until every stone was consumed, and the whole was reduced to a heap of ashes. Then there came a vast flight of birds, small of size and sable of hue, darkening the sky like a cloud; and they descended, and wheeled in circles round the ashes, causing so great a wind with their wings that the whole was borne up into the air, and scattered throughout all Spain, and wherever a particle of that ashes fell it was as a stain of blood. It is furthermore recorded by ancient men and writers of former days, that all those on whom this dust fell were afterwards slain in battle, when the country was conquered by the Arabs, and that the destruction of this necromantic tower was a sign and token of the approaching perdition of Spain.

"Let all those," concludes the cautious friar, "who question the verity of this most marvelous occurrence, consult those admirable sources of our history, the chroni-

cle of the Moor Rasis, and the work entitled 'The Fall of Spain,' written by the Moor Abulcasim Tarif Abentarique. Let them consult, moreover, the venerable historian Bleda, and the cloud of other Catholic Spanish writers who have treated of this event, and they will find I have related nothing that has not been printed and published under the inspection and sanction of our holy mother Church. God alone knoweth the truth of these things; I speak nothing but what has been handed down to me from times of old."

CHAPTER VIII.

COUNT JULIAN.—HIS FORTUNES IN AFRICA.—HE HEARS OF THE DISHONOR OF HIS CHILD.—HIS CONDUCT THEREUPON.

THE course of our legendary narration now returns to notice the fortunes of Count Julian, after his departure from Toledo, to resume his government on the coast of Barbary. He left the Countess Frandina at Algeziras, his paternal domain, for the province under his command was threatened with invasion. In fact, when he arrived at Ceuta, he found his post in imminent danger from the all-conquering Moslems. The Arabs of the East, the followers of Mahomet having subjugated several of the most potent Orienta kingdoms, had established their seat of empire at Damascus, where at this time it was filled by Waled Almanzor, surnamed "The Sword of God." From thenc the tide of Moslem conquest had rolled on to the shore of the Atlantic, so that all Almagreb, or Western Africa had submitted to the standard of the Prophet, with th exception of a portion of Tingitania, lying along th straits—being the province held by the Goths of Spai and commanded by Count Julian. The Arab invader

were a hundred thousand strong, most of them veteran troops seasoned in warfare and accustomed to victory. They were led by an old Arab general, Muza ben Nosier, to whom was confided the government of Almagreb,—most of which he had himself conquered. The ambition of this veteran was to make the Moslem conquest complete, by expelling the Christians from the African shores; with this view his troops menaced the few remaining Gothic fortresses of Tingitania, while he himself sat down in person before the walls of Ceuta. The Arab chieftain had been rendered confident by continual success, and thought nothing could resist his arms and the sacred standard of the Prophet. Impatient of the tedious delays of a siege, he led his troops boldly against the rock-built towers of Ceuta, and attempted to take the place by storm. The onset was fierce, and the struggle desperate: the swarthy sons of the desert were light and vigorous, and of fiery spirit; but the Goths, inured to danger on this frontier, retained the stubborn valor of their race, so impaired among their brethren in Spain. They were commanded, too, by one skilled in warfare and ambitious of renown. After a vehement conflict, the Moslem assailants were repulsed from all points, and driven from the walls. Don Julian sallied forth and harassed them in their retreat, and so severe was the carnage that the veteran Muza was fain to break up his camp and retire confounded from the siege.

The victory at Ceuta resounded throughout Tingitania,

and spread universal joy. On every side were heard shouts of exultation, mingled with praises of Count Julian. He was hailed by the people, wherever he went, as their deliverer, and blessings were invoked upon his head. The heart of Count Julian was lifted up, and his spirit swelled within him; but it was with noble and virtuous pride, for he was conscious of having merited the blessings of his country.

In the midst of his exultation, and while the rejoicings of the people were yet sounding in his ears, the page arrived who bore the letter from his unfortunate daughter.

"What tidings from the king?" said the count, as the page knelt before him. "None, my lord," replied the youth; "but I bear a letter sent in all haste by the lady Florinda."

He took the letter from his bosom and presented it to his lord. As Count Julian read it, his countenance darkened and fell. "This," said he, bitterly, "is my reward for serving a tyrant; and these are the honors heaped on me by my country while fighting its battles in a foreign land. May evil overtake me, and infamy rest upon my name, if I cease until I have full measure of revenge."

Count Julian was vehement in his passions, and took no council in his wrath. His spirit was haughty in the extreme, but destitute of true magnanimity, and when once wounded, turned to gall and venom. A dark and

malignant hatred entered into his soul, not only against Don Roderick, but against all Spain; he looked upon it as the scene of his disgrace, a land in which his family was dishonored, and, in seeking to revenge the wrongs he had suffered from his sovereign, he meditated against his native country one of the blackest schemes of treason that ever entered into the human heart.

The plan of Count Julian was to hurl King Roderick from his throne, and to deliver all Spain into the hands of the infidels. In concerting and executing this treacherous plot, it seemed as if his whole nature was changed; every lofty and generous sentiment was stifled, and he stooped to the meanest dissimulation. His first object was, to extricate his family from the power of the king and to remove it from Spain before his treason should be known; his next, to deprive the country of its remaining means of defense against an invader.

With these dark purposes at heart, but with an open and serene countenance, he crossed to Spain and repaired to the court at Toledo. Wherever he came he was hailed with acclamation as a victorious general, and appeared in the presence of his sovereign radiant with the victory at Ceuta. Concealing from King Roderick his knowledge of the outrage upon his house, he professed nothing but the most devoted loyalty and affection.

The king loaded him with favors; seeking to appease his own conscience by heaping honors upon the father

in atonement of the deadly wrong inflicted upon his child. He regarded Count Julian, also, as a man able and experienced in warfare, and took his advice in all matters relating to the military affairs of the kingdom. The count magnified the dangers that threatened the frontier under his command, and prevailed upon the king to send thither the best horses and arms remaining from the time of Witiza, there being no need of them in the centre of Spain, in its present tranquil state. The residue, at his suggestion, was stationed on the frontiers of Gallia; so that the kingdom was left almost wholly without defense against any sudden irruption from the south.

Having thus artfully arranged his plans, and all things being prepared for his return to Africa, he obtained permission to withdraw his daughter from the court, and leave her with her mother, the Countess Frandina, who, he pretended, lay dangerously ill at Algeziras. Count Julian issued out of the gate of the city, followed by a shining band of chosen followers, while beside him, on a palfrey, rode the pale and weeping Florinda. The populace hailed and blessed him as he passed, but his heart turned from them with loathing. As he crossed the bridge of the Tagus he looked back with a dark brow upon Toledo, and raised his mailed hand and shook it at the royal palace of King Roderick, which crested the rocky height. "A father's curse," said he, "be upon thee and thine! may desolation fall upon thy dwelling, and confusion and defeat upon thy realm!"

In his journeyings through the country, he looked round him with a malignant eye: the pipe of the shepherd and the song of the husbandman were as discord to his soul; every sight and sound of human happiness sickened him at heart; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he prayed that he might see the whole scene of prosperity laid waste with fire and sword by the invader.

The story of domestic outrage and disgrace had already been made known to the Countess Frandina. When the hapless Florinda came in presence of her mother, she fell on her neck, and hid her face in her bosom, and wept; but the countess shed never a tear, for she was a woman haughty of spirit and strong of heart. She looked her husband sternly in the face. "Perdition light upon thy head," said she, "if thou submit to this dishonor. For my own part, woman as I am, I will assemble the followers of my house, nor rest until rivers of blood have washed away this stain."

"Be satisfied," replied the count; "vengeance is on foot, and will be sure and ample."

Being now in his own domains, surrounded by his relatives and friends, Count Julian went on to complete his web of treason. In this he was aided by his brother-in-law, Oppas, the Bishop of Seville,—a man dark and perfidious as the night, but devout in demeanor, and smooth and plausible in council. This artful prelate had contrived to work himself into the entire confidence of the king, and had even prevailed upon him to permit

his nephews, Evan and Siseburto, the exiled sons of Witiza, to return into Spain. They resided in Andalusia, and were now looked to as fit instruments in the present traitorous conspiracy.

By the advice of the bishop, Count Julian called a secret meeting of his relatives and adherents on a wild rocky mountain, not far from Consuegra, and which still bears the Moorish appellation of "La Sierra de Calderin," or the Mountain of Treason.* When all were assembled, Count Julian appeared among them, accompanied by the bishop and by the Countess Frandina. Then gathering around him those who were of his blood and kindred, he revealed the outrage that had been offered to their house. He represented to them that Roderick was their legitimate enemy; that he had dethroned Witiza, their relation, and had now stained the honor of one of the most illustrious daughters of their line. The Countess Frandina seconded his words. She was a woman majestic in person and eloquent of tongue, and being inspired by a mother's feelings, her speech aroused the assembled cavaliers to fury.

The count took advantage of the excitement of the moment to unfold his plan. The main object was to dethrone Don Roderick, and give the crown to the sons of the late King Witiza. By this means they would visit the sins of the tyrant upon his head, and, at the

* Bleda, cap. 5.

same time, restore the regal honors to their line. For this purpose their own force would be insufficient, but they might procure the aid of Muza ben Nosier, the Arabian general in Mauritania, who would no doubt gladly send a part of his troops into Spain to assist in the enterprise.

The plot thus suggested by Count Julian received the unholy sanction of Bishop Oppas, who engaged to aid it secretly with all his influence and means; for he had great wealth and possessions, and many retainers. The example of the reverend prelate determined all who might otherwise have wavered, and they bound themselves by dreadful oaths to be true to the conspiracy. Count Julian undertook to proceed to Africa, and seek the camp of Muza, to negotiate for his aid, while the bishop was to keep about the person of King Roderick, and lead him into the net prepared for him.

All things being thus arranged, Count Julian gathered together his treasure, and taking his wife and daughter and all his household, abandoned the country he meant to betray,—embarking at Malaga for Ceuta. The gate in the wall of that city, through which they went forth, continued for ages to bear the name of Puerta de la Cava, or the Gate of the Harlot; for such was the opprobrious and unmerited appellation bestowed by the Moors on the unhappy Florinda.*

* Bleda, cap. 4.

CHAPTER IX.

SECRET VISIT OF COUNT JULIAN TO THE ARAB CAMP. — FIRST EXPEDITION OF TARIC EL TUERTO.

WHEN Count Julian had placed his family in security in Ceuta, surrounded by soldiery devoted to his fortunes, he took with him a few confidential followers and departed in secret for the camp of the Arabian Emir, Muza ben Nosier. The camp was spread out in one of those pastoral valleys which lie at the feet of the Barbary Hills, with the great range of the Atlas Mountains towering in the distance. In the motley army here assembled were warriors of every tribe and nation that had been united by pact or conquest in the cause of Islam. There were those who had followed Muza from the fertile regions of Egypt, across the deserts of Barca, and those who had joined his standard from among the sunburnt tribes of Mauritania. There were Saracen and Tartar, Syrian and Copt, and swarthy Moor; sumptuous warriors from the civilized cities of the East, and the gaunt and predatory rovers of the desert. The greater part of the army, however, was composed of Arabs; but differing greatly from the first

rude hordes that enlisted under the banner of Mahomet. Almost a century of continual wars with the cultivated nations of the East had rendered them accomplished warriors; and the occasional sojourn in luxurious countries and populous cities, had acquainted them with the arts and habits of civilized life. Still the roving, restless, and predatory habits of the genuine son of Ishmael prevailed, in defiance of every change of clime or situation.

Count Julian found the Arab conqueror Muza surrounded by somewhat of oriental state and splendor. He was advanced in life, but of a noble presence, and concealed his age by tingeing his hair and beard with henna. The count assumed an air of soldier-like frankness and decision when he came into his presence. "Hitherto," said he, "we have been enemies; but I come to thee in peace, and it rests with thee to make me the most devoted of thy friends. I have no longer country or king. Roderick the Goth is an usurper, and my deadly foe; he has wounded my honor in the tenderest point, and my country affords me no redress. Aid me in my vengeance, and I will deliver all Spain into thy hands,—a land far exceeding in fertility and wealth all the vaunted regions thou hast conquered in Tingitania."

The heart of Muza leaped with joy at these words, for he was a bold and ambitious conqueror, and, having overrun all western Africa, had often cast a wistful eye at the mountains of Spain, as he beheld them brighten-

ing beyond the waters of the strait. Still he possessed the caution of a veteran, and feared to engage in an enterprise of such moment, and to carry his arms into another division of the globe, without the approbation of his sovereign. Having drawn from Count Julian the particulars of his plan, and of the means he possessed to carry it into effect, he laid them before his confidential counselors and officers, and demanded their opinion. "These words of Count Julian," said he, "may be false and deceitful; or he may not possess the power to fulfil his promises. The whole may be a pretended treason to draw us on to our destruction. It is more natural that he should be treacherous to us than to his country."

Among the generals of Muza, was a gaunt, swarthy veteran, scarred with wounds,—a very Arab, whose great delight was roving and desperate enterprise, and who cared for nothing beyond his steed, his lance, and scimetar. He was a native of Damascus; his name was Tarik ben Zeyad, but, from having lost an eye, he was known among the Spaniards by the appellation of Taric el Tuerto, or Taric the One-eyed.

The hot blood of this veteran Ishmaelite was in a ferment when he heard of a new country to invade and vast regions to subdue, and he dreaded lest the cautious hesitation of Muza should permit the glorious prize to escape them. "You speak doubtingly," said he, "of the words of this Christian cavalier, but their truth is easily to be ascertained. Give me four galleys and a handful of men, and

I will depart with this Count Julian, skirt the Christian coast, and bring thee back tidings of the land, and of his means to put it in our power."

The words of the veteran pleased Muza ben Nosier, and he gave his consent; and Taric departed with four galleys, and five hundred men, guided by the traitor Julian.* This first expedition of the Arabs against Spain, took place, according to certain historians, in the year of our Lord seven hundred and twelve; though others differ on this point, as indeed they do upon almost every point in this early period of Spanish history. The date to which the judicious chroniclers incline, is that of seven hundred and ten, in the month of July. It would appear from some authorities, also, that the galleys of Taric cruised along the coasts of Andalusia and Lusitania, under the feigned character of merchant barks, nor is this at all improbable, while they were seeking merely to observe the land, and get a knowledge of the harbors. Wherever they touched, Count Julian despatched emissaries to assemble his friends and adherents at an appointed place. They gathered together secretly at Cezira Alhadra, that is to say, the Green Island, where they held a conference with Count Julian in presence of Taric ben Zeyad.† Here they again avowed their readiness to flock to his standard whenever it should be

* Beuter, *Cron. Gen. de España,* L. 1, c. 28. Marmol, *Descrip. de Africa,* L. 2, c. 10.

† Bleda, *Cron.* c. 5.

openly raised, and made known their various prepara-
tions for a rebellion. Taric was convinced, by all that he
had seen and heard, that Count Julian had not deceived
them, either as to his disposition or his means to betray
his country. Indulging his Arab inclinations, he made
an inroad into the land, collected great spoil and many
captives, and bore off his plunder in triumph to Muza, a
a specimen of the riches to be gained by the conquest o
the Christian land.*

* Conde, *Hist. Dom. Arab.*, part 1, c. 8.

CHAPTER X.

LETTER OF MUZA TO THE CALIPH. — SECOND EXPEDITION OF TARIC EL TUERTO.

N hearing the tidings brought by Taric el Tuerto, and beholding the spoil he had collected, Muza wrote a letter to the Caliph Valed Almanzor, setting forth the traitorous proffer of Count Julian, and the probability, through his means, of making a successful invasion of Spain. "A new land," said he, "spreads itself out before our delighted eyes and invites our conquest: a land, too, that equals Syria in the fertility of its soil and the serenity of its sky; Yemen, or Arabia the Happy, in its delightful temperature; India, in its flowers and spices; Hegiaz, in its fruits and flowers; Cathay, in its precious minerals; and Aden, in the excellence of its ports and harbors. It is populous also, and wealthy; having many splendid cities and majestic monuments of ancient art. What is to prevent this glorious land from becoming the inheritance of the faithful? Already we have overcome the tribes of Berbery, of Zab, of Derar, of Zaara, Mazamuda and Sus, and the victorious standard of Islam floats on the towers

of Tangier. But four leagues of sea separate us fro
the opposite coast. One word from my sovereign, an
the conquerors of Africa will pour their legions int
Andalusia, rescue it from the domination of the u
believer, and subdue it to the law of the Koran." *

The Caliph was overjoyed with the contents of th
letter. "God is great!" exclaimed he, "and Mahomet
his prophet! It has been foretold by the ambassador
God that his law should extend to the ultimate parts
the West, and be carried by the sword into new and u
known regions. Behold another land is opened for t
triumphs of the faithful. It is the will of Allah, and
his sovereign will obeyed." So the Caliph sent missiv
to Muza, authorizing him to undertake the conquest.

Upon this there was a great stir of preparation, a
numerous vessels were assembled and equipped
Tangier to convey the invading army across the strai
Twelve thousand men were chosen for this expedition,
most of them light Arabian troops, seasoned in warfa
and fitted for hardy and rapid enterprise. Among th
were many horsemen, mounted on fleet Arabian stee
The whole was put under the command of the veter
Taric el Tuerto, or the One-eyed, in whom Muza repos
implicit confidence as in a second self. Taric accept
the command with joy; his martial fire was roused
the idea of having such an army under his sole co

* Conde, part 1, c. 8.

nand, and such a country to overrun, and he secretly letermined never to return unless victorious.

He chose a dark night to convey his troops across the Straits of Hercules, and by break of day they began to lisembark at Tarifa before the country had time to take he alarm. A few Christians hastily assembled from the ieighborhood and opposed their landing, but were easily ut to flight. Taric stood on the sea-side, and watched un- il the last squadron had landed, and all the horses, armor, nd munitions of war were brought on shore; he then ave orders to set fire to the ships. The Moslems were truck with terror when they beheld their fleet wrapped ı flames and smoke, and sinking beneath the waves. How shall we escape," exclaimed they, "if the fortune f war should be against us?" "There is no escape for ıe coward," cried Taric; "the brave man thinks of one; your only chance is victory." "But how without ıips shall we ever return to our homes?" "Your omes," replied Taric, "are before you; but you must in them with your swords."

While Taric was yet talking with his followers, says ıe of the ancient chroniclers, a Christian female was escried waving a white pennon on a reed, in signal of eace. On being brought into the presence of Taric, she rostrated herself before him. "Señor," said she, "I n an ancient woman; and it is now fully sixty years ıst and gone since, as I was keeping vigils one winter's ght by the fireside, I heard my father, who was an

exceeding old man, read a prophecy said to have beer written by a holy friar; and this was the purport of the prophecy, that a time would arrive when our country would be invaded and conquered by a people from Africa of a strange garb, a strange tongue, and a strange religion. They were to be led by a strong and valian captain, who would be known by these signs: on his right shoulder he would have a hairy mole, and his right arm would be much longer than the left, and o such length as to enable him to cover his knee with his hand without bending his body."

Taric listened to the old beldame with grave attention and when she had concluded, he laid bare his shoulder and lo! there was the mole as it had been described his right arm, also, was in verity found to exceed the other in length, though not to the degree that had been mentioned. Upon this the Arab host shouted for joy and felt assured of conquest.

The discreet Antonio Agapida, though he records this circumstance as it is set down in ancient chronicle, ye withholds his belief from the pretended prophecy, con sidering the whole a cunning device of Taric to increase the courage of his troops. "Doubtless," says he, "there was a collusion between this ancient sibyl and the craft son of Ishmael; for these infidel leaders were full o damnable inventions to work upon the superstitiou fancies of their followers, and to inspire them with blind confidence in the success of their arms."

Be this as it may, the veteran Taric took advantage of he excitement of his soldiery, and led them forward to ain possession of a stronghold, which was in a manner he key to all the adjacent country. This was a lofty ıountain or promontory almost surrounded by the sea, nd connected with the main-land by a narrow isthmus. t was called the rock of Calpe, and, like the opposite ock of Ceuta, commanded the entrance to the Mediter- ıean Sea. Here, in old times, Hercules had set up ne of his pillars, and the city of Heraclea had been uilt.

As Taric advanced against this promontory, he was pposed by a hasty levy of the Christians, who had ssembled under the banner of a Gothic noble of great power and importance, whose domains lay along the ıountainous coast of the Mediterranean. The name of is Christian cavalier was Theodomir, but he has uni- rsally been called Tadmir by the Arabian historians, d is renowned as being the first commander that made y stand against the inroads of the Moslems. He was out forty years of age; hardy, prompt, and sagacious; d had all the Gothic nobles been equally vigilant and srewd in their defense, the banner of Islam would ver have triumphed over the land.

Theodomir had but seventeen hundred men under his mmand, and these but rudely armed; yet he made a solute stand against the army of Taric, and defended pass to the promontory with great valor. He was

at length obliged to retreat, and Taric advanced an planted his standard on the rock of Calpe, and fortifie it as his stronghold, and as the means of securing a entrance into the land. To commemorate his first vi tory, he changed the name of the promontory, and calle it Gibel Taric, or the Mountain of Taric, but in proces of time the name has gradually been altered to Gibralta

In the meantime, the patriotic chieftain Theodomi having collected his routed forces, encamped with the on the skirts of the mountains, and summoned the cou try round to join his standard. He sent off missives all speed to the king, imparting in brief and blunt tern the news of the invasion, and craving assistance wi equal frankness. "Señor," said he in his letter, "t legions of Africa are upon us, but whether they co from heaven or earth I know not. They seem to ha fallen from the clouds, for they have no ships. We ha been taken by surprise, overpowered by numbers, a obliged to retreat; and they have fortified themselves our territory. Send us aid, Señor, with instant speed, rather, come yourself to our assistance." *

* Conde, part 1, c. 9.

CHAPTER XI.

ASURES OF DON RODERICK ON HEARING OF THE INVASION.—EXPEDITION OF ATAULPHO.—VISION OF TARIC.

WHEN Don Roderick heard that legions of turbaned troops had poured into the land from Africa, he called to mind the visions and predictions of the necromantic tower, and great fear came upon him. But, though sunk from his former hardihood and virtue, though enervated by indulgence, and degraded in spirit by a consciousness of crime, he was resolute of soul, and roused himself to meet the coming danger. He summoned a hasty levy of horse and foot, amounting to forty thousand; but now were felt the effects of the crafty counsel of Count Julian, for the best of the horses and armor intended for the public service had been sent into Africa, and were really in possession of the traitors. Many nobles, it is true, took the field with the sumptuous array with which they had been accustomed to appear at tournaments and jousts, but most of their vassals were destitute of weapons, and clad in cuirassess of leather, or suits of armor almost consumed by rust. They were without discipline or ani-

mation; and their horses, like themselves, pampered by slothful peace, were little fitted to bear the heat, the dust, and toil of long campaigns.

This army Don Roderick put under the command o his kinsman Ataulpho, a prince of the royal blood of th Goths, and of a noble and generous nature; and he ordere him to march with all speed to meet the foe, and to re cruit his forces on the way with the troops of Theodomi

In the meantime, Taric el Tuerto had received larg reinforcements from Africa, and the adherents of Cour Julian and all those discontented with the sway of Do Roderick had flocked to his standard; for many wer deceived by the representations of Count Julian, an thought that the Arabs had come to aid him in pla ing the sons of Witiza upon the throne. Guided by th count, the troops of Taric penetrated into various par of the country, and laid waste the land; bringing bac loads of spoil to their stronghold at the rock of Calpe.

The Prince Ataulpho marched with his army throug Andalusia, and was joined by Theodomir with his troop he met with various detachments of the enemy foragi the country, and had several bloody skirmishes; but h succeeded in driving them before him, and they retreat to the rock of Calpe, where Taric lay gathered up wi the main body of his army.

The prince encamped not far from the bay whi spreads itself out before the promontory. In the eve ing he despatched the veteran Theodomir, with a tru

)et, to demand a parley of the Arab chieftain, who re-
eived the envoy in his tent, surrounded by his captains.
Theodomir was frank and abrupt in speech, for the most
f his life had been passed far from courts. He deliv-
red, in round terms, the message of the Prince Ataul-
)ho; upbraiding the Arab general with his wanton inva-
ion of the land, and summoning him to surrender his
rmy or to expect no mercy.

The single eye of Taric el Tuerto glowed like a coal of
re at this message. "Tell your commander," replied
e, "that I have crossed the strait to conquer Spain, nor
/ill I return until I have accomplished my purpose.
'ell him I have men skilled in war, and armed in proof,
/ith whose aid I trust soon to give a good account of
is rabble host."

A murmur of applause passed through the assemblage
f Moslem captains. Theodomir glanced on them a look
f defiance, but his eye rested on a renegado Christian,
ne of his own ancient comrades, and a relation of Count
ulian. "As to you, Don Graybeard," said he, "you
ho turn apostate in your declining age, I here pro-
ounce you a traitor to your God, your king, and coun-
y; and stand ready to prove it this instant upon your
ody, if field be granted me."

The traitor knight was stung with rage at these words,
r truth rendered them piercing to the heart. He would
ave immediately answered to the challenge, but Taric
rbade it, and ordered that the Christian envoy should

be conducted from the camp. "'Tis well," replied Theodomir; "God will give me the field which you deny. Let yon hoary apostate look to himself to-morrow in the battle, for I pledge myself to use my lance upon no other foe until it has shed his blood upon the native soil he has betrayed." So saying, he left the camp, nor could the Moslem chieftains help admiring the honest indignation of this patriot knight, while they secretly despised his renegado adversary.

The ancient Moorish chroniclers relate many awful portents and strange and mysterious visions, which appeared to the commanders of either army during this anxious night. Certainly it was a night of fearful suspense and Moslem and Christian looked forward with doubt to the fortune of the coming day. The Spanish sentinel walked his pensive round, listening occasionally to the vague sounds from the distant rock of Calpe, and eying it as the mariner eyes the thunder-cloud, pregnant with terror and destruction. The Arabs, too, from their lofty cliffs, beheld the numerous camp-fires of the Christians gradually lighted up, and saw that they were a powerful host; at the same time the night breeze brought to their ears the sullen roar of the sea which separated them from Africa. When they considered their perilous situation,— an army on one side, with a whole nation aroused to reinforce it, and on the other an impassable sea,— the spirits of many of the warriors were cast down, and they repented the day when they had ventured into this hostile land.

Taric marked their despondency, but said nothing. Scarce had the first streak of morning light trembled along he sea, however, when he summoned his principal war-iors to his tent. "Be of good cheer," said he; "Allah is vith us, and has sent his Prophet to give assurance of his id. Scarce had I retired to my tent last night, when a nan of a majestic and venerable presence stood before me." He was taller by a palm than the ordinary race of men, is flowing beard was of a golden hue, and his eyes were o bright that they seemed to send forth flashes of fire. have heard the Emir Bahamet, and other ancient men, escribe the Prophet, whom they had seen many times hile on earth, and such was his form and lineament. Fear nothing, O Taric, from the morrow,' said he; 'I ill be with thee in the fight. Strike boldly, then, and onquer. Those of thy followers who survive the battle ill have this land for an inheritance; for those who fall, mansion in Paradise is prepared, and immortal houries wait their coming.' He spake and vanished; I heard a rain of celestial melody, and my tent was filled with the dors of Arabia the Happy." "Such," say the Spanish ironiclers, "was another of the arts by which this arch on of Ishmael sought to animate the hearts of his follow-rs; and the pretended vision has been recorded by the rabian writers as a veritable occurrence. Marvelous, ideed, was the effect produced by it upon the infidel sol-iery, who now cried out with eagerness to be led against he foe."

CHAPTER XII.

BATTLE OF CALPE.—FATE OF ATAULPHO.

THE gray summits of the rock of Calpe brightened with the first rays of morning as the Christian army issued forth from its encampment. The Prince Ataulpho rode from squadron to squadron, animating his soldiers for the battle. "Never should we sheathe our swords," said he, "while these infidels have a footing in the land. They are pent up within yon rocky mountain; we must assail them in their rugged hold. We have a long day before us; let not the setting sun shine upon one of their host who is not a fugitive, a captive, or a corpse."

The words of the prince were received with shouts and the army moved towards the promontory. As they advanced, they heard the clash of cymbals and the brays of trumpets, and the rocky bosom of the mountain glittered with helms and spears and scimetars; for the Arabs, inspired with fresh confidence by the words of Tarik, were sallying forth, with flaunting banners, to the combat.

The gaunt Arab chieftain stood upon a rock as his troops marched by; his buckler was at his back, and his

brandished in his hand a double-pointed spear. Calling upon the several leaders by their names, he exhorted them to direct their attacks against the Christian captains, and especially against Ataulpho; "for the chiefs being slain," said he, "their followers will vanish from before us like the morning mist."

The Gothic nobles were easily to be distinguished by the splendor of their arms, but the Prince Ataulpho was conspicuous above all the rest for the youthful grace and majesty of his appearance and the bravery of his array. He was mounted on a superb Andalusian charger, richly caparisoned with crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. His surcoat was of like color and adornment, and the plumes that waved above his burnished helmet were of the purest white. Ten mounted pages, magnificently attired, followed him to the field, but their duty was not so much to fight as to attend upon their lord, and to furnish him with steed or weapon.

The Christian troops, though irregular and undisciplined, were full of native courage; for the old warrior spirit of their Gothic sires still glowed in their bosoms. There were two battalions of infantry, but Ataulpho stationed them in the rear; "for God forbid," said he, "that foot-soldiers should have the place of honor in the battle, when I have so many valiant cavaliers." As the armies drew nigh to each other, however, it was discovered that the advance of the Arabs was composed of infantry. Upon this the cavaliers checked their steeds,

and requested that the foot-soldiery might advance and disperse this losel crew, holding it beneath their dignity to contend with pedestrian foes. The prince, however commanded them to charge; upon which, putting spurs to their steeds, they rushed upon the foe.

The Arabs stood the shock manfully, receiving the horses upon the points of their lances; many of the riders were shot down with bolts from cross-bows, or stabbed with the poniards, of the Moslems. The cavaliers succeeded, however, in breaking into the midst of the battalion and throwing it into confusion, cutting down some with their swords, transpiercing others with their spears, and trampling many under the hoofs of their horses. At this moment they were attacked by a band of Spanish horsemen, the recreant partisans of Count Julian. Their assault bore hard upon their countrymen who were disordered by the contest with the foot-soldiery and many a loyal Christian knight fell beneath the sword of an unnatural foe.

The foremost among these recreant warriors was the renegado cavalier whom Theodomir had challenged in the tent of Taric. He dealt his blows about him with powerful arm and with malignant fury, for nothing is more deadly than the hatred of an apostate. In the midst of his career he was espied by the hardy Theodomir, who came spurring to the encounter. "Traitor!" cried he, "I have kept my vow. This lance has been held sacred from all other foes to make a passage for

hy perjured soul." The renegado had been renowned or prowess before he became a traitor to his country, ut guilt will sap the courage of the stoutest heart. When he beheld Theodomir rushing upon him, he would ave turned and fled; pride alone withheld him; and, hough an admirable master of defense, he lost all skill o ward the attack of his adversary. At the first assault the lance of Theodomir pierced him through and hrough; he fell to the earth, gnashed his teeth as he olled in the dust, but yielded his breath without uttering a word.

The battle now became general, and lasted throughout he morning with varying success. The stratagem of aric, however, began to produce its effect. The Christian leaders and most conspicuous cavaliers were singled it and severally assailed by overpowering numbers. hey fought desperately, and performed miracles of rowess, but fell, one by one, beneath a thousand ounds. Still the battle lingered on throughout a great rt of the day, and as the declining sun shone through te clouds of dust, it seemd as if the conflicting hosts ere wrapped in smoke and fire.

The Prince Ataulpho saw that the fortune of battle as against him. He rode about the field, calling out e names of the bravest of his knights, but few answered to his call; the rest lay mangled on the field. ith this handful of warriors he endeavored to retrieve e day, when he was assailed by Tenderos, a partisan

of Count Julian, at the head of a body of recreant Christians. At the sight of this new adversary, fire flashed from the eyes of the prince, for Tenderos had been brought up in his father's palace. "Well dost thou, traitor!" cried he, "to attack the son of thy lord, who gave thee bread; thou, who hast betrayed thy country and thy God!"

So saying, he seized a lance from one of his pages and charged furiously upon the apostate; but Tenderos met him in mid career, and the lance of the prince was shivered upon his shield. Ataulpho then grasped his mace, which hung at his saddle-bow, and a doubtful fight ensued. Tenderos was powerful of frame and superior in the use of his weapons, but the curse of treason seemed to paralyze his arm. He wounded Ataulpho slightly between the greaves of his armor, but the prince dealt a blow with his mace that crushed through helm and skull and reached the brain; and Tenderos fell dead to earth, his armor rattling as he fell.

At the same moment, a javelin hurled by an Arab transpierced the horse of Ataulpho, which sunk beneath him. The prince seized the reins of the steed of Tenderos, but the faithful animal, as though he knew him to be the foe of his late lord, reared and plunged and refused to let him mount. The prince, however, used him as a shield to ward off the press of foes, while with his sword he defended himself against those in front of him. Taric ben Zeyad arrived at the scene of conflict

and paused for a moment in admiration of the surpassing prowess of the prince; recollecting, however, that his fall would be a death-blow to his army, he spurred upon him and wounded him severely with his scimetar. Before he could repeat his blow, Theodomir led up a body of Christian cavaliers to the rescue, and Taric was parted from his prey by the tumult of the fight. The prince sank to the earth, covered with wounds and exhausted by the loss of blood. A faithful page drew him from under the hoofs of the horses, and, aided by a veteran soldier, an ancient vassal of Ataulpho, conveyed him to a short distance from the scene of battle, by the side of a small stream that gushed out from among rocks. They stanched the blood that flowed from his wounds, and washed the dust from his face, and laid him beside the fountain. The page sat at his head, and supported it on his knees, and the veteran stood at his feet, with his brow bent and his eyes full of sorrow. The prince gradually revived, and opened his eyes. "How fares the battle?" said he. "The struggle is hard," replied the soldier, "but the day may yet be ours."

The prince felt that the hour of his death was at hand, and ordered that they should aid him to rise upon his knees. They supported him between them, and he prayed fervently for a short time, when, finding his strength declining, he beckoned the veteran to sit down beside him on the rock. Continuing to kneel, he confessed himself to that ancient soldier, having no priest

or friar to perform that office in this hour of extremity. When he had so done, he sunk again upon the earth and pressed it with his lips, as if he would take a fond farewell of his beloved country. The page would then have raised his head, but found that his lord had yielded up the ghost.

A number of Arab warriors, who came to the fountain to slake their thirst, cut off the head of the prince, and bore it in triumph to Taric, crying, "Behold the head of the Christian leader." Taric immediately ordered that the head should be put upon the end of a lance, together with the surcoat of the prince, and borne about the field of battle, with the sound of trumpets, atabals, and cymbals.

When the Christians beheld the surcoat, and knew the features of the prince, they were struck with horror, and heart and hand failed them. Theodomir endeavored in vain to rally them; they threw by their weapons and fled; and they continued to fly, and the enemy to pursue and slay them, until the darkness of the night. The Moslems then returned and plundered the Christian camp, where they found abundant spoil.

CHAPTER XIII.

TERROR OF THE COUNTRY.—RODERICK ROUSES HIMSELF TO ARMS.

THE scattered fugitives of the Christian army spread terror throughout the land. The inhabitants of the towns and villages gathered around them as they applied at their gates for food, or laid themselves down, faint and wounded, beside the public fountains. When they related the tale of their defeat, old men shook their heads and groaned, and the women uttered cries and lamentations. So strange and unlooked-for a calamity filled them with consternation and despair; for it was long since the alarm of war had sounded in their land, and this was a warfare that carried chains and slavery, and all kinds of horrors in its train.

Don Roderick was seated with his beauteous queen, Exilona, in the royal palace which crowned the rocky summit of Toledo, when the bearer of ill tidings came galloping over the bridge of the Tagus. "What tidings from the army?" demanded the king, as the panting messenger was brought into his presence. "Tidings of great woe," exclaimed the soldier. "The prince has fallen in battle. I saw his head and surcoat upon

a Moorish lance, and the army was overthrown and fled."

At hearing these words, Roderick covered his face with his hands, and for some time sat in silence; and all his courtiers stood mute and aghast, and no one dared to speak a word. In that awful space of time, passed before his thoughts all his errors and his crimes, and all the evils that had been predicted in the necromantic tower. His mind was filled with horror and confusion, for the hour of his destruction seemed at hand; but he subdued his agitation by his strong and haughty spirit; and when he uncovered his face, no one could read on his brow the trouble and agony of his heart. Still every hour brought fresh tidings of disaster. Messenger after messenger came spurring into the city, distracting it with new alarms. The infidels, they said, were strengthening themselves in the land; host after host were pouring in from Africa; the sea-board of Andalusia glittered with spears and scimetars. Bands of turbaned horsemen had overrun the plains of Sidonia, even to the banks of the Guadiana. Fields were laid waste, towns and cities plundered, the inhabitants carried into captivity, and the whole country lay in smoking desolation.

Roderick heard all these tidings with an undaunted aspect, nor did he ever again betray sign of consternation; but the anxiety of his soul was evident in his warlike preparations. He issued orders that every noble and prelate of his kingdom should put himself at the

head of his retainers and take the field, and that every man capable of bearing arms should hasten to his standard, bringing whatever horse and mule and weapon he possessed; and he appointed the plain of Cordova for the place where the army was to assemble. Throwing by, then, all the trappings of his late slothful and voluptuous life, and arming himself for warlike action, he departed from Toledo at the head of his guard, composed of the flower of the youthful nobility. His queen, Exilona, accompanied him, for she craved permission to remain in one of the cities of Andalusia, that she might be near her lord in this time of peril.

Among the first who appeared to hail the arrival of the king at Cordova, was the Bishop Oppas, the secret partisan of the traitor Julian. He brought with him his two nephews, Evan and Siseburto, the sons of the late King Vitiza, and a great host of vassals and retainers, all well armed and appointed; for they had been furnished by Count Julian with a part of the arms sent by the king of Africa. The bishop was smooth of tongue and profound in his hypocrisy; his pretended zeal and devotion, and the horror with which he spoke of the treachery of his kinsman, imposed upon the credulous spirit of the king, and he was readily admitted into his most secret councils.

The alarm of the infidel invasion had spread throughout the land, and roused the Gothic valor of the inhabitants. On receiving the orders of Roderick, every town

and hamlet, every mountain and valley, had sent forth its fighting men, and the whole country was on the march towards Andalusia. In a little while there were gathered together, on the plain of Cordova, near fifty thousand horsemen and a countless host of foot-soldiers. The Gothic nobles appeared in burnished armor, curiously inlaid and adorned, with chains and jewels of gold, and ornaments of precious stones, and silken scarfs, and surcoats of brocade, or velvet richly embroidered; betraying the luxury and ostentation into which they had declined from the iron hardihood of their warlike sires. As to the common people, some had lances and shields and swords and cross-bows, but the greater part were unarmed, or provided merely with slings, and clubs studded with nails, and with the iron implements of husbandry; and many had made shields for themselves from the doors and windows of their habitations. They were a prodigious host, and appeared, say the Arabian chroniclers, like an agitated sea; but, though brave in spirit they possessed no knowledge of warlike art, and were ineffectual through lack of arms and discipline.

Several of the most ancient and experienced cavaliers beholding the state of the army, advised Don Roderick t await the arrival of more regular troops, which wer stationed in Iberia, Cantabria, and Gallia Gothica; bu this counsel was strenuously opposed by the Bisho Oppas; who urged the king to march immediatel against the infidels. "As yet," said he, "their numbe

is but limited; but every day new hosts arrive, like flocks of locusts, from Africa. They will augment faster than we; they are living, too, at our expense, and while we pause, both armies are consuming the substance of the land."

King Roderick listened to the crafty counsel of the bishop, and determined to advance without delay. He mounted his war-horse Orelia, and rode among his troops assembled on that spacious plain, and wherever he appeared he was received with acclamations; for nothing so arouses the spirit of the soldier as to behold his sovereign in arms. He addressed them in words calculated to touch their hearts and animate their courage. "The Saracens," said he, "are ravaging our land, and their object is our conquest. Should they prevail, your very existence as a nation is at an end. They will overturn your altars, trample on the cross, lay waste your cities, carry off your wives and daughters, and doom yourselves and sons to hard and cruel slavery. No safety remains for you but in the prowess of your arms. For my own part, as I am your king, so will I be your leader, and will be the foremost to encounter every toil and danger."

The soldiery answered their monarch with loud acclamations, and solemnly pledged themselves to fight to the last gasp in defense of their country and their faith. The king then arranged the order of their march; all those who were armed with cuirasses and coats of mail were placed in the front and rear; the centre of the army

was composed of a promiscuous throng, without body-armor and but scantily provided with weapons.

When they were about to march, the king called to him a noble cavalier named Ramiro, and, delivering him the royal standard, charged him to guard it well for the honor of Spain; scarcely, however, had the good knight received it in his hand, when he fell dead from his horse, and the staff of the standard was broken in twain. Many ancient courtiers who were present looked upon this as an evil omen, and counseled the king not to set forward on his march that day; but, disregarding all auguries and portents, he ordered the royal banner to be put upon a lance, and gave it in charge of another standard-bearer; then commanding the trumpets to be sounded, he departed at the head of his host to seek the enemy.

The field where this great army assembled was called, from the solemn pledge given by the nobles and the soldiers, *El campo de la verdad;* or, The Field of Truth—a name, says the sage chronicler Abulcasim, which it bears even to the present day.*

* *La Perdida de España*, cap. 9. Bleda, L. 2, c. 8.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARCH OF THE GOTHIC ARMY.—ENCAMPMENT ON THE BANKS OF THE GUADALETE.—MYSTERIOUS PREDICTIONS OF A PALMER.—CONDUCT OF PELISTES THEREUPON.

THE hopes of Andalusia revived as this mighty host stretched in lengthening lines along its fertile plains; from morn until night it continued to pour along, with sound of drum and trumpet; it was led on by the proudest nobles and bravest cavaliers of the land, and, had it possessed arms and discipline, might have undertaken the conquest of the world.

After a few days' march, Don Roderick arrived in sight of the Moslem army, encamped on the banks of the Guadalete,* where that beautiful stream winds through the fertile land of Xeres. The infidel host was far inferior in number to the Christians, but then it was composed of hardy and dexterous troops, seasoned to war and admirably armed. The camp shone gloriously in the setting sun, and resounded with the clash of cymbal, the note of the trumpet, and the neighing of fiery Arabian

* This name was given to it subsequently by the Arabs. It signifies the River of Death. *Vide* Pedraza, *Hist. Granad.*, p. 3, c. 1.

steeds. There were swarthy troops from every nation of the African coast, together with legions from Syria and Egypt, while the light Bedouins were careering about the adjacent plain. What grieved and incensed the spirits of the Christian warriors, however, was to behold, a little apart from the Moslem host, an encampment of Spanish cavaliers, with the banner of Count Julian waving above their tents. They were ten thousand in number, valiant and hardy men, the most experienced of Spanish soldiery, most of them having served in the African wars; they were well armed and appointed, also, with the weapons of which the count had beguiled his sovereign; and it was a grievous sight to behold such good soldiers arrayed against their country and their faith.

The Christians pitched their tents about the hour of vespers, at a short league distant from the enemy, and remained gazing with anxiety and awe upon this barbaric host that had caused such terror and desolation in the land; for the first sight of a hostile encampment in a country disused to war is terrible to the newly enlisted soldier. A marvelous occurrence is recorded by the Arabian chroniclers as having taken place in the Christian camp; but discreet Spanish writers relate it with much modification, and consider it a stratagem of the wily Bishop Oppas, to sound the loyalty of the Christian cavaliers.

As several leaders of the army were seated with the

bishop in his tent, conversing on the dubious fortunes of the approaching contest, an ancient pilgrim appeared at the entrance. He was bowed down with years, his snowy beard descended to his girdle, and he supported his tottering steps with a palmer's staff. The cavaliers rose and received him with great reverence, as he advanced within the tent. Holding up his withered hand, "Woe, woe to Spain!" exclaimed he, "for the vial of the wrath of Heaven is about to be poured out. Listen, warriors, and take warning. Four months since, having performed my pilgrimage to the sepulchre of our Lord in Palestine, I was on my return towards my native land. Wearied and wayworn, I lay down one night to sleep beneath a palm-tree, by the side of a fountain, when I was awakened by a voice saying unto me, in soft accents, 'Son of sorrow, why sleepest thou?' I opened my eyes, and beheld one of a fair and beauteous countenance, in shining apparel, and with glorious wings, standing by the fountain; and I said, 'Who art thou who callest upon me in this deep hour of the night?'

"'Fear not,' replied the stranger; 'I am an angel from heaven, sent to reveal unto thee the fate of thy country. Behold, the sins of Roderick have come up before God, and his anger is kindled against him, and He has given him up to be invaded and destroyed. Hasten then to Spain, and seek the camp of thy countrymen. Warn them that such only shall be saved as shall abandon Roderick; but those who adhere to him shall share his

punishment, and shall fall under the sword of the invader.'"

The pilgrim ceased, and passed forth from the tent; certain of the cavaliers followed him to detain him, that they might converse further with him about these matters, but he was nowhere to be found. The sentinel before the tent said, "I saw no one come forth, but it was as if a blast of wind passed by me, and there was a rustling as of dry leaves."

The cavaliers remained looking upon each other with astonishment. The Bishop Oppas sat with his eyes fixed upon the ground, and shadowed by his overhanging brow. At length, breaking silence, in a low and faltering voice, "Doubtless," said he, "this message is from God; and since He has taken compassion upon us, and given us notice of his impending judgment, it behooves us to hold grave council, and determine how best we may accomplish his will and avert his displeasure."

The chiefs still remained silent, as men confounded. Among them was a veteran noble named Pelistes. He had distinguished himself in the African wars, fighting side by side with Count Julian; but the latter had never dared to tamper with his faith, for he knew his stern integrity. Pelistes had brought with him to the camp his only son, who had never drawn a sword except in tourney. When the young man saw that the veterans held their peace, the blood mantled in his cheek, and, overcoming his modesty, he broke forth with a generous

warmth: "I know not, cavaliers," said he, "what is passing in your minds, but I believe this pilgrim to be an envoy from the devil; for none else could have given such dastard and perfidious counsel. For my own part, I stand ready to defend my king, my country, and my faith; I know no higher duty than this, and if God thinks fit to strike me dead in the performance of it, his sovereign will be done!"

When the young man had risen to speak, his father had fixed his eyes upon him with a grave and stern demeanor, leaning upon a two-handed sword. As soon as the youth had finished, Pelistes embraced him with a father's fondness. "Thou hast spoken well, my son," said he; "if I held my peace at the counsel of this losel pilgrim, it was but to hear thy opinion, and to learn whether thou wert worthy of thy lineage and of the training I had given thee. Hadst thou counseled otherwise than thou hast done,—hadst thou shown thyself craven and disloyal,—so help me God, I would have struck off thy head with this weapon which I hold in my hand. But thou hast counseled like a loyal and a Christian knight, and I thank God for having given me a son worthy to perpetuate the honors of my line. As to this pilgrim, be he saint or be he devil, I care not; this much I promise, that if I am to die in defense of my country and my king, my life shall be a costly purchase to the foe. Let each man make the same resolve, and I trust we shall yet prove the pilgrim a lying prophet."

The words of Pelistes roused the spirits of many of the cavaliers; others, however, remained full of anxious foreboding; and when this fearful prophecy was rumored about the camp, as it presently was by the emissaries of the bishop, it spread awe and dismay among the soldiery.

CHAPTER XV.

SKIRMISHING OF THE ARMIES.—PELISTES AND HIS SON.—PELISTES AND THE BISHOP.

ON the following day the two armies remained regarding each other with wary but menacing aspect. About noontide King Roderick sent forth chosen force of five hundred horse and two hundred ›ot, the best armed of his host, to skirmish with the nemy, that, by gaining some partial advantage, they ight raise the spirits of the army. They were led on y Theodomir, the same Gothic noble who had signaled himself by first opposing the invasion of the oslems.

The Christian squadrons paraded with flying pennons the valley which lay between the armies. The Arabs ere not slow in answering their defiance. A large body horsemen sallied forth to the encounter, together with ree hundred of the followers of Count Julian. There as hot skirmishing about the field and on the banks of e river; many gallant feats were displayed on either le, and many valiant warriors were slain. As the night osed in, the trumpets from either camp summoned the

troops to retire from the combat. In this day's action the Christians suffered greatly in the loss of their distinguished cavaliers; for it is the noblest spirits who venture most, and lay themselves open to danger; and the Moslem soldiers had instructions to single out the leaders of the adverse host. All this is said to have been devised by the perfidious Bishop Oppas, who had secret communications with the enemy, while he influenced the councils of the king; and who trusted that by this skirmishing warfare the flower of the Christian troops would be cut off, and the rest disheartened.

On the following morning a larger force was ordered out to skirmish, and such of the soldiery as were unarmed were commanded to stand ready to seize the horses and strip off the armor of the killed and wounded. Among the most illustrious of the warriors who fought that day was Pelistes, the Gothic noble who had so sternly checked the tongue of the Bishop Oppas. He led to the field a large body of his own vassals and retainers, and of cavaliers trained up in his house, who had followed him to the wars in Africa, and who looked up to him more as a father than a chieftain. Beside him was his only son, who now for the first time was fleshing his sword in battle. The conflict that day was more general and bloody than the day preceding; the slaughter of the Christian warriors was immense, from their lack of defensive armor; and as nothing could prevent the flower of the Gothic chivalry from spurring to the combat, the

eld was strewed with the bodies of the youthful nobles. one suffered more, however, than the warriors of Pelis-s. Their leader himself was bold and hardy, and prone o expose himself to danger; but years and experience ad moderated his early fire; his son, however, was eager o distinguish himself in this, his first essay, and rushed ith impetuous ardor into the hottest of the battle. In ain his father called to caution him; he was ever in the dvance, and seemed unconscious of the perils that sur-unded him. The cavaliers and vassals of his father llowed him with devoted zeal, and many of them paid r their loyalty with their lives. When the trumpets sunded in the evening for retreat, the troops of Pelistes ere the last to reach the camp. They came slowly and ournfully, and much decreased in number. Their vet-an commander was seated on his war-horse, but the lood trickled from the greaves of his armor. His val-iant son was borne on the shields of his vassals; when they laid him on the earth near to where the king was anding, they found that the heroic youth had expired o his wounds. The cavaliers surrounded the body, and ave utterance to their grief, but the father restrained agony, and looked on with the stern resignation of a oldier.

Don Roderick surveyed the field of battle with a rue-ul eye, for it was covered with the mangled bodies of his ost illustrious warriors; he saw, too, with anxiety, that th common people, unused to war and unsustained by

discipline, were harassed by incessant toils and dangers, and were cooling in their zeal and courage.

The crafty Bishop Oppas marked the internal trouble of the king, and thought a favorable moment had arrived to sway him to his purpose. He called to his mind the various portents and prophecies which had forerun their present danger. "Let not my lord the king," said he, "make light of these mysterious revelations, which appear to be so disastrously fulfilling. The hand of Heaven appears to be against us. Destruction is impending over our heads. Our troops are rude and unskillful, but slightly armed, and much cast down in spirit. Better is it that we should make a treaty with the enemy, and by granting part of his demands, prevent the utter ruin of our country. If such council be acceptable to my lord the king, I stand ready to depart upon an embassy to the Moslem camp."

Upon hearing these words, Pelistes, who had stood in mournful silence, regarding the dead body of his son burst forth with honest indignation. By this good sword said he, "the man who yields such dastard counsel deserves death from the hand of his countrymen rather than from the foe; and, were it not for the presence of the king may I forfeit salvation if I would not strike him dead upon the spot."

The bishop turned an eye of venom upon Pelistes. "My lord," said he, "I, too, bear a weapon, and know how to wield it. Were the king not present you would not

lare to menace, nor should you advance one step without
ny hastening to meet you."

The king interposed between the jarring nobles, and
ebuked the impetuosity of Pelistes, but at the same
ime rejected the counsel of the bishop. "The event
f this conflict," said he, "is in the hand of God; but
ever shall my sword return to its scabbard, while an
nfidel invader remains within the land."

He then held a counsel with his captains, and it was
etermined to offer the enemy general battle on the fol-
owing day. A herald was despatched defying Taric ben
eyad to the contest, and the defiance was gladly accepted
y the Moslem chieftain.* Don Roderick then formed
he plan of action, and assigned to each commander his
everal station, after which he dismissed his officers, and
ach one sought his tent, to prepare by diligence or re-
ose for the next day's eventful contest.

* Bleda, *Cronica.*

CHAPTER XVI.

TRAITOROUS MESSAGE OF COUNT JULIAN.

TARIC BEN ZEYAD had been surprised by the valor of the Christian cavaliers in the recent battles, and at the number and apparent devotion of the troops which accompanied the king to the field. The confident defiance of Don Roderick increased his surprise. When the herald had retired, he turned an eye of suspicion on Count Julian. "Thou hast represented thy countrymen," said he, "as sunk in effeminacy and lost to all generous impulse; yet I find them fighting with the courage and the strength of lions. Thou hast represented thy king as detested by his subjects and surrounded by secret treason; but I behold his tents whitening the hills and dales, while thousands are hourly flocking to his standard. Woe unto thee if thou hast dealt deceitfully with us, or betrayed us with guileful words."

Don Julian retired to his tent in great trouble of mind, and fear came upon him that the Bishop Oppas might play him false; for it is the lot of traitors ever to distrust each other. He called to him the same page

vho had brought him the letter from Florinda, revealing he story of her dishonor.

"Thou knowest, my trusty page," said he, "that I ave reared thee in my household, and cherished thee bove all thy companions. If thou hast loyalty and ffection for thy lord, now is the time to serve him. Hie nee to the Christian camp, and find thy way to the tent f the Bishop Oppas. If any one ask thee who thou art, ll them thou art of the household of the bishop, and earer of missives from Cordova. When thou art admitted to the presence of the bishop, show him this ng, and he will commune with thee in secret. Then ll him Count Julian greets him as a brother, and emands how the wrongs of his daughter Florinda are be redressed. Mark well his reply, and bring it word r word. Have thy lips closed, but thine eyes and ears pen; and observe everything of note in the camp of the ng. So, speed thee on thy errand—away, away!"

The page hastened to saddle a Barbary steed, fleet as te wind, and of a jet black color, so as not to be easily scernible in the night. He girded on a sword and gger, slung an Arab bow with a quiver of arrows at s side, and a buckler at his shoulder. Issuing out of te camp, he sought the banks of the Guadalete, and roceeded silently along its stream, which reflected the stant fires of the Christian camp. As he passed by the ace which had been the scene of the recent conflict, he ard from time to time the groan of some expiring war-

rior who had crawled among the reeds on the margin of the river, and sometimes his steed stepped cautiously over the mangled bodies of the slain. The young page was unused to the sights of war, and his heart beat quick within him. He was hailed by the sentinels as he approached the Christian camp, and, on giving the reply taught him by Count Julian, was conducted to the tent of the Bishop Oppas.

The bishop had not yet retired to his couch. When he beheld the ring of Count Julian, and heard the words of his message, he saw that the page was one in whom he might confide. "Hasten back to thy lord," said he, "and tell him to have faith in me and all shall go well. As yet I have kept my troops out of the combat. They are all fresh, well armed, and well appointed. The king has confided to myself, aided by the princes Evan and Sisebburto, the command of a wing of the army. To-morrow at the hour of noon, when both armies are in the heat of action, we will pass over with our forces to the Moslems. But I claim the compact made with Taric ben Zeyad that my nephews be placed in dominion over Spain, as tributary only to the Caliph of Damascus." With this traitorous message the page departed. He led his black steed by the bridle, to present less mark for observation as he went stumbling along near the expiring fires of the camp. On passing the last outpost, where the guard were half slumbering on their arms, he was overheard and summoned, but leaped lightly into the saddle and

ut spurs to his steed. An arrow whistled by his ear, nd two more stuck in the target which he had thrown pon his back. The clatter of swift hoofs echoed behind im, but he had learnt of the Arabs to fight and fly. 'lucking a shaft from his quiver, and turning and rising the stirrups as his courser galloped at full speed, he rew the arrow to the head and launched it at his pur- uer. The twang of the bow-string was followed by the rash of armor, and a deep groan, as the horseman tum- led to the earth. The page pursued his course without rther molestation, and arrived at the Moslem camp efore the break of day.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAST DAY OF THE BATTLE.

LIGHT had burned throughout the night in the tent of the king, and anxious thoughts and dismal visions troubled his repose. If he fell into a slumber, he beheld in his dreams the shadowy phantoms of the necromantic tower, or the injured Florinda, pale and disheveled, imprecating the vengeance of Heaven upon his head. In the mid-watches of the night, when all was silent except the footstep of the sentinel pacing before his tent, the king rose from his couch, and walking forth, looked thoughtfully upon the martial scene before him. The pale crescent of the moon hung over the Moorish camp, and dimly lighted up the windings of the Guadalete. The heart of the king was heavy and oppressed; but he felt only for himself, says Antonio Agapida; he thought nothing of the perils impending over the thousands of devoted subjects in the camp below him; sleeping, as it were, on the margin of their graves. The faint clatter of distant hoofs, as if in rapid flight, reached the monarch's ear, but the horsemen were not to be descried. At that very hour, and

ılong the shadowy banks of that river, here and there ;leaming with the scanty moonlight, passed the fugitive nessenger of Count Julian, with the plan of the next lay's treason.

The day had not yet dawned when the sleepless and mpatient monarch summoned his attendants and ar- ayed himself for the field. He then sent for the vener- ble Bishop Urbino, who had accompanied him to the amp, and, laying aside his regal crown, he knelt with ead uncovered, and confessed his sins before the holy ıan. After this a solemn mass was performed in the)yal tent, and the eucharist administered to the mon- :ch. When these ceremonies were concluded, he be-)ught the archbishop to depart forthwith for Cordova, here to await the issue of the battle, and to be ready to ring forward reinforcements and supplies. The arch- lshop saddled his mule and departed just as the faint lush of morning began to kindle in the east. Already te camp resounded with the thrilling call of the trum- ;t, the clank of armor, and the tramp and neigh of seeds. As the archbishop passed through the camp, he loked with a compassionate heart on this vast multi- tde, of whom so many were soon to perish. The war- rors pressed to kiss his hand, and many a cavalier full o youth and fire received his benediction, who was to li stiff and cold before the evening.

When the troops were marshaled for the field, Don Roderick prepared to sally forth in the state and pomp

with which the Gothic kings were wont to go to battle. He was arrayed in robes of gold brocade; his sandals were embroidered with pearls and diamonds; he had a sceptre in his hand, and he wore a regal crown resplendent with inestimable jewels. Thus gorgeously appareled, he ascended a lofty chariot of ivory, the axle-trees of which were of silver, and the wheels and pole covered with plates of burnished gold. Above his head was a canopy of cloth of gold, embossed with armorial devices, and studded with precious stones.* This sumptuous chariot was drawn by milk-white horses, with caparisons of crimson velvet, embroidered with pearls. A thousand youthful cavaliers surrounded the car, all of the noblest blood and bravest spirit; all knighted by the king's own hand, and sworn to defend him to the last.

When Roderick issued forth in this resplendent state, says an Arabian writer, surrounded by his guards in gilded armor and waving plumes and scarfs and surcoats of a thousand dyes, it was as if the sun were emerging in the dazzling chariot of the day from amidst the glorious clouds of morning.

As the royal car rolled along in front of the squadrons, the soldiers shouted with admiration. Don Roderick waved his sceptre and addressed them from his lofty throne, reminding them of the horror and desolation which had already been spread through the land by the

* Entrand., *Chron. an Chris.*, 714.

invaders. He called upon them to summon up the ancient valor of their race, and avenge the blood of their brethren. "One day of glorious fighting," said he, "and this infidel horde will be driven into the sea or will perish beneath your swords. Forward bravely to the fight; your families are behind you praying for your success; the invaders of your country are before you; God is above to bless his holy cause, and your king leads you to the field." The army shouted with one accord, "Forward to the foe, and death be his portion who shuns the encounter!"

The rising sun began to shine along the glistening waters of the Guadalete as the Moorish army, squadron after squadron, came sweeping down a gentle declivity to the sound of martial music. Their turbans and robes, of various dyes and fashions, gave a splendid appearance to their host; as they marched, a cloud of dust arose and partly hid them from the sight, but still there would break forth flashes of steel and gleams of burnished gold, like rays of vivid lightning; while the sound of drum and trumpet, and the clash of Moorish cymbal, were as the warlike thunder within that stormy cloud of battle.

As the armies drew near each other, the sun disappeared among gathering clouds, and the gloom of the day was increased by the columns of dust which rose from either host. At length the trumpets sounded for the encounter. The battle commenced with showers of arrows, stones, and javelins. The Christian foot-soldiers

fought to disadvantage, the greater part being destitute of helm or buckler. A battalion of light Arabian horsemen, led by a Greek renegado named Maguel el Rumi, careered in front of the Christian line, launching their darts, and then wheeling off beyond the reach of the missiles hurled after them. Theodomir now brought up his seasoned troops into the action, seconded by the veteran Pelistes, and in a little while the battle became furious and promiscuous. It was glorious to behold the old Gothic valor shining forth in this hour of fearful trial. Wherever the Moslems fell, the Christians rushed forward, seized upon their horses, and stripped them of their armor and their weapons. They fought desperately and successfully, for they fought for their country and their faith. The battle raged for several hours; the field was strewn with slain, and the Moors, overcome by the multitude and fury of their foes, began to falter.

When Taric beheld his troops retreating before the enemy, he threw himself before them, and, rising in his stirrups, "O Moslems! conquerors of Africa!" cried he, "whither would you fly? The sea is behind you, the enemy before; you have no hope but in your valor and the help of God! Do as I do, and the day is ours!"

With these words he put spurs to his horse and sprung among the enemy, striking to right and left, cutting down and destroying, while his steed, fierce as himself, trampled upon the foot-soldiers, and tore them with

his teeth. At this moment a mighty shout arose in various parts of the field; the noontide hour had arrived. The Bishop Oppas, with the two princes, who had hitherto kept their bands out of the fight, suddenly went over to the enemy, and turned their weapons upon their astonished countrymen. From that moment the fortune of the day was changed, and the field of battle became a scene of wild confusion and bloody massacre. The Christians knew not whom to contend with, or whom to trust. It seemed as if madness had seized upon their friends and kinsmen, and that their worst enemies were among themselves.

The courage of Don Roderick rose with his danger. Throwing off the cumbrous robes of royalty, and descending from his car, he sprang upon his steed Orelia, grasped his lance and buckler, and endeavored to rally his retreating troops. He was surrounded and assailed by a multitude of his own traitorous subjects, but defended himself with wondrous prowess. The enemy thickened around him; his loyal band of cavaliers were slain, bravely fighting in his defense; the last that was seen of the king was in the midst of the enemy, dealing death at every blow.

A complete panic fell upon the Christians; they threw away their arms and fled in all directions. They were pursued with dreadful slaughter, until the darkness of the night rendered it impossible to distinguish friend from foe. Taric then called off his troops from the pur-

suit, and took possession of the royal camp; and the couch which had been pressed so uneasily on the preceding night by Don Roderick, now yielded sound repose to his conqueror.*

* This battle is called indiscriminately by historians the battle of Guadalete, or of Xeres, from the neighborhood of that city.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIELD OF BATTLE AFTER THE DEFEAT.—THE FATE OF RODERICK.

ON the morning after the battle, the Arab leader, Taric ben Zeyad, rode over the bloody field of the Guadalete, strewed with the ruins of those splendid armies which had so lately passed like glorious gigeants along the river banks. There Moor and Christian, horseman and horse, lay gashed with hideous wounds; and the river, still red with blood, was filled with the bodies of the slain. The gaunt Arab was as a wolf roaming through the fold he had laid waste. On every side his eye reveled on the ruin of the country, on the wrecks of haughty Spain. There lay the flower of her youthful chivalry, mangled and destroyed, and the strength of her yeomanry prostrated in the dust. The Gothic noble lay confounded with his vassals, the peasant with the prince—all ranks and dignities were mingled in one bloody massacre.

When Taric had surveyed the field, he caused the spoils of the dead and the plunder of the camp to be brought before him. The booty was immense. There were massy chains and rare jewels of gold, pearls and

precious stones, rich silks and brocades, and all other luxurious decorations in which the Gothic nobles had indulged in the latter times of their degeneracy. A vast amount of treasure was likewise found, which had been brought by Roderick for the expenses of the war.

Taric then ordered that the bodies of the Moslem warriors should be interred; as for those of the Christians, they were gathered in heaps, and vast pyres of wood were formed, on which they were consumed. The flames of these pyres rose high in the air, and were seen afar off in the night; and when the Christians beheld them from the neighboring hills, they beat their breasts and tore their hair, and lamented over them as over the funeral fires of their country. The carnage of that battle infected the air for two whole months, and bones were seen lying in heaps upon the field for more than forty years; nay, when ages had passed and gone, the husbandman, turning up the soil, would still find fragments of Gothic cuirasses and helms, and Moorish scimetars, the relics of that dreadful fight.

For three days the Arabian horsemen pursued the flying Christians, hunting them over the face of the country, so that but a scanty number of that mighty host escaped to tell the tale of their disaster.

Taric ben Zeyad considered his victory incomplete so long as the Gothic monarch survived; he proclaimed great rewards, therefore, to whomsoever should bring

Roderick to him, dead or alive. A diligent search was accordingly made in every direction, but for a long time in vain; at length a soldier brought to Taric the head of a Christian warrior, on which was a cap decorated with feathers and precious stones. The Arab leader received it as the head of the unfortunate Roderick, and sent it, as a trophy of his victory, to Muza ben Nosier, who, in like manner, transmitted it to the Caliph at Damascus. The Spanish historians, however, have always denied its identity.

A mystery has ever hung, and ever must continue to hang, over the fate of King Roderick, in that dark and doleful day of Spain. Whether he went down amidst the storm of battle, and atoned for his sins and errors by a patriot grave, or whether he survived to repent of them in hermit exile, must remain matter of conjecture and dispute. The learned Archbishop Rodrigo, who has recorded the events of this disastrous field, affirms that Roderick fell beneath the vengeful blade of the traitor Julian, and thus expiated with his blood his crime against the hapless Florinda; but the archbishop stands alone in his record of the fact. It seems generally admitted that Orelia, the favorite war-horse of Don Roderick, was found entangled in a marsh on the borders of the Guadalete, with the sandals and mantle and royal insignia of the king lying close by him. The river at this place ran broad and deep, and was encumbered with the dead bodies of warriors and steeds; it has been sup-

posed, therefore, that he perished in the stream; but his body was not found within its waters.

When several years had passed away, and men's minds, being restored to some degree of tranquillity, began to occupy themselves about the events of this dismal day, a rumor arose that Roderick had escaped from the carnage on the banks of the Guadalete, and was still alive. It was said that having from a rising ground caught a view of the whole field of battle, and seen that the day was lost, and his army flying in all directions, he likewise sought his safety in flight. It is added that the Arab horsemen, while scouring the mountains in quest of fugitives, found a shepherd arrayed in the royal robes, and brought him before the conqueror, believing him to be the king himself. Count Julian soon dispelled the error. On being questioned, the trembling rustic declared that while tending his sheep in the folds of the mountains, there came a cavalier on a horse wearied and spent and ready to sink beneath the spur. That the cavalier with an authoritative voice and menacing air commanded him to exchange garments with him, and clad himself in his rude garb of sheepskin, and took his crook and his scrip of provisions, and continued up the rugged defiles of the mountains leading towards Castile, until he was lost to view.*

This tradition was fondly cherished by many, who

* Bleda, *Cron.*, L. 2, c. 9. Abulcasim Tarif Abentarique, L. 1, c. 10.

clung to the belief in the existence of their monarch as their main hope for the redemption of Spain. It was even affirmed that he had taken refuge, with many of his host, in an island of the "Ocean sea," from whence he might yet return once more to elevate his standard, and battle for the recovery of his throne.

Year after year, however, elapsed, and nothing was heard of Don Roderick; yet, like Sebastian of Portugal and Arthur of England, his name continued to be a rallying-point for popular faith, and the mystery of his end to give rise to romantic fables. At length, when generation after generation had sunk into the grave, and near two centuries had passed and gone, traces were said to be discovered that threw a light on the final fortunes of the unfortunate Roderick. At that time Don Alphonso the Great, king of Leon, had wrested the city of Viseo in Lusitania from the hands of the Moslems. As his soldiers were ranging about the city and its environs, one of them discovered in a field, outside of the walls, a small chapel or hermitage, with a sepulchre in front, on which was inscribed this epitaph in Gothic characters:

HIC REQUIESCIT RUDERICUS,
ULTIMUS REX GOTHORUM.*

It has been believed by many that this was the veriable tomb of the monarch, and that in this hermitage

* Here lies Roderick,
The last king of the Goths.

he had finished his days in solitary penance. The warrior, as he contemplated the supposed tomb of the once haughty Roderick, forgot all his faults and errors, and shed a soldier's tear over his memory; but when his thoughts turned to Count Julian, his patriotic indignation broke forth, and with his dagger he inscribed a rude malediction on the stone.

"Accursed," said he, "be the impious and headlong vengeance of the traitor Julian. He was a murderer of his king, a destroyer of his kindred, a betrayer of his country. May his name be bitter in every mouth, and his memory infamous to all generations."

Here ends the legend of Don Roderick.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE FOREGOING LEGEND.

THE TOMB OF RODERICK.

The venerable Sebastiano, Bishop of Salamanca, declares that the inscription on the tomb at Viseo in Portugal existed in his time, and that he had seen it. A particular account of the exile and hermit life of Roderick is furnished by Berganza, on the authority of Portuguese chronicles.

"Algunos historiadores Portugueses asseguran, que el Rey Rodrigo, perdida la battalla, huyo a tierra de Merida, y se recogio en el monasterio de Cauliniano, en donde, arrepentido de sus culpas, procuro confessarlas con muchas lagrimas. Deseando mas retiro, y escogiendo por compañero a un

monge llamado Roman, y elevando la Imagen de Nazareth, que Cyriaco monge de nacion griego avra traido de Jerusalem al monasterio de Caulimiano, se subio á un monte muy aspero, que estaba sobre el mar, junto al lugar de Pederneyra. Vivio Rodrigo en compania de el monge en el hueco de una gruta por espacio de un año ; despues se passo à la ermita de san Miguel, que estaba cerca de Viseo, en donde murio y fue sepultado.

" Puedese ver esta relacion en las notas de Don Thomas Tamayo sobre Paulo deacano. El chronicon de san Millan, que llega hasta el año 883, deze que, hasta su tiempo, si ignora el fin del Rey Rodrigo. Pocos años despues el Rey Don Alonzo el Magno, aviéndo ganado la ciudad de Viseo, encontro en una iglesia el epitafio que en romance dize—aqui yaze, Rodrigo, ultimo Rey de los Godos."—*Berganza*, L. i. c. 13.

THE CAVE OF HERCULES.

As the story of the necromantic tower is one of the most famous as well as least credible points in the history of Don Roderick, it may be well to fortify or buttress it by some account of another marvel of the city of Toledo. This ancient city, which dates its existence almost from the time of the flood, claiming as its founder Tubal, the son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah,* has been the warrior hold of many generations and a strange diversity of races. It bears traces of the artifices and devices of its various occupants, and is full of mysteries and subjects for antiquarian conjecture and perplexity. It is built upon a high rocky promontory, with the Tagus brawling round its base, and is overlooked by ragged and precipitous hills. These hills abound with clefts and caverns ; and the promontory itself, on which the city is built, bears traces of vaults and subterraneous habitations, which are occasionally discovered under the ruins of ancient houses, or beneath the churches and convents. These are supposed by some to have been the habitations or retreats of

* Salazar, *Hist. Gran. Cardinal. Prologo*, vol. i. plan. 1

the primitive inhabitants ; for it was the custom of the ancients, according to Pliny, to make caves in high and rocky places, and live in them through fear of floods ; and such a precaution, says the worthy Don Pedro de Roxas, in his history of Toledo, was natural enough among the first Toledans, seeing that they founded their city shortly after the deluge, while the memory of it was still fresh in their minds.

Some have supposed these secret caves and vaults to have been places of concealment of the inhabitants and their treasure during times of war and violence ; or rude temples for the performance of religious ceremonies in times of persecution. There are not wanting other, and grave writers, who give them a still darker purpose. In these caves, say they, were taught the diabolical mysteries of magic ; and here were performed those infernal ceremonies and incantations horrible in the eyes of God and man. "History," says the worthy Don Pedro de Roxas, "is full of accounts that the magi taught and performed their magic and their superstitious rites in profound caves and secret places ; because as this art of the devil was prohibited from the very origin of Christianity, they always sought for hidden places in which to practice it." In the time of the Moors this art, we are told, was publicly taught at their universities, the same as astronomy, philosophy, and mathematics, and at no place was it cultivated with more success than at Toledo. Hence this city has ever been darkly renowned for mystic science; insomuch that the magic art was called by the French, and by other nations the Arte Toledana.

Of all the marvels, however, of this ancient, picturesque, romantic, and necromantic city, none in modern times surpass the Cave of Hercules, if we may take the account of Don Pedro de Roxas for authentic. The entrance to this cave is within the church of San Gines, situated in nearly the highest part of the city. The portal is secured by massy doors, opening within the walls of the church, but which are kept rigorously closed. The cavern extends under the city and beneath the bed of the Tagus to the distance of three leagues beyond. It is, in some places, of rare architecture, built of small stones curiously wrought, and supported by columns and arches.

In the year 1546 an account of this cavern was given to the archbishop and Cardinal Don Juan Martinez Siliceo, who, desirous of examining it

ordered the entrance to be cleaned. A number of persons, furnished with provisions, lanterns, and cords, then went in, and, having proceeded about half a league, came to a place where there was a kind of chapel or temple, having a table or altar, with several statues of bronze in niches or on pedestals.

While they were regarding this mysterious scene of ancient worship or incantation, one of the statues fell, with a noise that echoed through the cavern, and smote the hearts of the adventurers with terror. Recovering from their alarm they proceeded onward, but were soon again dismayed by a roaring and rushing sound that increased as they advanced. It was made by a furious and turbulent stream, the dark waters of which were too deep and broad and rapid to be crossed. By this time their hearts were so chilled with awe, and their thoughts so bewildered, that they could not seek any other passage by which they might advance ; so they turned back and hastened out of the cave. It was nightfall when they sallied forth, and they were so much affected by the terror they had undergone, and by the cold and damp air of the cavern, to which they were the more sensible from its being in the summer, that all of them fell sick and several of them died. Whether the archbishop was encouraged to pursue his research and gratify his curiosity, the history does not mention.

Alonzo Telles de Meneses, in his history of the world, records that not long before his time a boy of Toledo, being threatened with punishment by his master, fled and took refuge in this cave. Fancying his pursuer at his heels, he took no heed of the obscurity or coldness of the cave, but kept groping and blundering forward, until he came forth at three leagues' distance from the city.

Another and very popular story of this cave, current among the common people, was, that in its remote recesses lay concealed a great treasure of gold, left there by the Romans. Whoever would reach this precious hoard must pass through several caves or grottoes ; each having its particular terror, and all under the guardianship of a ferocious dog, who has the key of all the gates, and watches day and night. At the approach of any one, he shows his teeth, and makes a hideous growling ; but no adventurer after wealth has had courage to brave a contest with this terrific Cerberus.

The most intrepid candidate on record was a poor man who had lost his all, and had those grand incentives to desperate enterprise, a wife and a large family of children. Hearing the story of this cave, he determined to venture alone in search of the treasure. He accordingly entered, and wandered many hours, bewildered, about the cave. Often would he have returned, but the thoughts of his wife and children urged him on. At length he arrived near to the place where he supposed the treasure lay hidden; but here, to his dismay, he beheld the floor of the cavern strewn with human bones, doubtless the remains of adventurers like himself, who had been torn to pieces.

Losing all courage, he now turned and sought his way out of the cave. Horrors thickened upon him as he fled. He beheld direful phantoms glaring and gibbering around him, and heard the sound of pursuit in the echoes of his footsteps. He reached his home overcome with affright; several hours elapsed before he could recover speech to tell his story, and he died on the following day.

The judicious Don Pedro de Roxas holds the account of the buried treasure for fabulous, but the adventure of this unlucky man for very possible—being led on by avarice, or rather the hope of retrieving a desperate fortune. He, moreover, pronounces his dying shortly after coming forth as very probable ; because the darkness of the cave, its coldness, the fright at finding the bones, the dread of meeting the imaginary dog, all joining to operate upon a man who was past the prime of his days, and enfeebled by poverty and scanty food, might easily cause his death.

Many have considered this cave as intended originally for a sally or retreat from the city in case it should be taken; an opinion rendered probable, it is thought, by its grandeur and great extent.

The learned Salazar de Mendoza, however, in his history of the grand cardinal of Spain, affirms it as an established fact, that it was first wrought out of the rock by Tubal, the son of Japhet, and grandson of Noah, and afterwards repaired and greatly augmented by Hercules the Egyptian, who made it his habitation after he had erected his pillars at the Straits of Gibraltar. Here, too, it is said, he read magic to his followers, and taught them those supernatural arts by which he accomplished

his vast achievements. Others think that it was a temple dedicated to Hercules, as was the case, according to Pomponius Mela, with the great cave in the rock of Gibraltar; certain it is, that it has always borne the name of "The Cave of Hercules."

There are not wanting some who have insinuated that it was a work dating from the time of the Romans, and intended as a cloaca or sewer of the city; but such a groveling insinuation will be treated with proper scorn by the reader, after the nobler purposes to which he has heard this marvelous cavern consecrated.

From all the circumstances here adduced from learned and reverend authors, it will be perceived that Toledo is a city fruitful of marvels, and that the necromantic tower of Hercules has more solid foundation than most edifices of similar import in ancient history.

The writer of these pages will venture to add the result of his personal researches respecting the far-famed cavern in question. Rambling about Toledo in the year 1826, in company with a small knot of antiquity hunters, among whom were an eminent British painter,* and an English nobleman,† who has since distinguished himself in Spanish historical research, we directed our steps to the church of San Gines, and inquired for the portal of the secret cavern. The sacristan was a voluble and communicative man, and one not likely to be niggard of his tongue about anything he knew, or slow to boast of any marvel pertaining to his church; but he professed utter ignorance of the existence of any such portal. He remembered to have heard, however, that immediately under the entrance to the church there was an arch of mason work, apparently the upper part of some subterranean portal; but that all had been covered up and a pavement laid down thereon; so that whether it led to the magic cave or the necromantic tower remains a mystery, and so must remain until some monarch or archbishop shall again have courage and authority to break the spell.

* Mr. D. W—kie.

† Lord Mah—n.

LEGEND

OF THE

SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

LEGEND

OF

THE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.*

CHAPTER I.

CONSTERNATION OF SPAIN.—CONDUCT OF THE CONQUERORS.—MISSIVES BETWEEN TARIC AND MUZA.

THE overthrow of King Roderick and his army on the banks of the Guadalete, threw open all southern Spain to the inroads of the Moslems. The whole country fled before them; villages and hamlets were hastily abandoned; the inhabitants placed their aged and infirm, their wives and children, and

* In this legend most of the facts respecting the Arab inroads into Spain are on the authority of Arabian writers, who had the most accurate means of information. Those relative to the Spaniards are chiefly from old Spanish chronicles. It is to be remarked that the Arab accounts have most the air of verity, and the events as they relate them are in the ordinary course of common life. The Spanish accounts, on the contrary, are full of the marvelous; for there were no greater romancers than the monkish chroniclers.

their most precious effects, on mules and other beasts of burden, and, driving before them their flocks and herds, made for distant parts of the land, for the fastnesses of the mountains, and for such of the cities as yet possessed walls and bulwarks. Many gave out, faint and weary, by the way, and fell into the hands of the enemy; others, at the distant sight of a turban or a Moslem standard, or on hearing the clangor of a trumpet, abandoned their flocks and herds and hastened their flight with their families. If their pursuers gained upon them they threw by their household goods and whatever was of burden, and thought themselves fortunate to escape, naked and destitute, to a place of refuge. Thus the roads were covered with scattered flocks and herds, and with spoil of all kinds.

The Arabs, however, were not guilty of wanton cruelty or ravage; on the contrary, they conducted themselves with a moderation but seldom witnessed in more civilized conquerors. Taric el Tuerto, though a thorough man of the sword, and one whose whole thoughts were warlike, yet evinced wonderful judgment and discretion. He checked the predatory habits of his troops with a rigorous hand. They were forbidden, under pain of severe punishment, to molest any peaceable and unfortified towns, or any unarmed and unresisting people, who remained quiet in their homes. No spoil was permitted to be made, excepting in fields of battle, in camps of routed foes, or in cities taken by the sword.

Taric had little need to exercise his severity; his orders were obeyed through love, rather than fear, for he was the idol of his soldiery. They admired his restless and daring spirit, which nothing could dismay. His gaunt and sinewy form, his fiery eye, his visage seamed with scars, were suited to the hardihood of his deeds; and when mounted on his foaming steed, careering the field of battle with quivering lance or flashing scimetar, his Arabs would greet him with shouts of enthusiasm. But what endeared him to them more than all was his soldier-like contempt of gain. Conquest was his only passion: glory the only reward he coveted. As to the spoil of the conquered, he shared it freely among his followers, and squandered his own portion with open-handed generosity.

While Taric was pushing his triumphant course through Andalusia, tidings of his stupendous victory on the banks of the Guadalete were carried to Muza ben Nosier. Messenger after messenger arrived, vying who should most extol the achievements of the conqueror and the grandeur of the conquest. "Taric," said they, "has overthrown the whole force of the unbelievers in one mighty battle. Their king is slain; thousands and tens of thousands of their warriors are destroyed; the whole land lies at our mercy; and city after city is surrendering to the victorious arms of Taric."

The heart of Muza ben Nosier sickened at these tidings, and, instead of rejoicing at the success of the cause

of Islam, he trembled with jealous fear lest the triumphs of Taric in Spain should eclipse his own victories in Africa. He despatched missives to the Caliph Waled Almanzor, informing him of these new conquests, but taking the whole glory to himself, and making no mention of the services of Taric; or at least, only mentioning him incidentally as a subordinate commander. "The battles," said he, "have been terrible as the day of judgment; but by the aid of Allah we have gained the victory."

He then prepared in all haste to cross over into Spain and assume the command of the conquering army; and he wrote a letter in advance to interrupt Taric in the midst of his career. "Wherever this letter may find thee," said he, "I charge thee halt with thy army and await my coming. Thy force is inadequate to the subjugation of the land, and by rashly venturing, thou mayst lose everything. I will be with thee speedily with a reinforcement of troops competent to so great an enterprise."

The letter overtook the veteran Taric while in the full glow of triumphant success, having overrun some of the richest part of Andalusia, and just received the surrender of the city of Ecija. As he read the letter the blood mantled in his sunburnt cheek and fire kindled in his eye, for he penetrated the motives of Muza. He suppressed his wrath, however, and turning with a bitter expression of forced composure to his captains, "Up

addle your steeds," said he, "and plant your lances in ie earth; set up your tents and take your repose, for e must await the coming of the Wali with a mighty rce to assist us in our conquest."

The Arab warriors broke forth with loud murmurs at ese words. "What need have we of aid," cried they, when the whole country is flying before us; and what tter commander can we have than Taric to lead us on t victory?"

Count Julian, also, who was present, now hastened to ve his traitorous counsel.

"Why pause," cried he, "at this precious moment? he great army of the Goths is vanquished, and their bles are slaughtered or dispersed. Follow up your ow before the land can recover from its panic. Over- the provinces, seize upon the cities, make yourself ster of the capital, and your conquest is complete."* The advice of Julian was applauded by all the Arab eftains, who were impatient of any interruption in ir career of conquest. Taric was easily persuaded to at was the wish of his heart. Disregarding the letter Muza, therefore, he prepared to pursue his victories. this purpose he ordered a review of his troops on plain of Ecija. Some were mounted on steeds which by had brought from Africa; the rest he supplied with ses taken from the Christians. He repeated his

* Conde, p. 1, c. 10.

general orders, that they should inflict no wanton injury nor plunder any place that offered no resistance. The were forbidden, also, to encumber themselves with booty or even with provisions; but were to scour the countr with all speed, and seize upon all its fortresses an strongholds.

He then divided his host into three several armie One he placed under the command of the Greek ren gado Maguel el Rumi, a man of desperate courage; ar sent it against the ancient city of Cordova. Another w sent against the city of Malaga, and was led by Za ben Kesadi, aided by the Bishop Oppas. The third w led by Taric himself, and with this he determined make a wide sweep through the kingdom.*

* *Cronica de España,* de Alonzo el Sabio. P. 3, c. 1.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTURE OF GRANADA.—SUBJUGATION OF THE ALPUXARRA MOUNTAINS.

THE terror of the arms of Taric ben Zeyad went before him; and, at the same time, the report of his lenity to those who submitted without esistance. Wherever he appeared, the towns, for the ıost part, sent forth some of their principal inhabitants) proffer a surrender; for they were destitute of forti-cations, and their fighting men had perished in battle. hey were all received into allegiance to the Caliph, and ere protected from pillage or molestation.

After marching some distance through the country, he ıtered one day a vast and beautiful plain, interspersed ith villages, adorned with groves and gardens, watered y winding rivers, and surrounded by lofty mountains. was the famous vega, or plain of Granada, destined to ; for ages the favorite abode of the Moslems. When .e Arab conquerors beheld this delicious vega, they ere lost in admiration; for it seemed as if the Prophet ld given them a paradise on earth, as a reward for eir services in his cause.

Taric approached the city of Granada, which had a

formidable aspect, seated on lofty hills and fortified with Gothic walls and towers, and with the red castle or citadel, built in times of old by the Phœnicians or the Romans. As the Arab chieftain eyed the place, he was pleased with its stern warrior look, contrasting with the smiling beauty of its vega, and the freshness and voluptuous abundance of its hills and valleys. He pitched his tents before its walls, and made preparations to attack it with all his force.

The city, however, bore but the semblance of power. The flower of its youth had perished in the battle of the Guadalete; many of the principal inhabitants had fled to the mountains, and few remained in the city excepting old men, women, and children, and a number of Jews, which last were well disposed to take part with the conquerors. The city, therefore, readily capitulated, and was received into vassalage on favorable terms. The inhabitants were to retain their property, their laws, and their religion; their churches and priests were to be respected; and no other tribute was required of them than such as they had been accustomed to pay to their Gothic kings.

On taking possession of Granada, Taric garrisoned the towers and castles, and left as alcayde or governor a chosen warrior named Betiz Aben Habuz, a native of Arabia Felix, who had distinguished himself by his valor and abilities. This alcayde subsequently made himself king of Granada, and built a palace on one of its

ills; the remains of which may be seen at the present ay.*

Even the delights of Granada had no power to detain he active and ardent Taric. To the east of the city he eheld a lofty chain of mountains, towering to the sky, nd crowned with shining snow. These were the "Mountains of the Sun and Air;" and the perpetual snows on neir summits gave birth to streams that fertilized the lains. In their bosoms, shut up among cliffs and precices, were many small valleys of great beauty and oundance. The inhabitants were a bold and hardy ce, who looked upon their mountains as everlasting fortesses that could never be taken. The inhabitants of the rrounding country had fled to these natural fastnesses r refuge, and driven thither their flocks and herds.

Taric felt that the dominion he had acquired of the

The house shown as the ancient residence of Aben Habuz is called *la Casa del Gallo*, or the house of the weathercock; so named, says Pedraza, in his history of Granada, from a bronze figure of an Arab horseman, armed with lance and buckler, which once surmounted it, and which varied with every wind. On this warlike weathercock was inscribed, in Arabic characters,—

"Dice el sabio Aben Habuz
Que asi se defiende el Andaluz."

(In this way, says Aben Habuz the Wise,
The Andalusian his foe defies.)

he Casa del Gallo, even until within twenty years, possessed two great s beautifully decorated with morisco reliefs. It then caught fire and so damaged as to require to be nearly rebuilt. It is now a manufac- of coarse canvas, and has nothing of the Moorish character remain- It commands a beautiful view of the city and the vega.

plains would be insecure until he had penetrated and subdued these haughty mountains. Leaving Aben Habuz, therefore, in command of Granada, he marched with his army across the vega, and entered the folds of the sierra, which stretch towards the south. The inhabitants fled with affright on hearing the Moorish trumpets or beholding the approach of the turbaned horsemen and plunged deeper into the recesses of their mountains. As the army advanced, the roads became more and more rugged and difficult; sometimes climbing great rocky heights, and at other times descending abruptly into deep ravines, the beds of winter torrents. The mountains were strangely wild and sterile; broken into cliffs and precipices of variegated marble. At their feet were little valleys, enameled with groves and gardens, interlaced with silver streams, and studded with villages and hamlets—but all deserted by their inhabitants. No one appeared to dispute the inroad of the Moslems, who continued their march with increasing confidence, the pennons fluttering from rock and cliff, and the valleys echoing to the din of trumpet, drum, and cymbal. At length they came to a defile where the mountains seemed to have been rent asunder to make way for a foaming torrent. The narrow and broken road wound along the dizzy edge of precipices, until it came to where a bridge was thrown across the chasm. It was a fearful and gloomy pass; great beetling cliffs overhung the road and the torrent roared below. This awful defile had

eer been famous in the warlike history of those moun-
t ns, by the name, in former times, of the Barranco de
l cos, and at present of the Bridge of Tablete. The
S racen army entered fearlessly into the pass; a part
h d already crossed the bridge, and was slowly toiling
u the rugged road on the opposite side, when great
s buts arose, and every cliff appeared suddenly peopled
w h furious foes. In an instant a deluge of missiles of
e ry sort was rained upon the astonished Moslems.
D rts, arrows, javelins, and stones, came whistling down,
s igling out the most conspicuous cavaliers; and at times
g at masses of rock, bounding and thundering along the
m untain side, crushed whole ranks at once, or hurled
h ses and riders over the edge of the precipices.

It was in vain to attempt to brave this mountain war-
fa e. The enemy were beyond the reach of missiles, and
a from pursuit; and the horses of the Arabs were
h e an incumbrance rather than an aid. The trumpets
s unded a retreat, and the army retired in tumult and
c nfusion, harassed by the enemy until extricated from
t defile. Taric, who had beheld cities and castles sur-
r ndering without a blow, was enraged at being braved
b y a mere horde of mountain boors, and made another
a tempt to penetrate the mountains, but was again way-
l d and opposed with horrible slaughter.

The fiery son of Ishmael foamed with rage at being
t checked in his career and foiled in his revenge. He
w s on the point of abandoning the attempt, and return-

ing to the vega, when a Christian boor sought his camp, and was admitted to his presence. The miserable wretch possessed a cabin and a little patch of ground among the mountains, and offered, if these should be protected from ravage, to inform the Arab commander of a way by which troops of horse might be safely introduced into the bosom of the sierra, and the whole subdued. The name of this caitiff was Fandino, and it deserves to be perpetually recorded with ignominy. His case is an instance how much it is in the power, at times, of the most insignificant being to do mischief, and how all the valor of the magnanimous and the brave may be defeated by the treason of the selfish and the despicable.

Instructed by this traitor, the Arab commander caused ten thousand foot-soldiers and four thousand horsemen, commanded by a valiant captain, named Ibrahim Alburarra, to be conveyed by sea to the little port of Adra, at the Mediterranean foot of the mountains. Here they landed, and, guided by the traitor, penetrated to the heart of the sierra, laying everything waste. The brave mountaineers, thus hemmed in between two armies, destitute of fortresses and without hope of succor, were obliged to capitulate; but their valor was not without avail, for never, even in Spain, did vanquished people surrender on prouder or more honorable terms. We have named the wretch who betrayed his native mountains; let us equally record the name of him whose pious patriotism saved them from desolation. It was

he reverend Bishop Centerio. While the warriors rested n their arms in grim and menacing tranquillity among he cliffs, this venerable prelate descended to the Arab ents in the valley, to conduct the capitulation. In stip- lating for the safety of his people, he did not forget iat they were brave men, and that they still had weap- us in their hands. He obtained conditions accordingly. was agreed that they should be permitted to retain ieir houses, lands, and personal effects; that they should e unmolested in their religion, and their temples and riests respected; and that they should pay no other ibute than such as they had been accustomed to render their kings. Should they prefer to leave the country ad remove to any part of Christendom, they were to allowed to sell their possessions, and to take with tem the money, and all their other effects.*

Ibrahim Albuxarra remained in command of the terri- try, and the whole sierra, or chain of mountains, took s name, which has since been slightly corrupted into tat of the Alpuxarras. The subjugation of this rugged rgion, however, was for a long time incomplete; many o the Christians maintained a wild and hostile indepen- lnce, living in green glens and scanty valleys among e heights; and the sierra of the Alpuxarras has in all es been one of the most difficult parts of Andalusia to subdued.

* Pedraza, *Hist. Granad.*, p. 3, c. 2. Bleda, *Cronica*, L. 2, c. 10.

CHAPTER III.

EXPEDITION OF MAGUED AGAINST CORDOVA.—DEFENSE OF THE PATRIOT PELISTES.

WHILE the veteran Taric was making this wide circuit through the land, the expedition under Magued the renegado proceeded against the city of Cordova. The inhabitants of that ancient place had beheld the great army of Don Roderick spreading like an inundation over the plain of the Guadalquivir, and had felt confident that it must sweep the infidel invaders from the land. What then was their dismay when scattered fugitives, wild with horror and affright, brought them tidings of the entire overthrow of that mighty host, and the disappearance of the king! In the midst of their consternation, the Gothic noble Pelistes arrived at their gates, haggard with fatigue of body and anguish of mind, and leading a remnant of his devoted cavaliers, who had survived the dreadful battle of the Guadalete. The people of Cordova knew the valiant and steadfast spirit of Pelistes, and rallied round him as a last hope. "Roderick is fallen," cried they, "and we have neither king nor captain; be unto us as a sover-

ign; take command of our city, and protect us in this
our of peril!"

The heart of Pelistes was free from ambition, and was
o much broken by grief to be flattered by the offer of
ommand; but he felt above everything for the woes of
is country, and was ready to assume any desperate
ervice in her cause. "Your city," said he, "is sur-
ounded by walls and towers, and may yet check the
rogress of the foe. Promise to stand by me to the last,
nd I will undertake your defense." The inhabitants all
romised implicit obedience and devoted zeal; for what
ill not the inhabitants of a wealthy city promise and
rofess in a moment of alarm? The instant, however,
at they heard of the approach of the Moslem troops,
e wealthier citizens packed up their effects and fled to
e mountains, or to the distant city of Toledo. Even
e monks collected the riches of their convents and
urches, and fled. Pelistes, though he saw himself thus
serted by those who had the greatest interest in the
fety of the city, yet determined not to abandon its
fense. He had still his faithful though scanty band of
valiers, and a number of fugitives of the army, in all
mounting to about four hundred men. He stationed
gards, therefore, at the gates and in the towers, and
ade every preparation for a desperate resistance.

In the meantime, the army of Moslems and apostate
Christians advanced, under the command of the Greek
renegado Magued, and guided by the traitor Julian.

While they were yet at some distance from the city, their scouts brought to them a shepherd, whom they had surprised on the banks of the Guadalquivir. The trembling hind was an inhabitant of Cordova, and revealed to them the state of the place and the weakness of its garrison.

"And the walls and gates," said Magued, "are they strong and well guarded?"

"The walls are high and of wondrous strength," replied the shepherd, "and soldiers hold watch at the gates by day and night. But there is one place where the city may be secretly entered. In a part of the wall, not far from the bridge, the battlements are broken, and there is a breach at some height from the ground. Hard by stands a fig-tree, by the aid of which the wall may easily be scaled."

Having received this information, Magued halted with his army, and sent forward several renegado Christians partisans of Count Julian, who entered Cordova as i flying before the enemy. On a dark and tempestuou night, the Moslems approached to the end of the bridg which crosses the Guadalquivir, and remained in am bush. Magued took a small party of chosen men, and guided by the shepherd, forded the stream, and grope silently along the wall to the place where stood the fig tree. The traitors, who had fraudulently entered the city were ready on the wall to render assistance. Mague ordered his followers to make use of the long folds o

heir turbans instead of cords, and succeeded without lifficulty in clambering into the breach.

Drawing their scimetars, they now hastened to the ate which opened towards the bridge; the guards, susecting no assault from within, were taken by surprise nd easily overpowered; the gate was thrown open, and ie army that had remained in ambush rushed over the ridge, and entered without opposition.

The alarm had by this time spread throughout the ty; but already a torrent of armed men was pouring rough the streets. Pelistes sallied forth with his cavaers and such of the soldiery as he could collect, and edeavored to repel the foe; but every effort was in vin. The Christians were slowly driven from street to s eet and square to square, disputing every inch of ground; until, finding another body of the enemy approaching to attack them in rear, they took refuge in a convent, and succeeded in throwing to and barring the nderous doors. The Moors attempted to force the es, but were assailed with such showers of missiles rm the windows and battlements that they were liged to retire. Pelistes examined the convent, and nd it admirably calculated for defense. It was of at extent, with spacious courts and cloisters. The s were massive, and secured with bolts and bars; walls were of great thickness; the windows high and ed; there was a great tank or cistern of water, and friars, who had fled from the city, had left behind a

good supply of provisions. Here, then, Pelistes, proposed to make a stand, and to endeavor to hold out until succor should arrive from some other city. His proposition was received with shouts by his loyal cavaliers, not one of whom but was ready to lay down his life in the service of his commander.

CHAPTER IV.

DEFENSE OF THE CONVENT OF ST. GEORGE BY PELISTES.

FOR three long and anxious months did the good knight Pelistes and his cavaliers defend their sacred asylum against the repeated assaults of te infidels. The standard of the true faith was consantly displayed from the loftiest tower, and a fire bazed there throughout the night, as signals of distress t the surrounding country. The watchman from his turret kept a wary lookout over the land, hoping in ery cloud of dust to descry the glittering helms of Cristian warriors. The country, however, was forlorn ar abandoned, or if perchance a human being was perceived, it was some Arab horseman, careering the plain of the Guadalquivir as fearlessly as if it were his native desert.

By degrees the provisions of the convent were consumed, and the cavaliers had to slay their horses, one by one for food. They suffered the wasting miseries of famine without a murmur, and always met their commander with a smile. Pelistes, however, read their sufferings in their wan and emaciated countenances, and

felt more for them than for himself. He was grieved at heart that such loyalty and valor should only lead to slavery or death, and resolved to make one desperate attempt for their deliverance. Assembling them one day in the court of the convent, he disclosed to them his purpose.

"Comrades and brothers in arms," said he, "it is needless to conceal danger from brave men. Our case is desperate; our countrymen either know not or heed not our situation, or have not the means to help us. There is but one chance of escape; it is full of peril, and, as your leader, I claim the right to brave it. To-morrow, at break of day, I will sally forth and make for the city gates at the moment of their being opened; no one will suspect a solitary horseman; I shall be taken for one of those recreant Christians who have basely mingled with the enemy. If I succeed in getting out of the city I will hasten to Toledo for assistance. In all events I shall be back in less than twenty days. Keep a vigilant lookout toward the nearest mountain. If you behold five lights blazing upon its summit, be assured I am at hand with succor, and prepare yourselves to sally forth upon the city as I attack the gates. Should I fail in obtaining aid, I will return to die with you."

When he had finished, his warriors would fain have severally undertaken the enterprise, and they remonstrated against his exposing himself to such peril; but he was not to be shaken from his purpose. On the fol-

lowing morning, ere the break of day, his horse was led forth, caparisoned, into the court of the convent, and Pelistes appeared in complete armor. Assembling his cavaliers in the chapel, he prayed with them for some time before the altar of the Holy Virgin. Then rising and standing in the midst of them, "God knows, my companions," said he, "whether we have any longer a country; if not, better were we in our graves. Loyal and true have ye been to me, and loyal have ye been to my son, even to the hour of his death; and grieved am I that I have no other means of proving my love for you, than by adventuring my worthless life for your deliverance. All I ask of you before I go, is a solemn promise to defend yourselves to the last like brave men and Christian cavaliers, and never to renounce your faith, or throw yourselves on the mercy of the renegado Magued, or the traitor Julian." They all pledged their words, and took a solemn oath to the same effect before the altar.

Pelistes then embraced them one by one, and gave them his benediction, and as he did so his heart yearned over them, for he felt towards them, not merely as a companion in arms and as a commander, but as a father; and he took leave of them as if he had been going to his death. The warriors, on their part, crowded round him in silence, kissing his hands and the hem of his surcoat, and many of the sternest shed tears.

The gray of the dawning had just streaked the east,

when Pelistes took lance in hand, hung his shield about his neck, and mounting his steed, issued quietly forth from a postern of the convent. He paced slowly through the vacant streets, and the tramp of his steed echoed afar in that silent hour; but no one suspected a warrior, moving thus singly and tranquilly in an armed city, to be an enemy. He arrived at the gate just at the hour of opening; a foraging party was entering with cattle and with beasts of burden, and he passed unheeded through the throng. As soon as he was out of sight of the soldiers who guarded the gate, he quickened his pace, and at length, galloping at full speed, succeeded in gaining the mountains. Here he paused, and alighted at a solitary farm-house to breathe his panting steed; but had scarce put foot to ground when he heard the distant sound of pursuit, and beheld a horseman spurring up the mountain.

Throwing himself again upon his steed, he abandoned the road and galloped across the rugged heights. The deep dry channel of a torrent checked his career, and his horse stumbling upon the margin, rolled with his rider to the bottom. Pelistes was sorely bruised by the fall and his whole visage was bathed in blood. His horse too, was maimed and unable to stand, so that there was no hope of escape. The enemy drew near, and proved to be no other than Magued the renegado general, who had perceived him as he issued forth from the city and had followed singly in pursuit. "Well met, señor a

caid!" exclaimed he, "and overtaken in good time. Surrender yourself my prisoner."

Pelistes made no other reply than by drawing his sword, bracing his shield, and preparing for defense. Magued, though an apostate, and a fierce warrior, possessed some sparks of knightly magnanimity. Seeing his adversary dismounted, he disdained to take him at a disadvantage, but, alighting, tied his horse to a tree.

The conflict that ensued was desperate and doubtful, for seldom had two warriors met so well matched or of equal prowess. Their shields were hacked to pieces, the ground was strewed with fragments of their armor, and stained with their blood. They paused repeatedly to take breath, regarding each other with wonder and admiration. Pelistes, however, had been previously injured by his fall, and fought to great disadvantage. The renegado perceived it, and sought not to slay him, but to take him alive. Shifting his ground continually, he wearied his antagonist, who was growing weaker and weaker from the loss of blood. At length Pelistes seemed to summon up all his remaining strength to make a signal blow; it was skillfully parried, and he fell prostrate upon the ground. The renegado ran up, and putting his foot upon his sword, and the point of his dagger to his throat, called upon him to ask his life; but Pelistes lay without sense, and as one dead. Magued then unlaced the helmet of his vanquished enemy, and seated himself on a rock beside him, to recover breath.

In this situation the warriors were found by certain Moorish cavaliers, who marveled much at the traces of that stern and bloody combat.

Finding there was yet life in the Christian knight, they laid him upon one of their horses, and aiding Magued to remount his steed, proceeded slowly to the city. As the convoy passed by the convent, the cavaliers looked forth and beheld their commander borne along bleeding and a captive. Furious at the sight, they sallied forth to the rescue, but were repulsed by a superior force and driven back to the great portal of the church. The enemy entered pell-mell with them, fighting from aisle to aisle, from altar to altar, and in the courts and cloisters of the convent. The greater part of the cavaliers died bravely, sword in hand; the rest were disabled with wounds and made prisoners. The convent, which was lately their castle, was now made their prison, and in after-times, in commemoration of this event, was consecrated by the name of St. George of the Captives.

CHAPTER V.

MEETING BETWEEN THE PATRIOT PELISTES AND THE TRAITOR JULIAN.

THE loyalty and prowess of the good knight Pelistes had gained him the reverence even of his enemies. He was for a long time disabled by his wounds, during which he was kindly treated by the Arab chieftains, who strove by every courteous means to cheer his sadness and make him forget that he was a captive. When he was recovered from his wounds they gave him a magnificent banquet, to testify their admiration of his virtues.

Pelistes appeared at the banquet clad in sable armor, and with a countenance pale and dejected, for the ills of his country evermore preyed upon his heart. Among the assembled guests was Count Julian, who held a high command in the Moslem army, and was arrayed in garments of mingled Christian and morisco fashion. Pelistes had been a close and bosom friend of Julian in former times, and had served with him in the wars in Africa, but when the count advanced to accost him with his wonted amity, he turned away in silence and deigned not to notice him; neither, during the whole of the

repast, did he address to him ever a word, but treated him as one unknown.

When the banquet was nearly at a close, the discourse turned upon the events of the war, and the Moslem chieftains, in great courtesy, dwelt upon the merits of many of the Christian cavaliers who had fallen in battle, and all extolled the valor of those who had recently perished in the defense of the convent. Pelistes remained silent for a time, and checked the grief which swelled within his bosom as he thought of his devoted cavaliers. At length, lifting up his voice, "Happy are the dead," said he, "for they rest in peace, and are gone to receive the reward of their piety and valor! I could mourn over the loss of my companions in arms, but they have fallen with honor and are spared the wretchedness I feel in witnessing the thraldom of my country. I have seen my only son, the pride and hope of my age, cut down at my side; I have beheld kindred, friends, and followers falling one by one around me, and have become so seasoned to those losses that I have ceased to weep. Yet there is one man over whose loss I will never cease to grieve. He was the loved companion of my youth, and the steadfast associate of my graver years. He was one of the most loyal of Christian knights. As a friend, he was loving and sincere; as a warrior, his achievements were above all praise. What has become of him, alas, I know not! If fallen in battle, and I knew where his bones were laid, whether bleaching on the plains of Xeres or

buried in the waters of the Guadalete, I would seek them out and enshrine them as the relics of a sainted patriot. Or if, like many of his companions in arms, he should be driven to wander in foreign lands, I would join him in his hapless exile, and we would mourn together over the desolation of our country!"

Even the hearts of the Arab warriors were touched by the lament of the good Pelistes, and they said—"Who was this peerless friend in whose praise thou art so fervent?"

"His name," replied Pelistes, "was Count Julian."

The Moslem warriors started with surprise. "Noble cavalier," exclaimed they, "has grief disordered thy senses? Behold thy friend living and standing before thee, and yet thou dost not know him! This, this is Count Julian!"

Upon this, Pelistes turned his eyes upon the count, and regarded him for a time with a lofty and stern demeanor; and the countenance of Julian darkened, and was troubled, and his eye sank beneath the regard of that loyal and honorable cavalier. And Pelistes said, "in the name of God, I charge thee, man unknown! to answer. Dost thou presume to call thyself Count Julian?"

The count reddened with anger at these words. "Pelistes," said he, "what means this mockery? thou knowest me well; thou knowest me for Count Julian."

"I know thee for a base impostor!" cried Pelistes.

"Count Julian was a noble Gothic knight; but thou appearest in mongrel Moorish garb. Count Julian was a Christian, faithful and devout; but I behold in thee a renegado and an infidel. Count Julian was ever loyal to his king, and foremost in his country's cause; were he living, he would be the first to put shield on neck and lance in rest, to clear the land of her invaders; but thou art a hoary traitor; thy hands are stained with the royal blood of the Goths, and thou hast betrayed thy country and thy God. Therefore, I again repeat, man unknown! if thou sayest thou art Count Julian, thou liest! My friend, alas, is dead; and thou art some fiend from hell, which hast taken possession of his body to dishonor his memory and render him an abhorrence among men!" So saying, Pelistes turned his back upon the traitor, and went forth from the banquet; leaving Count Julian overwhelmed with confusion, and an object of scorn to all the Moslem cavaliers.

CHAPTER VI.

HOW TARIC EL TUERTO CAPTURED THE CITY OF TOLEDO THROUGH THE AID OF THE JEWS, AND HOW HE FOUND THE FAMOUS TALISMANIC TABLE OF SOLOMON.

WHILE these events were passing in Cordova, the one-eyed Arab general, Taric el Tuerto, having subdued the city and vega of Granada, and the Mountains of the Sun and Air, directed his march into the interior of the kingdom, to attack the ancient city of Toledo, the capital of the Gothic kings. So great was the terror caused by the rapid conquests of the invaders, that at the very rumor of their approach many of the inhabitants, though thus in the very citadel of the kingdom, abandoned it and fled to the mountains with their families. Enough remained, however, to have made a formidable defense; and, as the city was seated on a lofty rock, surrounded by massive walls and towers, and almost girdled by the Tagus, it threatened a long resistance. The Arab warriors pitched their tents in the vega, on the borders of the river, and prepared for a tedious siege.

One evening, as Taric was seated in his tent, meditat-

ing on the mode in which he should assail this rock-built city, certain of the patrols of the camp brought a stranger before him. "As we were going our rounds," said they, "we beheld this man lowered down with cords from a tower, and he delivered himself into our hands, praying to be conducted to thy presence, that he might reveal to thee certain things important for thee to know."

Taric fixed his eye upon the stranger; he was a Jewish rabbi, with a long beard which spread upon his gabardine, and descended even to his girdle. "What hast thou to reveal?" said he to the Israelite. "What I have to reveal," replied the other, "is for thee alone to hear; command, then, I entreat thee, that these men withdraw." When they were alone he addressed Taric in Arabic: "Know, O leader of the host of Islam," said he, "that I am sent to thee on the part of the children of Israel, resident in Toledo. We have been oppressed and insulted by the Christians in the time of their prosperity, and now that they are threatened with siege, they have taken from us all our provisions and our money; they have compelled us to work like slaves, repairing their walls; and they oblige us to bear arms and guard a part of the towers. We abhor their yoke, and are ready, if thou wilt receive us as subjects, and permit us the free enjoyment of our religion and our property, to deliver the towers we guard into thy hands, and to give thee safe entrance into the city."

The Arab chief was overjoyed at this proposition, and

he rendered much honor to the rabbi, and gave orders to clothe him in a costly robe, and to perfume his beard with essences of a pleasant odor, so that he was the most sweet-smelling of his tribe; and he said, "Make thy words good, and put me in possession of the city, and I will do all and more than thou hast required, and will bestow countless wealth upon thee and thy brethren."

Then a plan was devised between them by which the city was to be betrayed and given up. "But how shall I be secured," said he, "that all thy tribe will fulfill what thou hast engaged, and that this is not a stratagem to get me and my people into your power?"

"This shall be thy assurance," replied the rabbi; "ten of the principal Israelites will come to this tent and remain as hostages."

"It is enough," said Taric; and he made oath to accomplish all that he had promised; and the Jewish hostages came and delivered themselves into his hands.

On a dark night a chosen band of Moslem warriors approached the part of the walls guarded by the Jews, and were secretly admitted into a postern gate and concealed within a tower. Three thousand Arabs were at the same time placed in ambush among rocks and thickets, in a place on the opposite side of the river, commanding a view of the city. On the following morning Taric ravaged the gardens of the valley, and set fire to the farm-houses, and then, breaking up his camp, marched off as if abandoning the siege.

The people of Toledo gazed with astonishment from their walls at the retiring squadrons of the enemy, and scarcely could credit their unexpected deliverance; before night there was not a turban nor a hostile lance to be seen in the vega. They attributed it all to the special intervention of their patron saint, Leocadia; and the following day being Palm Sunday, they sallied forth in procession, man, woman, and child, to the church of that blessed saint, which is situated without the walls, that they might return thanks for her marvelous protection.

When all Toledo had thus poured itself forth, and was marching with cross and relic and solemn chant towards the chapel, the Arabs who had been concealed in the tower rushed forth, and barred the gates of the city. While some guarded the gates, others dispersed themselves about the streets, slaying all who made resistance; and others kindled a fire and made a column of smoke on the top of the citadel. At sight of this signal, the Arabs in ambush beyond the river rose with a great shout, and attacked the multitude who were thronging to the church of St. Leocadia. There was a great massacre, although the people were without arms and made no resistance; and it is said in ancient chronicles that it was the apostate Bishop Oppas who guided the Moslems to their prey, and incited them to this slaughter. The pious reader, says Fray Antonio Agapida, will be slow to believe such turpitude; but there is nothing more venomous than the rancor of an apostate priest; for the best things in

this world, when corrupted, become the worst and most baneful.

Many of the Christians had taken refuge within the church, and had barred the doors, but Oppas commanded that fire should be set to the portals, threatening to put every one within to the sword. Happily the veteran Taric arrived just in time to stay the fury of this reverend renegado. He ordered the trumpets to call off the troops from the carnage, and extended grace to all the surviving inhabitants. They were permitted to remain in quiet possession of their homes and effects, paying only a moderate tribute; and they were allowed to exercise the rites of their religion in the existing churches, to the number of seven, but were prohibited from erecting any others. Those who preferred to leave the city were suffered to depart in safety, but not to take with them any of their wealth.

Immense spoil was found by Taric in the alcazar, or royal castle, situated on a rocky eminence in the highest part of the city. Among the regalia treasured up in a secret chamber were twenty-five regal crowns of fine gold, garnished with jacinths, amethysts, diamonds, and other precious stones. These were the crowns of the different Gothic kings who had reigned in Spain; it having been the usage on the death of each king to deposit his crown in this treasury, inscribing on it his name and age.*

* Conde, *Hist. de las Arabes en España*, c. 12.

When Taric was thus in possession of the city, the Jews came to him in procession, with songs and dances, and the sound of timbrel and psaltery, hailing him as their lord, and reminding him of his promises.

The son of Ishmael kept his word with the children of Israel; they were protected in the possession of all their wealth and the exercise of their religion, and were, moreover, rewarded with jewels of gold and jewels of silver and much moneys.*

A subsequent expedition was led by Taric against Guadalaxara, which surrendered without resistance; he moreover captured the city of Medina Celi, where he found an inestimable table which had formed a part of the spoil taken at Rome by Alaric, at the time that the sacred city was conquered by the Goths. It was composed of one single and entire emerald, and possessed talismanic powers; for traditions affirm that it was the work of genii, and had been wrought by them for King Solomon the Wise, the son of David. This marvelous relic was carefully preserved by Taric, as the most precious of all his spoils, being intended by him as a present to the caliph; and in commemoration of it the city was called by the Arabs Medina Almeyda,—that is to say, "The City of the Table."†

* The stratagem of the Jews of Toledo is recorded briefly by Bishop Lucas de Tuy, in his chronicle, but is related at large in the chronicle of the Moor Rasis.

† According to Arabian legends, this table was a mirror revealing all great events; insomuch that by looking on it the possessor might behold

Having made these and other conquests of less importance, and having collected great quantities of gold and silver, and rich stuffs and precious stones, Taric returned with his booty to the royal city of Toledo.

battles and sieges and feats of chivalry, and all actions worthy of renown; and might thus ascertain the truth of all historic transactions. It was a mirror of history therefore; and had very probably aided King Solomon in acquiring that prodigious knowledge and wisdom for which he was renowned.

CHAPTER VII.

MUZA BEN NOSIER; HIS ENTRANCE INTO SPAIN AND CAPTURE OF CARMONA.

LET us leave for a season the bold Taric in hi triumphant progress from city to city, while w turn our eyes to Muza ben Nosier, the re nowned emir of Almagreb, and the commander-in-chie of the Moslem forces of the West. When that jealou chieftain had despatched his letter commanding Taric t pause and await his coming, he immediately made ever preparation to enter Spain with a powerful reinforce ment, and to take command of the conquering army. H left his eldest son, Abdalasis, in Caervan, with authorit over Almagreb, or Western Africa. This Abdalasis wa in the flower of his youth, and beloved by the soldier for the magnanimity and the engaging affability whic graced his courage.

Muza ben Nosier crossed the Strait of Hercules with chosen force of ten thousand horse and eight thousan foot, Arabs and Africans. He was accompanied by hi two sons, Meruan and Abdelola, and by numerous illus trious Arabian cavaliers of the tribe of the Koreish. H landed his shining legions on the coast of Andalusia, an

pitched his tents near to the Guadiana. There first he received intelligence of the disobedience of Taric to his orders, and that, without waiting his arrival, the impetuous chieftain had continued his career, and with his light Arab squadrons had overrun and subdued the noblest provinces and cities of the kingdom.

The jealous spirit of Muza was still more exasperated by these tidings; he looked upon Taric no longer as a friend and coadjutor, but as an invidious rival, the decided enemy of his glory, and he determined on his ruin. His first consideration, however, was to secure to himself a share in the actual conquest of the land before it should be entirely subjugated.

Taking guides, therefore, from among his Christian captives, he set out to subdue such parts of the country as had not been visited by Taric. The first place which he assailed was the ancient city of Carmona; it was not of great magnitude, but was fortified with high walls and massive towers, and many of the fugitives of the late army had thrown themselves into it.

The Goths had by this time recovered from their first panic; they had become accustomed to the sight of Moslem troops, and their native courage had been roused by danger. Shortly after the Arabs had encamped before their walls, a band of cavaliers made a sudden sally one morning before the break of day, fell upon the enemy by surprise, killed above three hundred of them in their tents, and effected their retreat into the city; leaving

twenty of their number dead, covered with honorable wounds, and in the very centre of the camp.

On the following day they made another sally, and fell on a different quarter of the encampment; but the Arabs were on their guard, and met them with superior numbers. After fighting fiercely for a time, they were routed, and fled full speed for the city, with the Arabs hard upon their traces. The guards within feared to open the gate, lest with their friends they should admit a torrent of enemies. Seeing themselves thus shut out, the fugitives determined to die like brave soldiers rather than surrender. Wheeling suddenly round, they opened a path through the host of their pursuers, fought their way back to the camp, and raged about it with desperate fury until they were all slain, after having killed above eight hundred of the enemy.*

Muza now ordered that the place should be taken by storm. The Moslems assailed it on all sides, but were vigorously resisted; many were slain by showers of stones, arrows, and boiling pitch, and many who had mounted with scaling-ladders were thrown headlong from the battlements. The alcayde, Galo, aided solely by two men, defended a tower and a portion of the wall, killing and wounding with a cross-bow more than eighty of the enemy. The attack lasted above half a day, when the Moslems were repulsed with the loss of fifteen hundred men.

* Abulcasim, *Perdida de España*, L. 1, c. 18.

Muza was astonished and exasperated at meeting with such formidable resistance from so small a city; for it was one of the few places, during that memorable conquest, where the Gothic valor shone forth with its proper lustre. While the Moslem army lay encamped before the place, it was joined by Magued the renegado, and Count Julian the traitor, with one thousand horsemen; most of them recreant Christians, base betrayers of their country, and more savage in their warfare than the Arabs of the desert. To find favor in the eyes of Muza, and to evince his devotion to the cause, the count undertook, by wily stratagem, to put this gallant city in his power.

One evening, just at twilight, a number of Christians, habited as travelling merchants, arrived at one of the gates, conducting a train of mules laden with arms and warlike munitions. "Open the gate quickly," cried they; "we bring supplies for the garrison, but the Arabs have discovered and are in pursuit of us." The gate was thrown open, the merchants entered with their beasts of burden, and were joyfully received. Meat and drink were placed before them, and after they had refreshed themselves they retired to the quarters allotted to them.

These pretended merchants were Count Julian and a number of his partisans. At the hour of midnight they stole forth silently, and assembling together, proceeded to what is called the Gate of Cordova. Here setting suddenly upon the unsuspecting guards, they put them to the edge of the sword, and throwing open the gates, ad-

mitted a great body of the Arabs. The inhabitants were roused from their sleep by sound of drum and trumpet and the clattering of horses. The Arabs scoured the streets; a horrible massacre was commenced, in which none were spared but such of the females as were young and beautiful, and fitted to grace the harems of the conquerors. The arrival of Muza put an end to the pillage and the slaughter, and he granted favorable terms to the survivors. Thus the valiant little city of Carmona, after nobly resisting the open assaults of the infidels, fell a victim to the treachery of apostate Christians.*

* *Cron. gen. de España,* por Alonzo el Sabio. P. 3, c. 1.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUZA MARCHES AGAINST THE CITY OF SEVILLE.

AFTER the capture of Carmona, Muza descended into a noble plain, covered with fields of grain, with orchards and gardens, through which glided the soft-flowing Guadalquivir. On the borders of the river stood the ancient city of Seville, surrounded by Roman walls, and defended by its golden tower. Understanding from his spies that the city had lost the flower of its youth in the battle of the Guadalete, Muza anticipated but a faint resistance. A considerable force, however, still remained within the place, and what they wanted in numbers they made up in resolution. For some days they withstood the assaults of the enemy, and defended their walls with great courage. Their want of warlike munitions, however, and the superior force and skill of the besieging army, left them no hope of being able to hold out long. There were two youthful cavaliers of uncommon valor in the city. They assembled the warriors and addressed them. "We cannot save the city," said they; but at least we may save ourselves, and preserve so many strong arms for the service of our country. Let us

cut our way through the infidel force, and gain some secure fortress, from whence we may return with augmented numbers for the rescue of the city."

The advice of the young cavaliers was adopted. In the dead of the night the garrison assembled, to the number of about three thousand,—the most part mounted on horseback. Suddenly sallying from one of the gates, they rushed in a compact body upon the camp of the Saracens, which was negligently guarded, for the Moslems expected no such act of desperation. The camp was a scene of great carnage and confusion; many were slain on both sides; the two valiant leaders of the Christians fell covered with wounds, but the main body succeeded in forcing their way through the centre of the army, and in making their retreat to Beja in Lusitania.

Muza was at a loss to know the meaning of this desperate sally. In the morning he perceived the gates of the city wide open. A number of ancient and venerable men presented themselves at his tent, offering submission and imploring mercy, for none were left in the place but the old, the infirm, and the miserable. Muza listened to them with compassion, and granted their prayer, and the only tribute he exacted was three measures of wheat and three of barley from each house or family. He placed a garrison of Arabs in the city, and left there a number of Jews to form a body of population. Having thus secured two important places in Andalusia, he passed the boundaries of the province, and advanced with great martial pomp into Lusitania.

CHAPTER IX.

MUZA BESIEGES THE CITY OF MERIDA.

THE army of Muza was now augmented to about eighteen thousand horsemen, but he took with him but few foot-soldiers, leaving them to garrison the conquered towns. He met with no resistance on his entrance into Lusitania. City after city laid its keys at his feet, and implored to be received in peaceful vassalage. One city alone prepared for vigorous defense, the ancient Merida, a place of great extent, uncounted riches, and prodigious strength. A noble Goth named Sacarus was the governor,—a man of consummate wisdom, patriotism, and valor. Hearing of the approach of the invaders, he gathered within the walls all the people of the surrounding country, with their horses and mules, their flocks and herds, and most precious effects. To insure for a long time a supply of bread, he filled the magazines with grain, and erected wind-mills on the churches. This done, he laid waste the surrounding country to a great extent, so that a besieging army would have to encamp in a desert.

When Muza came in sight of this magnificent city he

was struck with admiration. He remained for some time gazing in silence upon its mighty walls and lordly towers its vast extent, and the stately palaces and temples with which it was adorned. "Surely," cried he, at length, "all the people of the earth have combined their power and skill to embellish and aggrandize this city. Allah Achbar! Happy will he be who shall have the glory of making such a conquest!"

Seeing that a place so populous and so strongly fortified would be likely to maintain a long and formidable resistance, he sent messengers to Africa to his son Abdalasis, to collect all the forces that could be spared from the garrisons of Mauritania, and to hasten and reinforce him.

While Muza was forming his encampment, deserters from the city brought him word that a chosen band intended to sally forth at midnight and surprise his camp. The Arab commander immediately took measures to receive them with a counter-surprise. Having formed his plan, and communicated it to his principal officers, he ordered that, throughout the day, there should be kept up an appearance of negligent confusion in his encampment. The outposts were feebly guarded; fires were lighted in various places, as if preparing for feasting; bursts of music and shouts of revelry resounded from different quarters, and the whole camp seemed to be rioting in careless security on the plunder of the land. As the night advanced, the fires were gradually extin-

guished, and silence ensued, as if the soldiery had sunk into deep sleep after the carousal.

In the meantime, bodies of troops had been secretly and silently marched to reinforce the outposts; and the renegado Magued, with a numerous force, had formed an ambuscade in a deep stone quarry by which the Christians would have to pass. These preparations being made, they awaited the approach of the enemy in breathless silence.

About midnight the chosen force intended for the sally assembled, and the command was confided to Count Tendero, a Gothic cavalier of tried prowess. After having heard a solemn mass and received the benediction of the priest, they marched out of the gate with all possible silence. They were suffered to pass the ambuscade in the quarry without molestation; as they approached the Moslem camp everything appeared quiet, for the foot-soldiers were concealed in slopes and hollows, and every Arab horseman lay in his armor beside his steed. The sentinels on the outposts waited until the Christians were close at hand, and then fled in apparent consternation.

Count Tendero gave the signal for assault, and the Christians rushed confidently forward. In an instant an uproar of drums, trumpets, and shrill war-cries burst forth from every side. An army seemed to spring up from the earth; squadrons of horse came thundering on them in front, while the quarry poured forth legions of armed warriors in their rear.

The noise of the terrific conflict that took place was heard on the city walls, and answered by shouts of exultation, for the Christians thought it rose from the terror and confusion of the Arab camp. In a little while, however, they were undeceived by fugitives from the fight, aghast with terror and covered with wounds. "Hell itself," cried they, "is on the side of these infidels; the earth casts forth warriors and steeds to aid them. We have fought, not with men, but devils!"

The greater part of the chosen troops who had sallied were cut to pieces in that scene of massacre, for they had been confounded by the tempest of battle which suddenly broke forth around them. Count Tendero fought with desperate valor, and fell covered with wounds. His body was found the next morning, lying among the slain, and transpierced with half a score of lances. The renegado Magued cut off his head and tied it to the tail of his horse, and repaired with this savage trophy to the tent of Muza; but the hostility of the Arab general was of a less malignant kind. He ordered that the head and body should be placed together upon a bier, and treated with becoming reverence.

In the course of the day a train of priests and friars came forth from the city to request permission to seek for the body of the count. Muza delivered it to them, with many soldier-like encomiums on the valor of that good cavalier. The priests covered it with a pall of cloth of gold, and bore it back in melancholy procession

to the city, where it was received with loud lamentations.

The siege was now pressed with great vigor and repeated assaults were made, but in vain. Muza saw, at length, that the walls were too high to be scaled, and the gates too strong to be burst open without the aid of engines, and he desisted from the attack until machines for the purpose could be constructed. The governor suspected from this cessation of active warfare that the enemy flattered themselves to reduce the place by famine; he caused, therefore, large baskets of bread to be thrown from the wall, and sent a messenger to Muza to inform him that if his army should be in want of bread he would supply it, having sufficient corn in his granaries for a ten years' siege.*

The citizens, however, did not possess the undaunted spirit of their governor. When they found that the Moslems were constructing tremendous engines for the destruction of their walls, they lost all courage, and, surrounding the governor in a clamorous multitude, compelled him to send forth persons to capitulate.

The ambassadors came into the presence of Muza with awe, for they expected to find a fierce and formidable warrior in one who had filled the land with terror; but, to their astonishment, they beheld an ancient and venerable man, with white hair, a snowy beard, and a pale,

* Bleda, *Cronica*, L. 2, c. 11.

emaciated countenance. He had passed the previous night without sleep, and had been all day in the field; he was exhausted, therefore, by watchfulness and fatigue, and his garments were covered with dust.

"What a devil of a man is this," murmured the ambassadors, one to another, "to undertake such a siege when on the verge of the grave. Let us defend our city the best way we can; surely we can hold out longer than the life of this graybeard."

They returned to the city, therefore, scoffing at an invader who seemed fitter to lean on a crutch than wield a lance; and the terms offered by Muza, which would otherwise have been thought favorable, were scornfully rejected by the inhabitants. A few days put an end to this mistaken confidence. Abdalasis, the son of Muza, arrived from Africa at the head of his reinforcement; he brought seven thousand horsemen and a host of Barbary archers, and made a glorious display as he marched into the camp. The arrival of this youthful warrior was hailed with great acclamations, so much had he won the hearts of the soldiery by the frankness, the suavity, and generosity of his conduct. Immediately after his arrival a grand assault was made upon the city, and several of the huge battering engines being finished, they were wheeled up and began to thunder against the walls.

The unsteady populace were again seized with terror, and, surrounding their governor with fresh clamors, obliged him to send forth ambassadors a second time to

treat of a surrender. When admitted to the presence of Muza, the ambassadors could scarcely believe their eyes, or that this was the same withered, white-headed old man of whom they had lately spoken with scoffing. His hair and beard were tinged of a ruddy brown; his countenance was refreshed by repose and flushed with indignation, and he appeared a man in the matured vigor of his days. The ambassadors were struck with awe. "Surely," whispered they, one to the other, "this must be either a devil or a magician, who can thus make himself old and young at pleasure!"

Muza received them haughtily. "Hence," said he, and tell your people I grant them the same terms I ave already proffered, provided the city be instantly urrendered; but, by the head of Mahomet, if there be ny further delay, not one mother's son of ye shall reeive mercy at my hands!"

The deputies returned into the city pale and dismayed. "Go forth! go forth!" cried they, "and accept whatever rms are offered; of what avail is it to fight against men ho can renew their youth at pleasure? Behold, we left te leader of the infidels an old and feeble man, and toy we find him youthful and vigorous." *

The place was, therefore, surrendered forthwith, and Muza entered it in triumph. His terms were merciful.

* Conde, p. 1, c. 13. Ambrosio de Morales. N. B.—In the chronicle of Spain, composed by order of Alonzo the Wise, this anecdote is given as having happened at the siege of Seville.

Those who chose to remain were protected in persons possessions, and religion; he took the property of thos only who abandoned the city or had fallen in battle together with all arms and horses, and the treasures an ornaments of the churches. Among these sacred spoil was found a cup made of a single pearl, which a king c Spain, in ancient times, had brought from the temple c Jerusalem when it was destroyed by Nabuchodonoso This precious relic was sent by Muza to the caliph, an was placed in the principal mosque of the city of Da mascus.*

Muza knew how to esteem merit even in an enem When Sacarus, the governor of Merida, appeared be fore him, he lauded him greatly for the skill and courag he had displayed in the defense of his city; and, takin off his own scimetar, which was of great value, girded upon him with his own hands. "Wear this," said h "as a poor memorial of my admiration; a soldier of suc virtue and valor is worthy of far higher honors."

He would have engaged the governor in his service, have persuaded him to remain in the city, as an illu trious vassal of the caliph, but the noble-minded Sacar refused to bend to the yoke of the conquerors; nor cou he bring himself to reside contentedly in his countr when subjected to the domination of the infidels. Gat ering together all those who chose to accompany hi

* Marmol., *Descrip. de Africa*, T. 1, L. 2.

nto exile, he embarked to seek some country where he night live in peace and in the free exercise of his religion. What shore these ocean pilgrims landed upon as never been revealed; but tradition vaguely gives us believe that it was some unknown island far in the bosom of the Atlantic.*

* Abulcasim, *Perdida de España*, L. 1, c. 18.

CHAPTER X.

EXPEDITION OF ABDALASIS AGAINST SEVILLE AND THE "LAND OF TADMIR."

AFTER the capture of Merida, Muza gave a grand banquet to his captains and distinguished warriors in that magnificent city. At this martial feast were many Arab cavaliers who had been present in various battles, and they vied with each other in recounting the daring enterprises in which they had been engaged, and the splendid triumphs they had witnessed. While they talked with ardor and exultation, Abdalasis, the son of Muza, alone kept silence, and sat with a dejected countenance. At length, when there was a pause, he turned to his father and addressed him with modest earnestness. "My lord and father," said he, "I blush to hear your warriors recount the toils and dangers they have passed while I have done nothing to entitle me to their companionship. When I return to Egypt and present myself before the caliph, he will ask me of my services in Spain; what battle I have gained what town or castle I have taken. How shall I answer him? If you love me, then, as your son, give me a com-

and, intrust to me an enterprise, and let me acquire a me worthy to be mentioned among men."

The eyes of Muza kindled with joy at finding Abdalasis thus ambitious of renown in arms. "Allah be praised!" exclaimed he, "the heart of my son is in the right place. It is becoming in youth to look upward and be aspiring. Thy desire, Abdalasis, shall be gratified."

An opportunity at that very time presented itself to prove the prowess and discretion of the youth. During the siege of Merida, the Christian troops which had taken refuge at Beja had reinforced themselves from Palaflor, and suddenly returning, had presented themselves before the gates of the city of Seville.* Certain of the Christian inhabitants threw open the gates and admitted them. The troops rushed to the alcazar, took it by surprise, and put many of the Moslem garrison to the sword; the residue made their escape, and fled to the Arab camp before Merida, leaving Seville in the hands of the Christians.

The veteran Muza, now that the siege of Merida was at an end, was meditating the recapture and punishment of Seville at the very time when Abdalasis addressed him. "Behold, my son," exclaimed he, "an enterprise worthy of thy ambition! Take with thee all the troops who hast brought from Africa; reduce the city of Seville again to subjection, and plant thy standard upon its

* Espinosa, *Antq. y Grand. de Sevilla*, L. 2, c. 3.

alcazar. But stop not there: carry thy conquering sword into the southern parts of Spain; thou wilt find there a harvest of glory yet to be reaped."

Abdalasis lost no time in departing upon this enterprise. He took with him Count Julian, Magued el Rumi and the Bishop Oppas, that he might benefit by their knowledge of the country. When he came in sight of the fair city of Seville, seated like a queen in the midst of its golden plain, with the Guadalquivir flowing beneath its walls, he gazed upon it with the admiration of a lover and lamented in his soul that he had to visit it as an avenger. His troops, however, regarded it with wrathful eyes, thinking only of its rebellion and of the massacre of their countrymen in the alcazar.

The principal people of the city had taken no part in this gallant but fruitless insurrection; and now, when they beheld the army of Abdalasis encamped upon the banks of the Guadalquivir, would fain have gone forth to make explanations, and intercede for mercy. The populace, however, forbade any one to leave the city, and barring the gates, prepared to defend themselves to the last.

The place was attacked with resistless fury. The gates were soon burst open; the Moslems rushed in, panting for revenge. They confined not their slaughter to the soldiery in the alcazar, but roamed through every street, confounding the innocent with the guilty in one blood massacre, and it was with the utmost difficulty the

bdalasis could at length succeed in staying their sanguinary career.*

The son of Muza proved himself as mild in conquest as he had been intrepid in assault. The moderation and benignity of his conduct soothed the terrors of the vanquished, and his wise precautions restored tranquillity. Having made proper regulations for the protection of the inhabitants, he left a strong garrison in the place to prevent any future insurrection, and then departed on the further prosecution of his enterprise.

Wherever he went his arms were victorious, and his victories were always characterized by the same magnanimity. At length he arrived on the confines of that beautiful region, comprising lofty and precipitous mountains and rich and delicious plains, afterwards known by the name of the kingdom of Murcia. All this part of the country was defended by the veteran Theodomir, who, by skilful management, had saved a remnant of his forces after the defeat on the banks of the Guadalete.

Theodomir was a stanch warrior, but a wary and prudent man. He had experienced the folly of opposing the Arabs in open field, where their cavalry and armor gave them such superiority; on their approach, therefore, he assembled all his people capable of bearing arms, and took possession of the cliffs and mountain passes. "Here," said he, "a simple goatherd, who can hurl

* Conde, P. 1, c. 14.

down rocks and stones, is as good as a warrior armed proof." In this way he checked and harassed the Mo lem army in all its movements,—showering down mi siles upon it from overhanging precipices, and waylayi it in narrow and rugged defiles, where a few raw troo could make stand against a host.

Theodomir was in a fair way to baffle his foes, a oblige them to withdraw from his territories; unfo tunately, however, the wary veteran had two sons wi him, young men of hot and heady valor, who consider all this prudence of their father as savoring of cowardi and who were anxious to try their prowess in the op field. "What glory," said they, "is to be gained by stroying an enemy in this way, from the covert of ro and thickets?"

"You talk like young men," replied the veter "Glory is a prize one may fight for abroad, but saf is the object when the enemy is at the door."

One day, however, the young men succeeded in dr ing down their father into the plain. Abdalasis im diately seized on the opportunity, and threw him between the Goths and their mountain fastnes Theodomir saw too late the danger into which he betrayed. "What can our raw troops do," said "against those squadrons of horse that move like tles? Let us make a rapid retreat to Orihuela, defend ourselves from behind its walls."

"Father," said the eldest son, "it is too late to

reat; remain here with the reserve while my brother
id I advance. Fear nothing; am not I your son, and
ould I not die to defend you?"

"In truth," replied the veteran, "I have my doubts
nether you are my son. But if I remain here, and you
ould all be killed, where then would be my protec-
n? Come," added he, turning to the second son, "I
ist that thou art virtually my son, let us hasten to
reat before it is too late."

"Father," replied the youngest, "I have not a doubt
t I am honestly and thoroughly your son, and as such
onor you; but I owe duty likewise to my mother, and
ven I sallied to the war she gave me her blessing as
og as I should act with valor, but her curse should I
ve craven and fly the field. Fear nothing, father; I
l defend you while living, and even after you are
ed. You shall never fail of an honorable sepulture
ong your kindred."

"A pestilence on ye both," cried Theodomir, "for a
ce of misbegotten madmen! What care I, think ye,
hre ye lay my body when I am dead? One day's ex-
ice in a hovel is worth an age of interment in a mar-
e sepulchre. Come, my friends," said he, turning to
s principal cavaliers, "let us leave these hot-headed
lings and make our retreat; if we tarry any longer
nemy will be upon us."

Upon this the cavaliers and proud hidalgoes drew up
fully and tossed their heads · "What do you see in

us," said they, "that you think we will show our backs t the enemy? Forward! was ever the good old Gothi watchword, and with that will we live and die!"

While time was lost in these disputes, the Moslem arm kept advancing until retreat was no longer practicabl The battle was tumultuous and bloody. Theodom fought like a lion, but it was all in vain; he saw his tw sons cut down, and the greater part of their rash compa ions, while his raw mountain troops fled in all direction

Seeing there was no longer any hope, he seized tl bridle of a favorite page who was near him, and who w about spurring for the mountains. "Part not from me said he, "but do thou, at least, attend to my counsel, n son; and of a truth I believe thou art my son, for thou a the offspring of one of my handmaids who was kind un me." And indeed the youth marvelously resembled hi Turning then the reins of his own steed, and giving hi the spur, he fled amain from the field, followed by t page; nor did he stop until he arrived within the walls Orihuela.

Ordering the gates to be barred and bolted, he p pared to receive the enemy. There were but few men the city capable of bearing arms, most of the youth havi fallen in the field. He caused the women, therefore, clothe themselves in male attire, to put on hats and h mets, to take long reeds in their hands instead of lanc and to cross their hair upon their chins in semblance beards. With these troops he lined the walls and towe

It was about the hour of twilight that Abdalasis approached with his army, but he paused when he saw the walls so numerously garrisoned. Then Theodomir took a flag of truce in his hand, and put a herald's tabard on the page, and they two sallied forth to capitulate, and were graciously received by Abdalasis.

"I come," said Theodomir, "on the behalf of the commander of this city, to treat for terms worthy of your magnanimity and of his dignity. You perceive that the city is capable of withstanding a long siege, but he is desirous of sparing the lives of his soldiers. Promise that the inhabitants shall be at liberty to depart unmolested with their property, and the city will be delivered up to you to-morrow morning without a blow; otherwise we are prepared to fight until not a man be left."

Abdalasis was well pleased to get so powerful a place upon such easy terms, but stipulated that the garrison should lay down their arms. To this Theodomir readily assented, with the exception, however, of the governor and his retinue, which was granted out of consideration for his dignity. The articles of capitulation were then drawn out, and when Abdalasis had affixed his name and seal, Theodomir took the pen and wrote his signature. "Behold in me," said he, "the governor of the city!"

Abdalasis was pleased with the hardihood of the commander of the place in thus venturing personally into his power, and entertained the veteran with still greater honor. When Theodomir returned to the city, he made

known the capitulation, and charged the inhabitants t
pack up their effects during the night and be ready t
sally forth during the morning.

At the dawn of day the gates were thrown open, an
Abdalasis looked to see a great force issuing forth, but
his surprise beheld merely Theodomir and his page
battered armor, followed by a multitude of old men, w
men, and children.

Abdalasis waited until the whole had come forth, the
turning to Theodomir, "Where," cried he, "are th
soldiers whom I saw last evening lining the walls an
towers?"

"Soldiers have I none," replied the veteran. "As
my garrison, behold it before you. With these wome
did I man my walls, and this my page is my herald
guard, and retinue."

Upon this the Bishop Oppas and Count Julian ex
claimed that the capitulation was a base fraud and ough
not to be complied with; but Abdalasis relished th
stratagem of the old soldier, and ordered that the stipul
tions of the treaty should be faithfully performed. Na
so high an opinion did he conceive of the subtle wisdo
of this commander that he permitted him to remai
in authority over the surrounding country on his a
knowledging allegiance and engaging to pay tribut
to the caliph; and all that part of Spain, comprisin
the beautiful provinces of Murcia and Valencia, was lon
after known by the Arabic name of its defender, and

still recorded in Arabian chronicles as "The land of Tadmir." *

Having succeeded in subduing this rich and fruitful region, and having gained great renown for his generosity as well as valor, Abdalasis returned with the chief part of his army to the city of Seville.

* Conde, p. 1. *Cronica del Moro Rasis. Cron. gen. España,* por Alonzo el Sabio, p. 3, c. 1.

CHAPTER XI.

MUZA ARRIVES AT TOLEDO.—INTERVIEW BETWEEN HIM AND TARIC.

WHEN Muza ben Nosier had sent his son Abdalasis to subdue Seville, he departed for Toledo to call Taric to account for his disobedience to his orders; for, amidst all his own successes, the prosperous career of that commander preyed upon his mind. What can content the jealous and ambitious heart? As Muza passed through the land, towns and cities submitted to him without resistance; he was lost in wonder at the riches of the country and the noble monuments of art with which it was adorned; when he beheld the bridges constructed in ancient times by the Romans, they seemed to him the work, not of men, but of genii. Yet all these admirable objects only made him repine the more that he had not had the exclusive glory of invading and subduing the land; and exasperated him the more against Taric, for having apparently endeavored to monopolize the conquest.

Taric heard of his approach, and came forth to meet him at Talavera, accompanied by many of the most distinguished companions of his victories, and with a train

of horses and mules laden with spoils, with which he trusted to propitiate the favor of his commander. Their meeting took place on the banks of the rapid river Tietar, which rises in the mountains of Placencia and throws itself into the Tagus. Muza, in former days, while Taric had acted as his subordinate and indefatigable officer, had cherished and considered him as a second self; but now that he had started up to be a rival, he could not conceal his jealousy. When the veteran came into his presence, he regarded him for a moment with a stern and indignant aspect. "Why hast thou disobeyed my orders?" said he. "I commanded thee to await my arrival with reinforcements, but thou hast rashly overrun the country, endangering the loss of our armies and the ruin of our cause."

"I have acted," replied Taric, "in such manner as I thought would best serve the cause of Islam, and in so doing I thought to fulfill the wishes of Muza. Whatever I have done has been as your servant; behold your share as commander-in-chief of spoils which I have collected." So saying he produced an immense treasure in silver and gold, and costly stuffs and precious stones, and spread it before Muza.

The anger of the Arab commander was still more kindled at the sight of this booty, for it proved how splendid had been the victories of Taric; but he restrained his wrath for the present, and they proceeded together in moody silence to Toledo. When he entered

this royal city, however, and ascended to the ancient palace of the Gothic kings, and reflected that all this had been a scene of triumph to his rival, he could no longer repress his indignation. He demanded of Taric a strict account of all the riches he had gathered in Spain, even of the presents he had reserved for the caliph, and, above all, he made him yield up his favorite trophy, the talismanic table of Solomon. When all this was done, he again upbraided him bitterly with his disobedience of orders, and with the rashness of his conduct. "What blind confidence in fortune hast thou shown," said he, "in overrunning such a country and assailing such powerful cities with thy scanty force! What madness to venture everything upon a desperate chance, when thou knewest I was coming with a force to make the victory secure. All thy success has been owing to mere luck, not to judgment nor generalship."

He then bestowed high praises upon the other chieftains for their services in the cause of Islam, but they answered not a word, and their countenances were gloomy and discontented; for they felt the injustice done to their favorite leader. As to Taric, though his eye burned like fire, he kept his passion within bounds. "I have done the best I could to serve God and the caliph," said he emphatically; "my conscience acquits me, and I trust my sovereign will do the same."

"Perhaps he may," replied Muza, bitterly; "but, in the meantime, I cannot confide his interests to a desperado who is heedless of orders and throws everything at hazard. Such a general is unworthy to be intrusted with the fate of armies."

So saying, he divested Taric of his command, and gave it to Magued the renegado. The gaunt Taric still maintained an air of stern composure. His only words were, "The caliph will do me justice!" Muza was so transported with passion at this laconic defiance that he ordered him to be thrown into prison, and even threatened his life.

Upon this, Magued el Rumi, though he had risen by the disgrace of Taric, had the generosity to speak out warmly in his favor. "Consider," said he, to Muza, "what may be the consequences of this severity. Taric has many friends in the army; his actions, too, have been signal and illustrious, and entitle him to the highest honors and rewards, instead of disgrace and imprisonment."

The anger of Muza, however, was not to be appeased; and he trusted to justify his measures by despatching missives to the caliph, complaining of the insubordination of Taric, and his rash and headlong conduct. The result proved the wisdom of the caution given by Magued. In the course of a little while Muza received a humiliating letter from the caliph, ordering him to restore Taric to the command of the soldiers "whom he

had so gloriously conducted;" and not to render useless "one of the best swords in Islam!"*

It is thus the envious man brings humiliation and reproach upon himself, in endeavoring to degrade a meritorious rival. When the tidings came of the justice rendered by the caliph to the merits of the veteran, there was general joy throughout the army, and Muza read in the smiling countenances of every one around him a severe censure upon his conduct. He concealed, however, his deep humiliation, and affected to obey the orders of his sovereign with great alacrity; he released Taric from prison, feasted him at his own table, and then publicly replaced him at the head of his troops. The army received its favorite veteran with shouts of joy, and celebrated with rejoicings the reconciliation of the commanders; but the shouts of the soldiery were abhorrent to the ears of Muza.

* Conde, pt. 1, c. 15.

CHAPTER XII.

MUZA PROSECUTES THE SCHEME OF CONQUEST.—SIEGE OF SARAGOSSA.—COMPLETE SUBJUGATION OF SPAIN.

THE dissensions, which for a time had distracted the conquering army, being appeased, and the Arabian generals being apparently once more reconciled, Muza, as commander-in-chief, proceeded to complete the enterprise by subjugating the northern parts of Spain. The same expeditious mode of conquest that had been sagaciously adopted by Taric was still pursued. The troops were lightly armed, and freed from every superfluous incumbrance. Each horseman, beside his arms, carried a small sack of provisions, a copper vessel in which to cook them, and a skin which served him for surcoat and for bed. The infantry carried nothing but their arms. To each regiment or squadron was allowed a limited number of sumpter-mules and attendants, barely enough to carry their necessary baggage and supplies; nothing was permitted that could needessly diminish the number of fighting men, delay their rapid movements, or consume their provisions. Strict orders were again issued, prohibiting, on pain of death,

all plunder excepting the camp of an enemy or cities given up to pillage.*

The armies now took their several lines of march. That under Taric departed towards the northeast; beating up the country towards the source of the Tagus, traversing the chain of Iberian or Arragonian Mountains, and pouring down into the plains and valleys watered by the Ebro. It was wonderful to see, in so brief a space of time, such a vast and difficult country penetrated and subdued, and the invading army, like an inundating flood, pouring its streams into the most remote recesses.

While Taric was thus sweeping the country to the northeast, Muza departed in an opposite direction; yet purposing to meet him, and to join their forces in the north. Bending his course westwardly, he made a circuit behind the mountains, and then, advancing into the open country, displayed his banners before Salamanca, which surrendered without resistance. From hence he continued on towards Astorga, receiving the terrified submission of the land; then turning up the Valley of the Douro, he ascended the course of that famous river towards the east; crossed the Sierra de Moncayo, and, arriving on the banks of the Ebro, marched down along its stream, until he approached the strong city of Saragossa, the citadel of all that part of Spain. In this place had taken refuge many of the most valiant of the Gothic

* Conde, pt. 1, c. 15.

warriors—the remnants of armies and fugitives from conquered cities. It was one of the last rallying-points of the land. When Muza arrived, Taric had already been for some time before the place, laying close siege; the inhabitants were pressed by famine, and had suffered great losses in repeated combats; but there was a spirit and obstinacy in their resistance surpassing anything that had yet been witnessed by the invaders.

Muza now took command of the siege, and ordered a general assault upon the walls. The Moslems planted their scaling-ladders, and mounted with their accustomed intrepidity, but were vigorously resisted; nor could all their efforts obtain them a footing upon the battlements. While they were thus assailing the walls, Count Julian ordered a heap of combustibles to be placed against one of the gates, and set on fire. The inhabitants attempted in vain, from the barbican, to extinguish the flames. They burned so fiercely that in a little while the gate fell from the hinges. Count Julian galloped into the city, mounted upon a powerful charger, himself and his steed all covered with mail. He was followed by three hundred of his partisans, and supported by Magued the renegado, with a troop of horse.

The inhabitants disputed every street and public square; they made barriers of dead bodies, fighting behind these ramparts of their slaughtered countrymen. Every window and roof was filled with combatants; the very women and children joined in the desperate fight,

throwing down stones and missiles of all kinds, and scalding water upon the enemy.

The battle raged until the hour of vespers, when the principal inhabitants held a parley, and capitulated for a surrender. Muza had been incensed at their obstinate resistance, which had cost the lives of so many of his soldiers; he knew, also, that in the city were collected the riches of many of the towns of eastern Spain. He demanded, therefore, beside the usual terms, a heavy sum to be paid down by the citizens, called the contribution of blood; as by this they redeemed themselves from the edge of the sword. The people were obliged to comply. They collected all the jewels of their richest families, and all the ornaments of their temples, and laid them at the feet of Muza; and placed in his power many of their noblest youths as hostages. A strong garrison was then appointed, and thus the fierce city of Saragossa was subdued to the yoke of the conqueror.

The Arab generals pursued their conquests even to the foot of the Pyrenees; Taric then descended along the course of the Ebro, and continued along the Mediterranean coast; subduing the famous city of Valencia, with its rich and beautiful domains, and carrying the success of his arms even to Denia.

Muza undertook with his host a wider range of conquest. He overcame the cities of Barcelona, Gerona, and others that lay on the skirts of the eastern mountains; then crossing into the land of the Franks, he captured

the city of Narbonne—in a temple of which he found seven equestrian images of silver, which he brought off as trophies of his victory.* Returning into Spain, he scoured its northern regions along Gallicia and the Asturias; passed triumphantly through Lusitania, and arrived once more in Andalusia, covered with laurels and enriched with immense spoils.

Thus was completed the subjugation of unhappy Spain. All its cities, and fortresses, and strongholds, were in the hands of the Saracens, excepting some of the wild mountain tracts that bordered the Atlantic and extended towards the north. Here, then, the story of the conquest might conclude, but that the indefatigable chronicler, Fray Antonio Agapida, goes on to record the fate of those persons who were most renowned in the enterprise. We shall follow his steps, and avail ourselves of his information, laboriously collected from various sources; and, truly, the story of each of the actors in this great historical drama bears with it its striking moral, and is full of admonition and instruction.

* Conde, pt. 1, c. 16.

CHAPTER XIII.

FEUD BETWEEN THE ARAB GENERALS. — THEY ARE SUMMONED TO APPEAR BEFORE THE CALIPH AT DAMASCUS.—RECEPTION OF TARIC.

THE heart of Muza ben Nosier was now lifted up, for he considered his glory complete. He held a sway that might have gratified the ambition of the proudest sovereign, for all western Africa and the newly acquired peninsula of Spain were obedient to his rule; and he was renowned throughout all the lands of Islam as the great conqueror of the West. But sudden humiliation awaited him in the very moment of his highest triumph.

Notwithstanding the outward reconciliation of Muza and Taric, a deep and implacable hostility continued to exist between them; and each had busy partisans who distracted the armies by their feuds. Letters were incessantly despatched to Damascus by either party, exalting the merits of their own leader and decrying his rival. Taric was represented as rash, arbitrary, and prodigal, and as injuring the discipline of the army, by sometimes treating it with extreme rigor and at other times giving way to licentiousness and profusion. Muza was lauded

as prudent, sagacious, dignified, and systematic in his dealings. The friends of Taric, on the other hand, represented him as brave, generous, and high-minded; scrupulous in reserving to his sovereign his rightful share of the spoils, but distributing the rest bounteously among his soldiers, and thus increasing their alacrity in the service. "Muza, on the contrary," said they, "is grasping and insatiable; he levies intolerable contributions and collects immense treasure, but sweeps it all into his own coffers."

The caliph was at length wearied out by these complaints, and feared that the safety of the cause might be endangered by the dissensions of the rival generals. He sent letters, therefore, ordering them to leave suitable persons in charge of their several commands, and appear, forthwith, before him at Damascus.

Such was the greeting from his sovereign that awaited Muza on his return from the conquest of northern Spain. It was a grievous blow to a man of his pride and ambition; but he prepared instantly to obey. He returned to Cordova, collecting by the way all the treasures he had deposited in various places. At that city he called a meeting of his principal officers, and of the leaders of the faction of apostate Christians, and made them all do homage to his son Abdalasis, as emir or governor of Spain. He gave this favorite son much sage advice for the regulation of his conduct, and left with him his nephew, Ayub, a man greatly honored by the Moslems for his wisdom

and discretion; exhorting Abdalasis to consult him on all occasions, and consider him as his bosom counselor. He made a parting address to his adherents, full of cheerful confidence; assuring them that he would soon return, loaded with new favors and honors by his sovereign, and enabled to reward them all for their faithful services.

When Muza sallied forth from Cordova, to repair to Damascus, his cavalgada appeared like the sumptuous pageant of some oriental potentate; for he had numerous guards and attendants splendidly armed and arrayed, together with four hundred hostages, who were youthful cavaliers of the noblest families of the Goths, and a great number of captives of both sexes, chosen for their beauty, and intended as presents for the caliph. Then there was a vast train of beasts of burden, laden with the plunder of Spain; for he took with him all the wealth he had collected in his conquests, and all the share that had been set apart for his sovereign. With this display of trophies and spoils, showing the magnificence of the land he had conquered, he looked forward with confidence to silence the calumnies of his foes.

As he traversed the valley of the Guadalquivir he often turned and looked back wistfully upon Cordova; and, at the distance of a league, when about to lose sight of it, he checked his steed upon the summit of a hill, and gazed for a long time upon its palaces and towers. "O Cordova!" exclaimed he, "great and glorious art thou among cities, and abundant in all delights. With grief and sor-

row do I part from thee, for sure I am it would give me length of days to abide within thy pleasant walls!" When he had uttered these words, say the Arabian chronicles, he resumed his wayfaring; but his eyes were bent upon the ground, and frequent sighs bespoke the heaviness of his heart.

Embarking at Cadiz, he passed over to Africa with all his people and effects, to regulate his government in that country. He divided the command between his sons, Abdelola and Meruan, leaving the former in Tangier and the latter in Cairvan. Thus having secured, as he thought, the power and prosperity of his family, by placing all his sons as his lieutenants in the country he had conquered, he departed for Syria, bearing with him the sumptuous spoils of the West.

While Muza was thus disposing of his commands, and moving cumbrously under the weight of wealth, the veteran Taric was more speedy and alert in obeying the summons of the caliph. He knew the importance, where complaints were to be heard, of being first in presence of the judge; besides, he was ever ready to march at a moment's warning, and had nothing to impede him in his movements. The spoils he had made in his conquests had either been shared among his soldiers, or yielded up to Muza, or squandered away with open-handed profusion. He appeared in Syria with a small train of war-worn followers, and had no other trophies to show than his battered armor and a body seamed with scars. He was

received, however, with rapture by the multitude, who crowded to behold one of those conquerors of the West, whose wonderful achievements were the theme of every tongue. They were charmed with his gaunt and martial air, his hard, sunburnt features and his scathed eye. "All hail," cried they, "to the Sword of Islam, the terror of unbelievers! Behold the true model of a warrior, who despises gain, and seeks for nought but glory.

Taric was graciously received by the caliph, who asked tidings of his victories. He gave a soldier-like account of his actions, frank and full, without any feigned modesty, yet without vainglory. "Commander of the Faithful," said he, "I bring thee no silver, nor gold, nor precious stones, nor captives, for what spoils I did not share with my soldiers I gave up to Muza as my commander. How I have conducted myself the honorable warriors of thy host will tell thee; nay, let our enemies, the Christians, be asked if I have ever shown myself cowardly, or cruel, or rapacious."

"What kind of people are these Christians?" demanded the caliph.

"The Spaniards," replied Taric, "are lions in their castles, eagles in their saddles, but mere women when on foot. When vanquished they escape like goats to the mountains, for they need not see the ground they tread on."

"And tell me of the Moors of Barbary."

"They are like Arabs in the fierceness and dexterity

of their attacks and in their knowledge of the stratagems of war; they resemble them, too, in feature, in fortitude, and hospitality; but they are the most perfidious people upon earth, and never regard promise or plighted faith."

"And the people of Afranc; what sayest thou of them?"

"They are infinite in number, rapid in the onset, fierce in battle, but confused and headlong in flight."

"And how fared it with thee among these people? Did they sometimes vanquish thee?"

"Never, by Allah!" cried Taric, with honest warmth; "never did a banner of mine fly the field. Though the enemy were two to one, my Moslems never shunned the combat!"

The caliph was well pleased with the martial bluntness of the veteran, and showed him great honor; and wherever Taric appeared he was the idol of the populace.

CHAPTER XIV.

MUZA ARRIVES AT DAMASCUS.—HIS INTERVIEW WITH THE CALIPH.—THE TABLE OF SOLOMON.—A RIGOROUS SENTENCE.

SHORTLY after the arrival of Taric el Tuerto at Damascus the caliph fell dangerously ill, insomuch that his life was despaired of. During his illness, tidings were brought that Muza ben Nosier had entered Syria with a vast cavalcade, bearing all the riches and trophies gained in the western conquests. Now Suleiman ben Abdelmelec, brother to the caliph, was successor to the throne, and he saw that his brother had not long to live, and wished to grace the commencement of his reign by this triumphant display of the spoils of Christendom; he sent messengers, therefore, to Muza, saying, "The caliph is ill and cannot receive thee at present; I pray thee tarry on the road until his recovery." Muza, however, paid no attention to the messages of Suleiman, but rather hastened his march to arrive before the death of the caliph. And Suleiman treasured up his conduct in his heart.

Muza entered the city in a kind of triumph, with a long train of horses and mules and camels laden with

treasure, and with the four hundred sons of Gothic nobles as hostages, each decorated with a diadem and a girdle of gold; and with one hundred Christian damsels, whose beauty dazzled all beholders. As he passed through the streets he ordered purses of gold to be thrown among the populace, who rent the air with acclamations. "Behold," cried they, "the veritable conqueror of the unbelievers! Behold the true model of a conqueror, who brings home wealth to his country!" And they heaped benedictions on the head of Muza.

The Caliph Waled Almanzor rose from his couch of illness to receive the emir, who, when he repaired to the palace, filled one of its great courts with treasures of all kinds; the halls, too, were thronged with youthful hostages, magnificently attired, and with Christian damsels, lovely as the houris of paradise. When the caliph demanded an account of the conquest of Spain, he gave it with great eloquence; but, in describing the various victories, he made no mention of the name of Taric, but spoke as if everything had been effected by himself. He then presented the spoils of the Christians as if they had been all taken by his own hands; and when he delivered to the caliph the miraculous table of Solomon, he dwelt with animation on the virtues of that inestimable talisman.

Upon this, Taric, who was present, could no longer hold his peace. "Commander of the Faithful," said he, "examine this precious table, if any part be wanting."

The caliph examined the table, which was composed of a single emerald, and he found that one foot was supplied by a foot of gold. The caliph turned to Muza, and said, "Where is the other foot of the table?" Muza answered, "I know not; one foot was wanting when it came into my hands." Upon this, Taric drew from beneath his robe a foot of emerald of like workmanship to the others, and fitting exactly to the table, "Behold, O Commander of the Faithful!" cried he, "a proof of the real finder of the table; and so is it with the greater part of the spoils exhibited by Muza as trophies of his achievements. It was I who gained them, and who captured the cities in which they were found. If you want proof, demand of these Christian cavaliers here present, most of whom I captured; demand of those Moslem warriors who aided me in my battles."

Muza was confounded for a moment, but attempted to vindicate himself. "I spake," said he, "as the chief of your armies, under whose orders and banners this conquest was achieved. The actions of the soldiers are the actions of the commander. In a great victory it is not supposed that the chief of the army takes all the captives, or kills all the slain, or gathers all the booty though all are enumerated in the records of his triumph." The caliph, however, was wroth, and heeded not his words. "You have vaunted your own deserts," said he, "and have forgotten the deserts of others; nay you have sought to debase another, who has loyally

served his sovereign; the reward of your envy and covetousness be upon your head!" So saying, he bestowed a great part of the spoils upon Taric and the other chiefs, but gave nothing to Muza, and the veteran retired amidst the sneers and murmurs of those present.

In a few days the Caliph Waled died, and was succeeded by his brother Suleiman. The new sovereign cherished deep resentment against Muza for having presented himself at court contrary to his command, and he listened readily to the calumnies of his enemies—for Muza had been too illustrious in his deeds not to have many enemies. All now took courage when they found he was out of favor, and they heaped slanders on his head; charging him with embezzling much of the share of the booty belonging to the sovereign. The new caliph lent a willing ear to the accusation, and commanded him to render up all that he had pillaged from Spain. The loss of his riches might have been borne with fortitude by Muza, but the stigma upon his fame filled his heart with bitterness. "I have been a faithful servant to the throne from my youth upwards," said he, "and now am I degraded in my old age. I care not for wealth, I care not for life, but let me not be deprived of that honor which God has bestowed upon me!"

The caliph was still more exasperated at his repining, and stripped him of his commands, confiscated his effects, fined him two hundred thousand *pesants* of gold, and ordered that he should be scourged and exposed to

the noontide sun, and afterwards thrown into prison.* The populace, also, reviled and scoffed at him in his misery, and as they beheld him led forth to the public gaze, and fainting in the sun, they pointed at him with derision, and exclaimed, "Behold the envious man and the impostor; this is he who pretended to have conquered the land of the unbelievers!"

* Conde, pt. 1, c. 17.

CHAPTER XV.

CONDUCT OF ABDALASIS AS EMIR OF SPAIN.

WHILE these events were happening in Syria, the youthful Abdalasis, the son of Muza, remained as emir or governor of Spain. He was of a generous and benignant disposition, but he was open and confiding, and easily led away by the opinions of those he loved. Fortunately his father had left with him, as a bosom counselor, the discreet Ayub, the nephew of Muza; aided by his advice, he for some time administered the public affairs prudently and prosperously.

Not long after the departure of his father, he received a letter from him, written while on his journey to Syria; it was to the following purport:—

"Beloved son; honor of thy lineage; Allah guard thee from all harm and peril! Listen to the words of thy father. Avoid all treachery, though it should promise great advantage, and trust not in him who counsels it, even though he should be a brother. The company of traitors put far from thee; for how canst thou be certain that he who has proved false to others will prove true to

thee? Beware, O my son, of the seductions of love. It is an idle passion, which enfeebles the heart and blinds the judgment; it renders the mighty weak, and makes slaves of princes. If thou shouldst discover any foible of a vicious kind springing up in thy nature, pluck it forth, whatever pang it cost thee. Every error, while new, may easily be weeded out, but if suffered to take root, it flourishes and bears seed and produces fruit an hundredfold. Follow these counsels, O son of my affections, and thou shalt live secure."

Abdalasis meditated upon this letter, for some part of it seemed to contain a mystery which he could not comprehend. He called to him his cousin and counselor, the discreet Ayub. "What means my father," said he, "in cautioning me against treachery and treason? Does he think my nature so base that it could descend to such means?"

Ayub read the letter attentively. "Thy father," said he, "would put thee on thy guard against the traitors Julian and Oppas, and those of their party who surround thee. What love canst thou expect from men who have been unnatural to their kindred, and what loyalty from wretches who have betrayed their country?"

Abdalasis was satisfied with the interpretation, and he acted accordingly. He had long loathed all communion with these men, for there is nothing which the open, ingenuous nature so much abhors as duplicity and treason. Policy, too, no longer required their agency; they

had rendered their infamous service, and had no longer a country to betray; but they might turn and betray their employers. Abdalasis, therefore, removed them to a distance from his court, and placed them in situations where they could do no harm, and he warned his commanders from being in anywise influenced by their counsels or aided by their arms.

He now confided entirely in his Arabian troops, and in the Moorish squadrons from Africa, and with their aid he completed the conquest of Lusitania to the ultimate parts of the Algarbe, or west, even to the shores of the great Ocean sea.* From hence he sent his generals to overrun all those vast and rugged sierras, which rise like ramparts along the ocean borders of the peninsula; and they carried the standard of Islam in triumph even to the Mountains of Biscay, collecting all manner of precious spoil.

"It is not enough, O Abdalasis," said Ayub, "that we conquer and rule this country with the sword; if we wish our dominion to be secure, we must cultivate the arts of peace, and study to secure the confidence and promote the welfare of the people we have conquered." Abdalasis relished counsel which accorded so well with his own beneficent nature. He endeavored, therefore, to

* Algarbe, or Algarbia, in Arabic signifies the west, as Axarkia is the east, Algufia the north, and Aquibla the south. This will serve to explain some of the geographical names on the peninsula which are of Arabian origin.

allay the ferment and confusion of the conquest; forbade, under rigorous punishment, all wanton spoil or oppression, and protected the native inhabitants in the enjoyment and cultivation of their lands, and the pursuit of all useful occupations. By the advice of Ayub, also, he encouraged great numbers of industrious Moors and Arabs to emigrate from Africa, and gave them houses and lands; thus introducing a peaceful and Mahometan population in the conquered provinces.

The good effect of the counsels of Ayub were soon apparent. Instead of a sudden but transient influx of wealth, made by the ruin of the land, which left the country desolate, a regular and permanent revenue sprang up, produced by reviving prosperity, and gathered without violence. Abdalasis ordered it to be faithfully collected, and deposited in coffers by public officers appointed in each province for the purpose; and the whole was sent by ten deputies to Damascus to be laid at the feet of the caliph; not as the spoils of a vanquished country, but as the peaceful trophies of a wisely administered government.

The common herd of warlike adventurers, the mere men of the sword, who had thronged to Spain for the purpose of ravage and rapine, were disappointed at being thus checked in their career, and at seeing the reign of terror and violence drawing to a close. What manner of leader is this, said they, who forbids us to make spoil of the enemies of Islam, and to enjoy the land we have wrested

from the unbelievers? The partisans of Julian, also, whispered their calumnies. "Behold," said they, "with what kindness he treats the enemies of your faith; all the Christians who have borne arms against you, and withstood your entrance into the land, are favored and protected; but it is enough for a Christian to have befriended the cause of the Moslems to be singled out by Abdalasis for persecution, and to be driven with scorn from his presence."

These insinuations fermented the discontent of the turbulent and rapacious among the Moslems, but all the friends of peace and order and good government applauded the moderation of the youthful emir.

CHAPTER XVI.

LOVES OF ABDALASIS AND EXILONA.

ABDALASIS had fixed his seat of government at Seville, as permitting easy and frequent communications with the coast of Africa. His palace was of noble architecture, with delightful gardens extending to the banks of the Guadalquivir. In a part of this palace resided many of the most beautiful Christian females, who were detained as captives, or rather hostages, to insure the tranquillity of the country. Those who were of noble rank were entertained in luxury and magnificence; slaves were appointed to attend upon them, and they were arrayed in the richest apparel and decorated with the most precious jewels. Those of tender age were taught all graceful accomplishments; and even where tasks were imposed, they were of the most elegant and agreeable kind. They embroidered, they sang, they danced, and passed their times in pleasing revelry. Many were lulled by this easy and voluptuous existence; the scenes of horror through which they had passed were gradually effaced from their minds, and a

desire was often awakened of rendering themselves pleasing in the eyes of their conquerors.

After his return from his campaign in Lusitania and during the intervals of public duty, Abdalasis solaced himself in the repose of this palace, and in the society of these Christian captives. He remarked one among them who ever sat apart, and neither joined in the labors nor sports of her companions.

She was lofty in her demeanor, and the others always paid her reverence; yet sorrow had given a softness to her charms, and rendered her beauty touching to the heart. Abdalasis found her one day in the garden with her companions; they had adorned their heads with flowers, and were singing the songs of their country, but she sat by herself and wept. The youthful emir was moved by her tears, and accosted her in gentle accents. 'O fairest of women!" said he, "why dost thou weep, and why is thy heart troubled?" "Alas!" replied she, 'have I not cause to weep, seeing how sad is my condition, and how great the height from which I have fallen? In me you behold the wretched Exilona, but lately the wife of Roderick and the Queen of Spain, now a captive and a slave!" and, having said these words, she cast her eyes upon the earth, and her tears began to flow afresh.

The generous feelings of Abdalasis were aroused at the sight of beauty and royalty in tears. He gave orders that Exilona should be entertained in a style befitting her former rank; he appointed a train of female attendants to

wait upon her, and a guard of honor to protect her from all intrusion. All the time that he could spare from public concerns was passed in her society; and he even neglected his divan, and suffered his counselors to attend in vain, while he lingered in the apartments and gardens of the palace, listening to the voice of Exilona.

The discreet Ayub saw the danger into which he was falling. "O Abdalasis," said he, "remember the words of thy father. 'Beware, my son,' said he, 'of the seductions of love. It renders the mighty weak, and makes slaves of princes!'" A blush kindled on the cheek of Abdalasis, and he was silent for a moment. "Why," said he, at length, "do you seek to charge me with such weakness? It is one thing to be infatuated by the charms of a woman, and another to be touched by her misfortunes. It is the duty of my station to console a princess who has been reduced to the lowest humiliation by the triumphs of our arms. In doing so I do but listen to the dictates of true magnanimity."

Ayub was silent, but his brow was clouded, and for once Abdalasis parted in discontent from his counselor. In proportion as he was dissatisfied with others or with himself, he sought the society of Exilona, for there was a charm in her conversation that banished every care. He daily became more and more enamored, and Exilona gradually ceased to weep, and began to listen with secret pleasure to the words of her Arab lover. When, however, he sought to urge his passion, she recollected the

light estimation in which her sex was held by the followers of Mahomet, and assumed a countenance grave and severe.

"Fortune," said she, "has cast me at thy feet; behold I am thy captive and thy spoil. But though my person is in thy power, my soul is unsubdued; and know that, should I lack force to defend my honor, I have resolution to wash out all stain upon it with my blood. I trust, however, in thy courtesy as a cavalier to respect me in my reverses, remembering what I have been, and that though the crown has been wrested from my brow, the royal blood still warms within my veins." *

The lofty spirit of Exilona, and her proud repulse, served but to increase the passion of Abdalasis. He besought her to unite her destiny with his, and share his state and power, promising that she should have no rival or copartner in his heart. Whatever scruples the captive queen might originally have felt to a union with one of the conquerors of her lord, and an enemy of her adopted faith, they were easily vanquished, and she became the bride of Abdalasis. He would fain have persuaded her to return to the faith of her fathers; but though of Moorish origin, and brought up in the doctrines of Islam, she was too thorough a convert to Christianity to consent, and looked back with disgust upon a religion that admitted a plurality of wives.

* Faxardo, *Corona Gothica*, T. 1, p. 492. Joan, *Mar. de Reb. Hisp.*, l. 6, c. 27.

When the sage Ayub heard of the resolution of Abdalasis to espouse Exilona he was in despair. "Alas, my cousin!" said he, "what infatuation possesses thee? Hast thou then entirely forgotten the letter of thy father? 'Beware, my son,' said he, 'of love; it is an idle passion, which enfeebles the heart and blinds the judgment.'" But Abdalasis interrupted him with impatience. "My father," said he, "spake but of the blandishments of wanton love; against these I am secured by my virtuous passion for Exilona."

Ayub would fain have impressed upon him the dangers he ran of awakening suspicion in the caliph, and discontent among the Moslems, by wedding the queen of the conquered Roderick, and one who was an enemy to the religion of Mahomet; but the youthful lover only listened to his passion. Their nuptials were celebrated at Seville with great pomp and rejoicings, and he gave his bride the name of Omalisam; that is to say, she of the precious jewels;* but she continued to be known among the Christians by the name of Exilona.

* Conde, pt. 1, c. 17.

CHAPTER XVII.

FATE OF ABDALASIS AND EXILONA.—DEATH OF MUZA.

POSSESSION, instead of cooling the passion of Abdalasis, only added to its force; he became blindly enamored of his beautiful bride, and consulted her will in all things; nay, having lost all relish for the advice of the discreet Ayub, he was even guided by the counsels of his wife in the affairs of government. Exilona, unfortunately, had once been a queen, and she could not remember her regal glories without regret. She saw that Abdalasis had great power in the land,—greater even than had been possessed by the Gothic kings,—but she considered it as wanting in true splendor until his brow should be encircled with the outward badge of royalty. One day when they were alone in the palace of Seville, and the heart of Abdalasis was given up to tenderness, she addressed him in fond yet timid accents. "Will not my lord be offended," said she, "if I make an unwelcome request?" Abdalasis regarded her with a smile. "What canst thou ask of me, Exilona," said he, "that it would not be a happiness for me to grant?" Then Exilona produced a crown of gold,

sparkling with jewels, which had belonged to the king, Don Roderick, and said, "Behold, thou art king in authority; be so in thy outward state. There is majesty and glory in a crown; it gives a sanctity to power." Then putting the crown upon his head, she held a mirror before him, that he might behold the majesty of his appearance. Abdalasis chid her fondly, and put the crown away from him, but Exilona persisted in her prayer. "Never," said she, "has there been a king in Spain that did not wear a crown." So Abdalasis suffered himself to be beguiled by the blandishments of his wife, and to be invested with the crown and sceptre and other signs of royalty.*

It is affirmed by ancient and discreet chroniclers, that Abdalasis only assumed this royal state in the privacy of his palace, and to gratify the eye of his youthful bride; but where was a secret ever confined within the walls of a palace? The assumption of the insignia of the ancient Gothic kings was soon rumored about, and caused the most violent suspicions. The Moslems had already felt jealous of the ascendency of this beautiful woman, and it was now confidently asserted that Abdalasis, won by her persuasions, had secretly turned Christian.

The enemies of Abdalasis, those whose rapacious spirits had been kept in check by the beneficence of his rule, seized upon this occasion to ruin him. They sent letters

* *Chron. gen.* de Alonzo el Sabio, p. 3. Joan, *Mar. de Reb. Hisp.*, lib. 6, c. 27. Conde, pt. 1, c. 19.

to Damascus, accusing him of apostasy, and of an intention to seize upon the throne in right of his wife, Exilona, as widow of the late king Roderick. It was added, that the Christians were prepared to flock to his standard as the only means of regaining ascendency in their country.

These accusations arrived at Damascus just after the accession of the sanguinary Suleiman to the throne, and in the height of his persecution of the unfortunate Muza. The caliph waited for no proofs in confirmation; he immediately sent private orders that Abdalasis should be put to death, and that the same fate should be dealt to his two brothers who governed in Africa, as a sure means of crushing the conspiracy of this ambitious family.

The mandate for the death of Abdalasis was sent to Abhilbar ben Obeidah and Zeyd ben Nabegat, both of whom had been cherished friends of Muza, and had lived in intimate favor and companionship with his son. When they read the fatal parchment, the scroll fell from their trembling hands. "Can such hostility exist against the family of Muza?" exclaimed they. "Is this the reward for such great and glorious services?" The cavaliers remained for some time plunged in horror and consternation. The order, however, was absolute, and left them no discretion. "Allah is great," said they, "and commands us to obey our sovereign." So they prepared to execute the bloody mandate with the blind fidelity of Moslems.

It was necessary to proceed with caution. The open and magnanimous character of Abdalasis had won the hearts of a great part of the soldiery, and his magnificence pleased the cavaliers who formed his guard; it was feared, therefore, that a sanguinary opposition would be made to any attempt upon his person. The rabble, however, had been embittered against him from his having restrained their depredations, and because they thought him an apostate in his heart, secretly bent upon betraying them to the Christians. While, therefore, the two officers made vigilant dispositions to check any movement on the part of the soldiery, they let loose the blind fury of the populace by publishing the fatal mandate. In a moment the city was in a ferment, and there was a ferocious emulation who should be first to execute the orders of the caliph.

Abdalasis was at this time at a palace in the country not far from Seville, commanding a delightful view of the fertile plain of the Guadalquivir. Hither he was accustomed to retire from the tumult of the court, and to pass his time among groves and fountains and the sweet repose of gardens, in the society of Exilona. It was the dawn of day, the hour of early prayer, when the furious populace arrived at this retreat. Abdalasis was offering up his orisons in a small mosque which he had erected for the use of the neighboring peasantry. Exilona was in a chapel in the interior of the palace, where her confessor, a holy friar, was performing mass. They were

both surprised at their devotions, and dragged forth by the hands of the rabble. A few guards, who attended at the palace, would have made defense, but they were overawed by the sight of the written mandate of the caliph.

The captives were borne in triumph to Seville. All the beneficent virtues of Abdalasis were forgotten; nor had the charms of Exilona any effect in softening the hearts of the populace. The brutal eagerness to shed blood, which seems inherent in human nature, was awakened; and woe to the victims when that eagerness is quickened by religious hate. The illustrious couple, adorned with all the graces of youth and beauty, were hurried to a scaffold in the great square of Seville, and there beheaded amidst the shouts and execrations of an infatuated multitude. Their bodies were left exposed upon the ground, and would have been devoured by dogs, had they not been gathered at night by some friendly hand, and poorly interred in one of the courts of their late dwelling.

Thus terminated the loves and lives of Abdalasis and Exilona, in the year of the Incarnation seven hundred and fourteen. Their names were held sacred as martyrs to the Christian faith; but many read in their untimely fate a lesson against ambition and vainglory; having sacrificed real power and substantial rule to the glittering bauble of a crown.

The head of Abdalasis was embalmed and inclosed in a casket, and sent to Syria to the cruel Suleiman. The

messenger who bore it overtook the caliph as he was performing a pilgrimage to Mecca. Muza was among the courtiers in his train, having been released from prison. On opening the casket and regarding its contents, the eyes of the tyrant sparkled with malignant satisfaction. Calling the unhappy father to his side, "Muza," said he, "dost thou know this head?" The veteran recognized the features of his beloved son, and turned his face away with anguish. "Yes! well do I know it," replied he; "and may the curse of God light upon him who has destroyed a better man than himself."

Without adding another word, he retired to Mount Deran, a prey to devouring melancholy. He shortly after received tidings of the death of his two sons, whom he had left in the government of western Africa, and who had fallen victims to the jealous suspicions of the caliph. His advanced age was not proof against these repeated blows and this utter ruin of his late prosperous family, and he sank into his grave sorrowing and broken-hearted.

Such was the lamentable end of the conqueror of Spain; whose great achievements were not sufficient to atone, in the eye of his sovereign, for a weakness to which all men ambitious of renown are subject; and whose triumphs eventually brought persecution upon himself and untimely death upon his children.

Here ends the legend of the Subjugation of Spain.

LEGEND

OF

COUNT JULIAN AND HIS FAMILY

LEGEND

OF

COUNT JULIAN AND HIS FAMILY.

IN the preceding legends is darkly shadowed out a true story of the woes of Spain. It is a story full of wholesome admonition, rebuking the insolence of human pride and the vanity of human ambition, and showing the futility of all greatness that is not strongly based on virtue. We have seen, in brief space of time, most of the actors in this historic drama disappearing, one by one, from the scene, and going down, conqueror and conquered, to gloomy and unhonored graves. It remains to close this eventful history by holding up, as a signal warning, the fate of the traitor whose perfidious scheme of vengeance brought ruin on his native land.

Many and various are the accounts given in ancient chronicles of the fortunes of Count Julian and his family, and many are the traditions on the subject still extant among the populace of Spain, and perpetuated in those

countless ballads sung by peasants and muleteers, which spread a singular charm over the whole of this romantic land.

He who has travelled in Spain in the true way in which the country ought to be travelled,—sojourning in its remote provinces, rambling among the rugged defiles and secluded valleys of its mountains, and making himself familiar with the people in their out-of-the-way hamlets and rarely-visited neighborhoods,—will remember many a group of travellers and muleteers, gathered of an evening around the door or the spacious hearth of a mountain venta, wrapped in their brown cloaks, and listening with grave and profound attention to the long historic ballad of some rustic troubadour, either recited with the true *ore rotundo* and modulated cadences of Spanish elocution, or chanted to the tinkling of a guitar. In this way he may have heard the doleful end of Count Julian and his family recounted in traditionary rhymes, that have been handed down from generation to generation. The particulars, however, of the following wild legend are chiefly gathered from the writings of the pseudo-Moor Rasis; how far they may be safely taken as historic facts it is impossible now to ascertain; we must content ourselves, therefore, with their answering to the exactions of poetic justice.

As yet everything had prospered with Count Julian. He had gratified his vengeance; he had been successful in his treason, and had acquired countless riches from the ruin of his country. But it is not outward success

that constitutes prosperity. The tree flourishes with fruit and foliage while blasted and withering at the heart. Wherever he went, Count Julian read hatred in every eye. The Christians cursed him as the cause of all their woe; the Moslems despised and distrusted him as a traitor. Men whispered together as he approached, and then turned away in scorn; and mothers snatched away their children with horror if he offered to caress them. He withered under the execration of his fellow-men, and last, and worst of all, he began to loathe himself. He tried in vain to persuade himself that he had but taken a justifiable vengeance; he felt that no personal wrong can justify the crime of treason to one's country.

For a time he sought in luxurious indulgence to soothe or forget the miseries of the mind. He assembled round him every pleasure and gratification that boundless wealth could purchase, but all in vain. He had no relish for the dainties of his board; music had no charm wherewith to lull his soul, and remorse drove slumber from his pillow. He sent to Ceuta for his wife Frandina, his daughter Florinda, and his youthful son Alarbot; hoping in the bosom of his family to find that sympathy and kindness which he could no longer meet with in this world. Their presence, however, brought him no alleviation. Florinda, the daughter of his heart, for whose sake he had undertaken this signal vengeance, was sinking a victim to its effects. Wherever she went, she found herself a byword of shame and reproach. The outrage

she had suffered was imputed to her as wantonness, and her calamity was magnified into a crime. The Christians never mentioned her name without a curse, and the Moslems, the gainers by her misfortune, spake of her only by the appellation of Cava, the vilest epithet they could apply to woman.

But the opprobrium of the world was nothing to the upbraiding of her own heart. She charged herself with all the miseries of these disastrous wars—the deaths of so many gallant cavaliers, the conquest and perdition of her country. The anguish of her mind preyed upon the beauty of her person. Her eye, once soft and tender in its expression, became wild and haggard; her cheek lost its bloom, and became hollow and pallid, and at times there was desperation in her words. When her father sought to embrace her she withdrew with shuddering from his arms, for she thought of his treason and the ruin it had brought upon Spain. Her wretchedness increased after her return to her native country, until it rose to a degree of frenzy. One day when she was walking with her parents in the garden of their palace, she entered a tower, and, having barred the door, ascended to the battlements. From thence she called to them in piercing accents, expressive of her insupportable anguish and desperate determination. "Let this city," said she, "be henceforth called Malacca, in memorial of the most wretched of women, who therein put an end to her days." So saying, she threw herself headlong from the tower,

and was dashed to pieces. The city, adds the ancient chronicler, received the name thus given it, though afterwards softened to Malaga, which it still retains in memory of the tragical end of Florinda.

The Countess Frandina abandoned this scene of woe, and returned to Ceuta, accompanied by her infant son. She took with her the remains of her unfortunate daughter, and gave them honorable sepulture in a mausoleum of the chapel belonging to the citadel. Count Julian departed for Carthagena, where he remained plunged in horror at this doleful event.

About this time, the cruel Suleiman, having destroyed the family of Muza, had sent an Arab general, named Alahor, to succeed Abdalasis as emir or governor of Spain. The new emir was of a cruel and suspicious nature, and commenced his sway with a stern severity that soon made those under his command look back with regret to the easy rule of Abdalasis. He regarded with an eye of distrust the renegado Christians who had aided in the conquest, and who bore arms in the service of the Moslems; but his deepest suspicions fell upon Count Julian. "He has been a traitor to his own countrymen," said he; "how can we be sure that he will not prove traitor to us?"

A sudden insurrection of the Christians who had taken refuge in the Asturian Mountains, quickened his suspicions, and inspired him with fears of some dangerous conspiracy against his power. In the height of his anxiety,

he bethought him of an Arabian sage named Yuza, who had accompanied him from Africa. This son of science was withered in form, and looked as if he had outlived the usual term of mortal life. In the course of his studies and travels in the East, he had collected the knowledge and experience of ages; being skilled in astrology, and, it is said, in necromancy, and possessing the marvelous gift of prophecy or divination. To this expounder of mysteries Alahor applied to learn whether any secret treason menaced his safety.

The astrologer listened with deep attention and overwhelming brow to all the surmises and suspicions of the emir, then shut himself up to consult his books and commune with those supernatural intelligences subservient to his wisdom. At an appointed hour the emir sought him in his cell. It was filled with the smoke of perfumes; squares and circles and various diagrams were described upon the floor, and the astrologer was poring over a scroll of parchment, covered with cabalistic characters. He received Alahor with a gloomy and sinister aspect; pretending to have discovered fearful portents in the heavens, and to have had strange dreams and mystic visions.

"O emir," said he, "be on your guard! treason is around you and in your path; your life is in peril. Beware of Count Julian and his family."

"Enough," said the emir. "They shall all die! Parents and children—all shall die!"

He forthwith sent a summons to Count Julian to attend him in Cordova. The messenger found him plunged in affliction for the recent death of his daughter. The count excused himself, on account of this misfortune, from obeying the commands of the emir in person, but sent several of his adherents. His hesitation, and the circumstance of his having sent his family across the straits to Africa, were construed by the jealous mind of the emir into proofs of guilt. He no longer doubted his being concerned in the recent insurrections, and that he had sent his family away preparatory to an attempt, by force of arms, to subvert the Moslem domination. In his fury he put to death Siseburto and Evan, the nephews of Bishop Oppas and sons of the former king, Witiza, suspecting them of taking part in the treason. Thus did they expiate their treachery to their country in the fatal battle of the Guadalete.

Alahor next hastened to Carthagena to seize upon Count Julian. So rapid were his movements that the count had barely time to escape with fifteen cavaliers, with whom he took refuge in the strong castle of Marcuello, among the mountains of Aragon. The emir, enraged to be disappointed of his prey, embarked at Carthagena and crossed the straits to Ceuta, to make captives of the Countess Frandina and her son.

The old chronicle from which we take this part of our legend, presents a gloomy picture of the countess in the stern fortress to which she had fled for refuge—a picture

heightened by supernatural horrors. These latter the sagacious reader will admit or reject according to the measure of his faith and judgment; always remembering that in dark and eventful times, like those in question, involving the destinies of nations, the downfall of kingdoms, and the crimes of rulers and mighty men, the hand of fate is sometimes strangely visible, and confounds the wisdom of the worldly wise by intimations and portents above the ordinary course of things. With this proviso, we make no scruple to follow the venerable chronicler in his narration.

Now it so happened that the Countess Frandina was seated late at night in her chamber, in the citadel of Ceuta, which stands on a lofty rock, overlooking the sea. She was revolving in gloomy thought the late disasters of her family, when she heard a mournful noise like that of the sea-breeze moaning about the castle walls. Raising her eyes, she beheld her brother, the Bishop Oppas, at the entrance of the chamber. She advanced to embrace him, but he forbade her with a motion of his hand, and she observed that he was ghastly pale, and that his eyes glared as with lambent flames.

"Touch me not, sister," said he, with a mournful voice, "lest thou be consumed by the fire which rages within me. Guard well thy son, for bloodhounds are upon his track. His innocence might have secured him the protection of Heaven, but our crimes have involved him in our common ruin." He ceased to speak, and was no

longer to be seen. His coming and going were alike without noise, and the door of the chamber remained fast bolted.

On the following morning a messenger arrived with tidings that the Bishop Oppas had been made prisoner in battle by the insurgent Christians of the Asturias, and had died in fetters in a tower of the mountains. The same messenger brought word that the Emir Alahor had put to death several of the friends of Count Julian; and obliged him to fly for his life to a castle in Aragon, and was embarking with a formidable force for Ceuta.

The Countess Frandina, as has already been shown, was of courageous heart, and danger made her desperate. There were fifty Moorish soldiers in the garrison; she feared that they would prove treacherous, and take part with their countrymen. Summoning her officers, therefore, she informed them of their danger, and commanded them to put those Moors to death. The guards sallied forth to obey her orders. Thirty-five of the Moors were in the great square, unsuspicious of any danger, when they were severally singled out by their executioners, and, at a concerted signal, killed on the spot. The remaining fifteen took refuge in a tower. They saw the armada of the emir at a distance, and hoped to be able to hold out until its arrival. The soldiers of the countess saw it also, and made extraordinary efforts to destroy these internal enemies before they should be attacked from without. They made repeated attempts to storm

the tower, but were as often repulsed with severe loss. They then undermined it, supporting its foundations by stanchions of wood. To these they set fire, and withdrew to a distance, keeping up a constant shower of missiles to prevent the Moors from sallying forth to extinguish the flames. The stanchions were rapidly consumed, and when they gave way the tower fell to the ground. Some of the Moors were crushed among the ruins; others were flung to a distance and dashed among the rocks; those who survived were instantly put to the sword.

The fleet of the emir arrived at Ceuta about the hour of vespers. He landed, but found the gates closed against him. The countess herself spoke to him from a tower, and set him at defiance. The emir immediately laid siege to the city. He consulted the astrologer Yuza, who told him that for seven days his star would have the ascendant over that of the youth Alarbot, but after that time the youth would be safe from his power, and would effect his ruin.

Alahor immediately ordered the city to be assailed on every side, and at length carried it by storm. The countess took refuge with her forces in the citadel, and made a desperate defense; but the walls were sapped and mined, and she saw that all resistance would soon be unavailing. Her only thoughts now were to conceal her child. "Surely," said she, "they will not think of seeking him among the dead." She led him, therefore, into the dark

and dismal chapel." "Thou art not afraid to be alone in this darkness, my child?" said she.

"No, mother," replied the boy; "darkness gives silence and sleep." She conducted him to the tomb of Florinda. "Fearest thou the dead, my child?" "No, mother; the dead can do no harm, and what should I fear from my sister?"

The countess opened the sepulchre. "Listen, my son," said she. "There are fierce and cruel people who have come hither to murder thee. Stay here in company with thy sister, and be quiet as thou dost value thy life!" The boy, who was of a courageous nature, did as he was bidden, and remained there all that day, and all the night, and the next day until the third hour.

In the meantime the walls of the citadel were sapped the troops of the emir poured in at the breach, and a great part of the garrison was put to the sword. The countess was taken prisoner, and brought before the emir. She appeared in his presence with a haughty demeanor, as if she had been a queen receiving homage; but when he demanded her son, she faltered and turned pale, and replied, "My son is with the dead."

"Countess," said the emir, "I am not to be deceived; tell me where you have concealed the boy, or tortures shall wring from you the secret."

"Emir," replied the countess, "may the greatest torments be my portion, both here and hereafter, if what I

speak be not the truth. My darling child lies buried with the dead."

The emir was confounded by the solemnity of her words; but the withered astrologer Yuza, who stood by his side regarding the countess from beneath his bushed eyebrows, perceived trouble in her countenance and equivocation in her words. "Leave this matter to me," whispered he to Alahor; "I will produce the child."

He ordered strict search to be made by the soldiery, and he obliged the countess to be always present. When they came to the chapel, her cheek turned pale and her lip quivered. "This," said the subtile astrologer, "is the place of concealment!"

The search throughout the chapel, however, was equally vain, and the soldiers were about to depart when Yuza remarked a slight gleam of joy in the eye of the countess. "We are leaving our prey behind," thought he; "the countess is exulting."

He now called to mind the words of her asseveration that her child was with the dead. Turning suddenly to the soldiers, he ordered them to search the sepulchres. "If you find him not," said he, "drag forth the bones of that wanton Cava, that they may be burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds."

The soldiers searched among the tombs, and found that of Florinda partly open. Within lay the boy in the sound sleep of childhood, and one of the soldiers took him gently in his arms to bear him to the emir.

When the countess beheld that her child was discovered, she rushed into the presence of Alahor, and, forgetting all her pride, threw herself upon her knees before him.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried she in piercing accents, "mercy on my son—my only child! O emir! listen to a mother's prayer, and my lips shall kiss thy feet. As thou art merciful to him so may the most high God have mercy upon thee, and heap blessings on thy head."

"Bear that frantic woman hence," said the emir, "but guard her well."

The countess was dragged away by the soldiery, without regard to her struggles and her cries, and confined in a dungeon of the citadel.

The child was now brought to the emir. He had been awakened by the tumult, but gazed fearlessly on the stern countenances of the soldiers. Had the heart of the emir been capable of pity, it would have been touched by the tender youth and innocent beauty of the child; but his heart was as the nether millstone, and he was bent upon the destruction of the whole family of Julian. Calling to him the astrologer, he gave the child into his charge with a secret command. The withered son of the desert took the boy by the hand and led him up the winding staircase of a tower. When they reached the summit, Yuza placed him on the battlements.

"Cling not to me, my child," said he; "there is no

danger." "Father, I fear not," said the undaunted boy; "yet it is a wondrous height!"

The child looked around with delighted eyes. The breeze blew his curling locks from about his face, and his cheek glowed at the boundless prospect; for the tower was reared upon that lofty promontory on which Hercules founded one of his pillars. The surges of the sea were heard far below, beating upon the rocks, the sea-gull screamed and wheeled about the foundations of the tower, and the sails of lofty caraccas were as mere specks on the bosom of the deep.

"Dost thou know yonder land beyond the blue water?" said Yuza.

"It is Spain," replied the boy; "it is the land of my father and my mother."

"Then stretch forth thy hands and bless it, my child," said the astrologer.

The boy let go his hold of the wall; and, as he stretched forth his hands, the aged son of Ishmael, exerting all the strength of his withered limbs, suddenly pushed him over the battlements. He fell headlong from the top of that tall tower, and not a bone in his tender frame but was crushed upon the rocks beneath.

Alahor came to the foot of the winding stairs.

"Is the boy safe?" cried he.

"He is safe," replied Yuza; "come and behold the truth with thine own eyes."

The emir ascended the tower and looked over the bat-

tlements, and beheld the body of the child, a shapeless mass on the rocks far below, and the sea-gulls hovering about it; and he gave orders that it should be thrown into the sea, which was done.

On the following morning the countess was led forth from her dungeon into the public square. She knew of the death of her child, and that her own death was at hand, but she neither wept nor supplicated. Her hair was disheveled, her eyes were haggard with watching, and her cheek was as the monumental stone; but there were the remains of commanding beauty in her countenance and the majesty of her presence awed even the rabble into respect.

A multitude of Christian prisoners were then brought forth, and Alahor cried out: "Behold the wife of Count Julian! behold one of that traitorous family which has brought ruin upon yourselves and upon your country!" And he ordered that they should stone her to death. But the Christians drew back with horror from the deed, and said, "In the hand of God is vengeance; let not her blood be upon our heads." Upon this the emir swore with horrid imprecations that whoever of the captives refused should himself be stoned to death. So the cruel order was executed, and the Countess Frandina perished by the hands of her countrymen. Having thus accomplished his barbarous errand, the emir embarked for Spain, and ordered the citadel of Ceuta to be set on fire, and crossed the straits at night by the light of its towering flames.

The death of Count Julian, which took place not long after, closed the tragic story of his family. How he died remains involved in doubt. Some assert that the cruel Alahor pursued him to his retreat among the mountains, and, having taken him prisoner, beheaded him; others that the Moors confined him in a dungeon, and put an end to his life with lingering torments; while others affirm that the tower of the castle of Marcuello, near Huesca, in Aragon, in which he took refuge, fell on him and crushed him to pieces. All agree that his latter end was miserable in the extreme and his death violent. The curse of Heaven, which had thus pursued him to the grave, was extended to the very place which had given him shelter; for we are told that the castle is no longer inhabited on account of the strange and horrible noises that are heard in it; and that visions of armed men are seen above it in the air; which are supposed to be the troubled spirits of the apostate Christians who favored the cause of the traitor.

In after times a stone sepulchre was shown, outside of the chapel of the castle, as the tomb of Count Julian; but the traveller and the pilgrim avoided it, or bestowed upon it a malediction; and the name of Julian has remained a byword and a scorn in the land for the warning of all generations. Such ever be the lot of him who betrays his country.

Here end the legends of the Conquest of Spain.

WRITTEN IN THE ALHAMBRA, *June* 10, 1829.

NOTE TO THE PRECEDING LEGEND.

El licenciado Ardevines (lib. 2, c. 8) dize que dichos Duendos caseros, o los del aire, hazen aparacer exercitos y peleas, como lo que se cuenta por tradicion (y aun algunos personas lo deponen como testigos de vista) de la torre y castello de Marcuello, lugar al pie de las montañas de Aragon (aora inhabitable, por las grandes y espantables ruidos, que en el se oyen) donde se retraxo el Conde Don Julian, causa de la perdicion de España ; sobre el qual castillo, deze se ven en el aire ciertas visiones, como de soldados, que el vulgo dize son los cavalleros y gente que le favorecian.

Vide "El Ente Dislucidado," por Fray Antonio de Fuentalapeña, Capuchin. Seccion 3, Subseccion 5, Instancia 8, Num. 644.

As readers unversed in the Spanish language may wish to know the testimony of the worthy and discreet Capuchin friar, Antonio de Fuentalapeña, we subjoin a translation of it :—

"The licentiate Ardevines (book ii., chap. 8) says that the said house fairies (or familiar spirits), or those of the air, caused the apparitions of armies and battles,—such as those which are related in tradition (and some persons even depose to the truth of them as eye-witnesses) of the town and castle of Marcuello, a fortress at the foot of the mountains of Aragon (at present uninhabitable, on account of the great and frightful noises heard in it), the place of retreat of Count Don Julian, the cause of the perdition of Spain. It is said that certain apparitions of soldiers are seen in the air, which the vulgar say are those of the courtiers and people who aided him."

THE LEGEND OF PELAYO.

[The "Legend of Pelayo," a fragment of which was printed in "The Spirit of the Fair," in 1864, and another, entitled "Pelayo and the Merchant's Daughter," in "The Knickerbocker," in 1840, is now first published entire.—Ed.]

THE LEGEND OF PELAYO.

CHAPTER I.

OBSCURITY OF THE ANCIENT CHRONICLES.—THE LOVES OF DOÑA LUCIA AND THE DUKE FAVILA.—BIRTH OF PELAYO, AND WHAT HAPPENED THEREUPON; HIS EARLY FORTUNES, AND HIS TUTELAGE UNDER THE VETERAN COUNT GRAFESES.

IT is the common lamentation of Spanish historians that, in the obscure and melancholy space of time which succeeded the perdition of their country, its history is a mere wilderness of dubious facts, wild exaggerations, and evident fables. Many learned men in cells and cloisters have passed their lives in the weary and fruitless task of attempting to correct incongruous events and reconcile absolute contradictions. The worthy Jesuit Pedro Abarca confesses that for more than forty years, during which he had been employed in theological controversies, he had never found any questions so obscure and inexplicable as those rising out of this portion of Spanish history; and that the only fruit

of an indefatigable, prolix, and even prodigious study of the subject, was a melancholy and mortifying indecision.*

Let us console ourselves, therefore, in our attempts to thread this mazy labyrinth with the reflection that, if we occasionally err and become bewildered, we do but share the errors and perplexities of our graver and more laborious predecessors; and that, if we occasionally stray into the flowery by-ways of fanciful tradition, we are as likely to arrive at the truth as those who travel by more dry and dusty but not more authenticated paths.

We premise these suggestions before proceeding to cull, from the midst of the fables and extravagances of ancient chronicles, a few particulars of the story of Pelayo, the deliverer of Spain; whose name, like that of William Wallace, the hero of Scotland, will ever be linked with the glory of his country; but linked, like his, by a band in which fact and fiction are indissolubly mingled.

In the ensuing pages it is our intention to give little more than an abstract of an old chronicle teeming with extravagances, yet containing facts of admitted credibility, and presenting pictures of Spanish life, partly sylvan, partly chivalrous, which have all the quaint merit of the curious delineations in old tapestry.

The origin of Pelayo is wrapped in great obscurity, though all writers concur in making him of royal Gothic

* Abarca, *Anales de Aragon.* Ante regno, § 2.

lineage. The chronicle in question makes Pelayo the offspring of a love affair in the court of Ezica, one of the last of the Gothic kings, who held his seat of government at Toledo. Among the noble damsels brought up in the royal household was the beautiful Lucia, niece and maid of honor to the queen. A mutual passion subsisted between her and Favila, the youthful Duke of Cantabria, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of the kingdom. The duke, however, had a powerful rival in the Prince Witiza, son to the king, and afterwards known, for the profligacy of his reign, by the name of Witiza the Wicked. The prince, to rid himself of a favored rival, procured the banishment of Favila to his estates in Cantabria; not, however, before he had been happy in his loves in stolen interviews with the fair Lucia. The cautious chronicler, however, lets us know that a kind of espousal took place, by the lovers plighting their faith with solemn vows before an image of the Virgin, and as the image gave no sign of dissent by way of forbidding the bans, the worthy chronicler seems to consider them as good as man and wife.

After the departure of the duke, the prince renewed his suit with stronger hope of success, but met with a repulse which converted his love into implacable and vengeful hate.

The beautiful Lucia continued in attendance on the queen, but soon became sensible of the consequences of her secret and informal nuptials so tacitly sanctioned by

the Virgin. In the process of time, with great secrecy, she gave birth to a male child, whom she named Pelayo. For fifteen days the infant was concealed in her apartment, and she trusted all was safe, when, to her great terror, she learned that her secret had been betrayed to Prince Witiza, and that search was to be made for the evidence of her weakness.

The dread of public scorn and menace of a cruel death overcame even the feelings of a mother. Through means of a trusty female of her chamber she procured a little ark, so constructed as to be impervious to water. She then arrayed her infant in costly garments, wrapping it in a mantle of rich brocade, and when about to part with it, kissed it many times, and laid it in her lap, and wept over it. At length the child was borne away by the Dueña of her chamber and a faithful handmaid. It was dark midnight when they conveyed it to the borders of the Tagus, where it washes the rocky foundations of Toledo. Covering it from the dew and night air, they committed the ark to the eddying current, which soon swept it from the shore. As it glided down the rapid stream, says the ancient chronicle, they could mark its course even in the darkness of the night; for it was surrounded by a halo of celestial light.* They knew not how to account for this prodigy, says the same authentic writer, until they remembered that the mother had

* El Moro Rasis, *La Destruycion de España*. Rojas, *Hist. Toledo*, pt 2, L. 4, cl.

blessed the child with the sign of the cross, and had baptized it with her own hand. Others, however, explain this marvel differently; for in this child, say they, was centred the miraculous light which was afterwards to shine forth with comfort and deliverance in the darkest hour of Spain.

The chronicle quoted by Fray Antonio Agapida goes on to state what befell the fair Lucia after the departure of the child. Her apartments were searched at early dawn, but no proof appeared to substantiate the charges made against her. The Prince Witiza persisted in accusing her publicly of having brought disgrace upon her line by her frailty. A cavalier of the court, suborned by him, supported the accusation by an oath, and offered to maintain the truth of it by his sword. A month was granted by the king for the afflicted lady to find a champion, and a day appointed for the lists; if none appeared, or if her champion were overcome, she was to be considered guilty and put to death. The day arrived, the accusing knight was on the ground in complete armor, proclamation was made, but no one stepped forward to defend the lady. At length a trumpet sounded; an unknown knight, with visor closed, entered the lists. The combat was long and doubtful, for it would appear as if the Holy Virgin was not perfectly satisfied with the nature of the espousals which had taken place before her image. At length the accusing knight was overcome and slain, to the great joy of the court and all the spec-

tators, and the beautiful Lucia was pronounced as immaculate as the Virgin, her protectress.

The unknown champion of course proved to be the Duke of Cantabria. He obtained a pardon of the king for returning from banishment without the royal permission; what is more, he obtained permission formally to espouse the lady whose honor he had so gallantly established. Their nuptials were solemnized in due form and with great magnificence, after which he took his blooming bride to his castle in Cantabria, to be out of reach of the persecutions of the Prince Witiza.

Having made this brief abstract of what occupies many a wordy page in the ancient chronicle, we return to look after the fortunes of the infant Pelayo, when launched upon the waves in the darkness of the night.

The ark containing this future hope of Spain, continues the old chronicle, floated down the current of the Golden Tagus, where that renowned river winds through the sylvan solitudes of Estremadura. All night, and throughout the succeeding day and the following night, it made its tranquil way: the stream ceased its wonted turbulence and dimpled round it; the swallow circled round it with lively chirp and sportive wing, the breezes whispered musically among the reeds, which bowed their tall heads as it passed; such was the bland influence of the protection of the Virgin.

Now, so it happened that at this time there lived in a remote part of Estremadura an ancient cavalier, a hale

and hearty bachelor, named the Count Grafeses. He had been a warrior in his youth, but now, in a green and vigorous old age, had retired from camp and court to a domain on the banks of the Tagus, inherited from his Gothic ancestors. His great delight was in the chase, which he followed successfully in the vast forests of Estremadura. Every morning heard the woods resounding with the melody of hound and horn; and the heads of stags, of wolves, and wild boars vied in his castle hall with the helms and bucklers and lances, and the trophies of his youthful and martial days.

The jovial count was up at early dawn pursuing a boar in the thick forest bordering the Tagus, when he beheld the little ark floating down the stream. He ordered one of his huntsmen to strip and enter the river and bring the ark to land. On opening it, he was surprised to behold within an infant wrapped in costly robes, but pale and wan, and apparently almost exhausted. Beside it was a purse of gold, and on its bosom a cross of rubies and a parchment scroll, on which was written, "Let this infant be honorably entertained; he is of illustrious lineage; his name is Pelayo."

The good count shrewdly surmised the cause of this perilous exposure of a helpless infant. He had a heart kind and indulgent toward the weaker sex, as the heart of a genial old bachelor is prone to be; and while he looked with infinite benevolence upon the beauteous child, felt a glow of compassion for the unknown mother. Com-

manding his huntsman to be silent as to what he had witnessed, he took the infant in his arms and returned with it to his castle.

Now, so it happened that the wife of his steward had, about a week before, been delivered of a child which lived but a very few days, leaving the mother in great affliction. The count gave her the infant, and the money found with it, and told her the story of the ark, with a strong injunction of secrecy, entreating her to take charge of the child and rear it as her own. The good woman doubted the story, and strongly suspected her master of having fallen into an error in his old age; she received the infant, however, as a gift from Heaven, sent to console her in her affliction, and pressed it with tears to her bosom, for she thought of the child she had lost.

Pelayo, therefore, was reared on the banks of the Tagus as the offspring of the steward and his wife, and the adopted son of the count. That veteran cavalier bore in mind, however, that his youthful charge was of illustrious lineage, and took delight in accomplishing him in all things befitting a perfect hidalgo. He placed him astride of a horse almost as soon as he could walk; a lance and cross-bow were his earliest playthings, and he was taught to hunt the small game of the forest until strong enough to accompany the count in his more rugged sports. Thus he was inured to all kinds of hardy exercises, and rendered heedless of danger and fatigue. Nor was the discipline of his mind neglected. Under the instructions of a neigh-

boring friar, he learned to read in a manner that surprised the erudition of his foster-father; for he could con more correctly all the orisons of the Virgin, and listened to mass, and attended all the ceremonies of the Church, with a discretion truly exemplary. Some ancient chroniclers have gone so far as to say that he even excelled in clerkly craft; but this is most likely a fond exaggeration.

Time glided by. King Ezica was gathered to his fathers, and his son Witiza reigned in his stead. All the chivalry of the kingdom was summoned to Toledo to give splendor to his coronation. The good old count prepared, among the rest, to appear at a court from which he had long been absent. His ancient serving-men were arrayed in the antiquated garbs in which they had figured in his days of youthful gallantry, and his household troops in the battered armor which had seen hard service in the field, but which had long rusted in the armory. He determined to take with him his adopted son Pelayo, now seven years of age. A surcoat was made for him from the mantle of rich brocade in which he had been found wrapped in the ark. A palfrey was also caparisoned for him in warlike style. It was a rare sight, says the old chronicler, to see the antiquated chivalry of the good Count Grafeses parading across the bridge of the Tagus, or figuring in the streets of Toledo, in contrast to the silken and shining retinues of the more modern courtiers; but the veteran was hailed with joy by many of the ancient nobles, his

early companions in arms. The populace, too, when they beheld the youthful Pelayo ambling by his side on his gentle palfrey, were struck with the chivalrous demeanor of the boy, and the perfect manner in which he managed his steed.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT HAPPENED TO PELAYO AT THE COURT OF WITIZA.

AMONG the nobles, continues the old chronicle, who appeared in Toledo to do homage to the new king was Favila, Duke of Cantabria. He left his wife in their castle among the mountains,—for the fair Lucia was still in the meridian of her beauty, and he feared lest the sight of her might revive the passion of Witiza. They had no other fruit of their union but a little daughter of great beauty, called Lucinda, and they still mourned in secret the loss of their first-born. The Duke was related to Count Grafeses; and when he first beheld Pelayo his heart throbbed, he knew not why, and he followed him with his eyes in all his youthful sports. The more he beheld him the more his heart yearned toward him, and he entreated the count to grant him the youth for a time as a page, to be reared by him in all the offices of chivalry, as was the custom in the houses of warlike nobles in those days.

The count willingly complied with his request, knowing the great prowess of the Duke of Cantabria, who was accounted a mirror of knightly virtue. "For my own

part," said he, "I am at present but little capable of instructing the boy; for many years have passed since I gave up the exercise of arms, and little am I worth at present excepting to blow the horn and follow the hound."

When the ceremonies of the coronation were over, therefore, the Duke of Cantabria departed for his castle, accompanied by the young Pelayo and the count, for the good old cavalier could not yet tear himself from his adopted child.

As they drew near the castle, the duchess came forth with a grand retinue; for they were as petty sovereigns in their domains. The duke presented Pelayo to her as her page, and the youth knelt to kiss her hand, but she raised him and kissed him on the forehead; and as she regarded him the tears stood in her eyes.

"God bless thee, gentle page," said she," and preserve thee to the days of manhood; for thou hast in thee the promise of an accomplished cavalier; joyful must be the heart of the mother who can boast of such a son!"

On that day, when the dinner was served with becoming state, Pelayo took his place among the other pages in attendance, who were all children of nobles; but the duchess called him to her as her peculiar page. He was arrayed in his surcoat of brocade, made from the mantle in which he had been folded in the ark, and round his neck hung the cross of rubies.

As the duchess beheld these things, she turned pale and trembled. "What is the name of thy son," said she

ount Grafeses. "His name," replied the count, "is yo." "Tell me of a truth," demanded she, still more estly, "is this indeed thy son?" The count was not ared for so direct a question. "Of a truth," said he, is but the son of my adoption; yet he is of noble ge." The duchess again addressed him with tenfold nnity. "On thy honor as a knight, do not trifle with who are the parents of this child?" The count, ed by her agitation, briefly told the story of the ark. n the duchess heard it she gave a great sigh and fell ne dead. On reviving, she embraced Pelayo with led tears and kisses, and proclaimed him as her lost son.

CHAPTER III.

HOW PELAYO LIVED AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF CANTABRIA.—HIS ADVEN
WITH THE NEEDY HIDALGO OF GASCONY AND THE RICH MERCHANT OF
DEAUX.—DISCOURSE OF THE HOLY HERMIT.

THE authentic Agapida passes over many p
of the ancient chronicle narrating the early
of Pelayo, presenting nothing of striking
portance. His father, the Duke of Cantabria, was d
and he was carefully reared by his widowed mother
castle in the Pyrenees, out of the reach of the dan
and corruptions of the court. Here that hardy and
alrous education was continued which had been
menced by his veteran foster-father on the banks o
Tagus. The rugged mountains around abounded
the bear, the wild boar, and the wolf, and in hu
these he prepared himself for the conflicts of the fie

The old chronicler records an instance of his early p
ess in the course of one of his hunting expeditio
the immediate borders of France. The mountain p
and the adjacent lands were much infested and vex
marauders from Gascony. The Gascons, says the w
Agapida, were a people ready to lay their hands

rything they met. They used smooth words when essary, but force when they dared. Though poor, y were proud: there was not one who did not plume nself upon being a hijo de algo, or son of somebody. henever Pelayo, therefore, hunted on the borders in- ed by these, he was attended by a page conducting horse, with his buckler and lance, to be at hand in e of need.

t the head of a band of fourteen of these self-styled algos of Gascony was a broken-down cavalier by the e of Arnaud. He and four of his comrades were well ed and mounted, the rest were mere scamper-grounds oot, armed with darts and javelins. This band was terror of the border; here to-day, gone to-morrow; etimes in one pass of the mountains, sometimes in her; sometimes they made descents into Spain, har- ng the roads and marauding the country, and were the mountains again and into France before a force d be sent against them.

so happened that while Pelayo with a number of his smen was on the border, this Gascon cavalier and s rew were on the maraud. They had heard of a rich hant of Bordeaux who was to pass through the ntains on his way to one of the ports of Biscay, with h several of his vessels traded, and that he would with him much money for the purchase of mer- adise. They determined to ease him of his money- g; for, being hidalgos who lived by the sword, they

considered all peaceful men of trade as lawful spoil, s
by Heaven for the supply of men of valor and ge
blood.

As they waylaid a lonely defile they beheld the m
chant approaching. He was a fair and portly man, wh
looks bespoke the good cheer of his native city. He
mounted on a stately and well-fed steed; beside him
palfreys paced his wife, a comely dame, and his daugh
a damsel of marriageable age, and fair to look upon.
young man, his nephew, who acted as his clerk, rode v
them, and a single domestic followed.

When the travellers had advanced within the de
the bandeleros rushed from behind a rock and set u
them. The nephew fought valiantly and was slain;
servant fled, the merchant, though little used to the
ercise of arms, and of unwieldy bulk, made courage
defense, having his wife and daughter and his mo
bags at hazard. He was wounded in two places and o
powered.

The freebooters were disappointed at not finding
booty they expected, and putting their swords to
breast of the merchant, demanded where was the m
with which he was to traffic in Biscay. The trem
merchant informed them that a trusty servant was fol
ing him at no great distance with a stout hackney l
with bags of money. Overjoyed at this intelligence,
bound their captives to trees and awaited the arriv
the treasure.

n the meantime Pelayo was on a hill near a narrow
s, awaiting a wild boar which his huntsmen were to
se. While thus posted the merchant's servant, who
escaped, came running in breathless terror, but fell
his knees before Pelayo and craved his life in the most
ous terms, supposing him another of the robbers. It
some time before he could be persuaded of his mis-
and made to tell the story of the robbery. When
yo heard the tale, he perceived that the robbers in
stion must be the Gascon hidalgos upon the scamper.
ing his armor from the page, he put on his helmet,
g his buckler round his neck, took lance in hand, and
nting his horse, compelled the trembling servant to
le him to the scene of the robbery. At the same time
espatched his page to summon as many of his hunts-
as possible to his assistance.

When the robbers saw Pelayo advancing through the
st, the sun sparkling upon his rich armor, and saw
he was attended but by a single page, they con-
dered him a new prize, and Arnaud and two of his com-
ons mounting their horses advanced to meet him.
yo put himself in a narrow pass between two rocks,
re he could only be attacked in front, and, bracing
buckler and lowering his lance, awaited their coming.

"Who and what are ye," cried he, "and what seek ye
his land?"

"We are huntsmen," cried Arnaud, "in quest of game;
lo! it runs into our toils."

"By my faith," said Pelayo, "thou wilt find the ga easier roused than taken; have at thee for a villain."

So saying, he put spurs to his horse and charged u him. Arnaud was totally unprepared for so sudden assault, having scarce anticipated a defense. He has couched his lance, but it merely glanced on the shield Pelayo, who sent his own through the middle of breast, and threw him out of his saddle to the earth. of the other robbers made at Pelayo and wounded h slightly in the side, but received a blow on the h which cleft his skull-cap and sank into his brain. companion, seeing him fall, galloped off through forest.

By this time three or four of the robbers on foot come up, and assailed Pelayo. He received two of th darts on his buckler, a javelin razed his cuirass, and horse received two wounds. Pelayo then rushed u them and struck one dead; the others, seeing seve huntsmen advancing, took to flight; two were overta and made prisoners, the rest escaped by clamber among rocks and precipices.

The good merchant of Bordeaux and his family beh this scene with trembling and amazement. They alm looked upon Pelayo as something more than mortal, they had never witnessed such feats of arms. Still t considered him as a leader of some rival band of robb and when he came up and had the bands loosened which they were fastened to the trees, they fell at

and implored for mercy. It was with difficulty he ld pacify their fears; the females were soonest reas- ed, especially the daughter, for the young maid was ck with the gentle demeanor and noble countenance Pelayo, and said to herself, surely nothing wicked dwell in so heavenly a form.

elayo now ordered that the wounds of the merchant uld be dressed, and his own examined. When his ass was taken off, his wound was found to be but ht; but his men were so exasperated at seeing his d, that they would have put the two captive Gascons eath had he not forbade them. He now sounded his ting-horn, which echoed from rock to rock, and was vered by shouts and horns from various parts of mountains. The merchant's heart misgave him; he n thought he was among robbers; nor were his fears yed when he beheld in a little while more than forty assembling together from various parts of the for- clad in hunting-dresses, with boar-spears, darts, and ting-swords, and each leading a hound by a long l. All this was a new and a wild world to the as- shed merchant, nor was his uneasiness abated when eheld his servant arrive leading the hackney laden money. Certainly, said he to himself, this will be tempting a spoil for these wild men of the mountains. he huntsmen brought with them a boar, which they killed, and being hungry from the chase, they lighted e at the foot of a tree, and each cutting such portion

of the boar as he liked best, roasted it at the fire, and it with bread taken from his wallet. The merchant, wife, and daughter looked at all this and wondered, they had never beheld so savage a repast. Pelayo th inquired of them if they did not desire to eat. Th were too much in awe of him to decline, though they a loathing at the idea of this hunter's fare. Linen clo were therefore spread under the shade of a great oak screen them from the sun; and when they had sea themselves round it, they were served, to their astoni ment, not with the flesh of the boar, but with dai viands, such as the merchant had scarcely hoped to out of the walls of his native city of Bordeaux.

While they were eating, the young damsel, the dau ter of the merchant, could not keep her eyes from Pela Gratitude for his protection, admiration of his valor, filled her heart; and when she regarded his noble co tenance, now that he had laid aside his helmet, thought she beheld something divine. The heart of tender Donzella, says the old historian, was kind yielding; and had Pelayo thought fit to ask the grea boon that love and beauty could bestow,—doubtless me ing her own fair hand,—she would not have had cruelty to say him nay. Pelayo, however, had no s thought. The love of woman had never yet entered his heart; and though he regarded the damsel as fairest maiden he had ever beheld, her beauty caused perturbation in his breast.

When the repast was over, Pelayo offered to conduct the merchant and his family through the passes of the mountains, which were yet dangerous from the scattered band of Gascons. The bodies of the slain marauders were buried, and the corpse of the nephew of the merchant was laid upon one of the horses captured in the battle. They then formed their cavalcade and pursued their way slowly up one of the steep and winding defiles of the Pyrenees.

Towards sunset they arrived at the dwelling of a holy hermit. It was hewn out of the solid rock, a cross was over the door, and before it was a spreading oak, with a sweet spring of water at its foot. Here the body of the merchant's nephew was buried, close by the wall of this sacred retreat, and the hermit performed a mass for the repose of his soul. Pelayo then obtained leave from the holy father that the merchant's wife and daughter should pass the night within his cell; and the hermit made beds of moss for them and gave them his benediction; but the damsel found little rest, so much were her thoughts occupied by the youthful cavalier who had delivered her from death or dishonor.

When all were buried in repose, the hermit came to Pelayo, who was sleeping by the spring under the tree, and he awoke him and said, "Arise, my son, and listen to my words." Pelayo arose and seated himself on a rock, and the holy man stood before him, and the beams of the noon fell on his silvery hair and beard, and he said:

"This is no time to be sleeping; for know that thou art chosen for a great work. Behold the ruin of Spain is at hand, destruction shall come over it like a cloud, and there shall be no safeguard. For it is the will of Heaven that evil shall for a time have sway, and whoever withstands it shall be destroyed. But tarry thou not to see these things, for thou canst not relieve them. Depart on a pilgrimage, and visit the sepulchre of our blessed Lord in Palestine, and purify thyself by prayer, and enrol thyself in the order of chivalry, and prepare for the work of the redemption of thy country. When thou shalt return, thou wilt find thyself a stranger in the land. Thy residence will be in wild dens and caves of the earth, which thy young foot has never trodden. Thou wilt find thy countrymen harboring with the beasts of the forest and the eagles of the mountains. The land which thou leavest smiling with corn-fields, and covered with vines and olives, thou wilt find overrun with weeds and thorns and brambles; and wolves will roam where there have been peaceful flocks and herds. But thou wilt weed out the tares, and destroy the wolves, and raise again the head of thy suffering country."

Much further discourse had Pelayo with this holy man, who revealed to him many of the fearful events that were to happen, and counseled him the way in which he was to act.

When the morning sun shone upon the mountains, the party assembled round the door of the hermitage, and

made a repast by the fountain under the tree. Then, having received the benediction of the hermit, they departed, and travelled through the forests and defiles of the mountain, in the freshness of the day ; and when the merchant beheld his wife and daughter thus secure by his side, and the hackney laden with his treasure following close behind him, his heart was light in his bosom, and he carolled as he went. But Pelayo rode in silence, for his mind was deeply moved by the revelations and the counsel of the hermit ; and the daughter of the merchant ever and anon regarded him with eyes of tenderness and admiration, and deep sighs spoke the agitation of her bosom.

At length they came to where the forests and the rocks terminated, and a secure road lay before them ; and here Pelayo paused to take his leave, appointing a number of his followers to attend and guard them to the nearest town.

When they came to part, the merchant and his wife were loud in their thanks and benedictions ; but for some time the daughter spake never a word. At length she raised her eyes, which were filled with tears, and looked wistfully at Pelayo, and her bosom throbbed, and after a struggle between strong affection and virgin modesty her heart relieved itself by words.

"Señor," said she, "I know that I am humble and unworthy of the notice of so noble a cavalier, but suffer me to place this ring on a finger of your right hand, with

which you have so bravely rescued us from death; and when you regard it, you shall consider it as a memorial of your own valor, and not of one who is too humble to be remembered by you." With these words she drew a ring from off her finger and put it upon the finger of Pelayo; and having done this, she blushed and trembled at her own boldness, and stood as one abashed, with her eyes cast down upon the earth.

Pelayo was moved at her words, and at the touch of her fair hand, and at her beauty as she stood thus troubled and in tears before him; but as yet he knew nothing of woman, and his heart was free from the snares of love. "Amiga" (friend), said he, "I accept thy present, and will wear it in remembrance of thy goodness." The damsel was cheered by these words, for she hoped she had awakened some tenderness in his bosom; but it was no such thing, says the ancient chronicler, for his heart was ignorant of love, and was devoted to higher and more sacred matters; yet certain it is, that he always guarded well that ring.

They parted, and Pelayo and his huntsmen remained for some time on a cliff on the verge of the forest, watching that no evil befell them about the skirts of the mountain; and the damsel often turned her head to look at him, until she could no longer see him for the distance and the tears that dimmed her eyes.

And, for that he had accepted her ring, she considered herself wedded to him in her heart, and never married;

nor could be brought to look with eyes of affection upon any other man, but for the true love which she bore Pelayo she lived and died a virgin. And she composed a book, continues the old chronicler, which treated of love and chivalry, and the temptations of this mortal life,—and one part discoursed of celestial things,—and it was called the "Contemplations of Love;" because at the time she wrote it she thought of Pelayo, and of his having received her jewel, and called her by the gentle name of "Amiga;" and often thinking of him, and of her never having beheld him more, in tender sadness she would take the book which she had written, and would read it for him, and, while she repeated the words of love which it contained, she would fancy them uttered by Pelayo, and that he stood before her.*

* El Moro Rasis, *Destruycion de España*, pt. 2, c. 101.

CHAPTER IV.

PILGRIMAGE OF PELAYO, AND WHAT BEFELL HIM ON HIS RETURN TO SPAIN.

PELAYO, according to the old chronicle before quoted, returned to his home deeply impressed with the revelations made to him by the saintly hermit, and prepared to set forth upon the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. Some historians have alleged that he was quickened to this pious expedition by fears of violence from the wicked King Witiza; but at this time Witiza was in his grave, and Roderick swayed the Gothic sceptre; the sage Agapida is therefore inclined to attribute the pilgrimage to the mysterious revelation already mentioned.

Having arranged the concerns of his household, chosen the best suit of armor from his armory, and the best horse from his stable, and supplied himself with jewels and store of gold for his expenses, he took leave of his mother and his sister Lucinda, as if departing upon a distant journey in Spain, and, attended only by his page, set out upon his holy wayfaring. Descending from the rugged Pyrenees, he journeyed through the fair plains of France to Marseilles, where, laying by his armor, and

leaving his horses in safe keeping, he put on a pilgrim's garb, with staff and scrip and cockle-shell, and embarked on board of a galley bound for Sicily. From Messina he voyaged in a small bark to Rhodes; thence in a galliot, with a number of other pilgrims, to the Holy Land. Having passed a year of pious devotion at the Holy Sepulchre, and visited all the places rendered sacred by the footsteps of our Lord, and of his mother the ever-blessed Virgin, and having received the order of knighthood, he turned his steps toward his native land.

The discreet Agapida here pauses and forbears to follow the ancient chronicler further in his narration, for an interval of obscurity now occurs in the fortunes of Pelayo. Some who have endeavored to ascertain, and connect the links of his romantic and eventful story, have represented him as returning from his pilgrimage in time to share in the last struggle of his country, and as signalizing himself in the fatal battle on the banks of the Guadalete. Others declare that by the time he arrived in Spain the perdition of the country was complete; that infidel chieftains bore sway in the palaces of his ancestors; that his paternal castle was a ruin, his mother in her grave, and his sister Lucinda carried away into captivity.

Stepping lightly over this disputed ground, the cautious Agapida resumes the course of the story where Pelayo discovers the residence of his sister in the city of Gijon, on the Atlantic coast, at the foot of the Astu-

rian Mountains. It was a formidable fortress, chosen by Taric as a military post, to control the seaboard, and hold in check the Christian patriots who had taken refuge in the neighboring mountains. The commander of this redoubtable fortress was a renegado chief, who has been variously named by historians, and who held the sister of Pelayo a captive; though others affirm that she had submitted to become his wife, to avoid a more degrading fate. According to the old chronicle already cited, Pelayo succeeded by artifice in extricating her from his hands, and bearing her away to the mountains. They were hotly pursued, but Pelayo struck up a steep and rugged defile, where scarcely two persons could pass abreast, and partly by his knowledge of the defiles, partly by hurling down great masses of rock to check his pursuers, effected the escape of his sister and himself to a secure part of the mountains. Here they found themselves in a small green meadow, blocked up by a perpendicular precipice, whence fell a stream of water with great noise into a natural basin or pool, the source of the river Deva. Here was the hermitage of one of those holy men who had accompanied the Archbishop Urbano in his flight from Toledo, and had established a sanctuary among these mountains. He received the illustrious fugitives with joy, especially when he knew their rank and story, and conducted them to his retreat. A kind of ladder led up to an aperture in the face of the rock, about two pike lengths from the ground. Within was a

lofty cavern capable of containing many people, with an inner cavern of still greater magnitude. The outer cavern served as a chapel, having an altar, a crucifix, and an image of the blessed Mary.

This wild retreat had never been molested; not a Moslem turban had been seen within the little valley. The cavern was well known to the Gothic inhabitants of the mountains and the adjacent valleys. They called it the cave of Santa Maria; but it is more commonly known to fame by the name of Covadonga. It had many times been a secure place of refuge to suffering Christians, being unknown to their foes, and capable of being made a natural citadel. The entrance was so far from the ground that, when the ladder was removed, a handful of men could defend it from all assault. The small meadow in front afforded pasturage and space for gardens; and the stream that fell from the rock was from a never-failing spring. The valley was high in the mountains; so high that the crow seldom winged its flight across it, and the passes leading to it were so steep and dangerous that single men might set whole armies at defiance.

Such was one of the wild fastnesses of the Asturias, which formed the forlorn hope of unhappy Spain. The anchorite, too, was one of those religious men permitted by the conquerors, from their apparently peaceful and inoffensive lives, to inhabit lonely chapels and hermitages, but whose cells formed places of secret resort and council for the patriots of Spain, and who kept up an

intercourse and understanding among the scattered remnants of the nation. The holy man knew all the Christians of the Asturias, whether living in the almost inaccessible caves and dens of the cliffs, or in the narrow valleys imbedded among the mountains. He represented them to Pelayo as brave and hardy, and ready for any desperate enterprise that might promise deliverance; but they were disheartened by the continued subjection of their country, and on the point, many of them, of descending into the plains and submitting, like the rest of their countrymen, to the yoke of the conquerors.

When Pelayo considered all these things, he was persuaded the time was come for effecting the great purpose of his soul. "Father," said he, "I will no longer play the fugitive, nor endure the disgrace of my country and my line. Here in this wilderness will I rear once more the royal standard of the Goths, and attempt, with the blessing of God, to shake off the yoke of the invader."

The hermit hailed his words with transport, as prognostics of the deliverance of Spain. Taking staff in hand, he repaired to the nearest valley inhabited by Christian fugitives. "Hasten in every direction," said he, "and proclaim far and wide among the mountains that Pelayo, a descendant of the Gothic kings, has unfurled his banner at Covadonga as a rallying-point for his countrymen."

The glad tidings ran like wildfire throughout all the regions of the Asturias. Old and young started up at

the sound, and seized whatever weapons were at hand. From mountain cleft and secret glen issued forth stark and stalwart warriors, grim with hardship, and armed with old Gothic weapons that had rusted in caves since the battle of the Guadalete. Others turned their rustic implements into spears and battle-axes, and hastened to join the standard of Pelayo. Every day beheld numbers of patriot warriors arriving in the narrow valley, or rather glen, of Covadonga, clad in all the various garbs of ancient Spain,—for here were fugitives from every province, who had preferred liberty among the sterile rocks of the mountains to ease and slavery in the plains. In a little while Pelayo found himself at the head of a formidable force, hardened by toil and suffering, fired with old Spanish pride, and rendered desperate by despair. With these he maintained a warlike sway among the mountains. Did any infidel troops attempt to penetrate to their stronghold, the signal fires blazed from height to height, the steep passes and defiles bristled with armed men, and rocks were hurled upon the heads of the intruders.

By degrees the forces of Pelayo increased so much in number, and in courage of heart, that he sallied forth occasionally from the mountains, swept the sea-coast, assailed the Moors in their towns and villages, put many of them to the sword, and returned laden with spoil to the mountains.

His name now became the terror of the infidels, and

the hope and consolation of the Christians. The heart of old Gothic Spain was once more lifted up, and hailed his standard as the harbinger of happier days. Her scattered sons felt again as a people, and the spirit of empire arose once more among them. Gathering together from all parts of the Asturias in the Valley of Cangas, they resolved to elect their champion their sovereign. Placing the feet of Pelayo upon a shield, several of the starkest warriors raised him aloft, according to ancient Gothic ceremonial, and presented him as king. The multitude rent the air with their transports, and the mountain cliffs, which so long had echoed nothing but lamentations, now resounded with shouts of joy.* Thus terminated the interregnum of Christian Spain, which had lasted since the overthrow of King Roderick and his host on the banks of the Guadalete, and the new king continued with augmented zeal his victorious expeditions against the infidels.

* Morales, *Cronicon de España*, L. 13, c. 2.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF COVADONGA.

TIDINGS soon spread throughout Spain that the Christians of the Asturias were in arms and had proclaimed a king among the mountains. The veteran chief, Taric el Tuerto, was alarmed for the safety of the seaboard, and dreaded lest this insurrection should extend into the plains. He despatched, therefore, in all haste, a powerful force from Cordova, under the command of Ibrahim Alcamar, one of his most experienced captains, with orders to penetrate the mountains and crush this dangerous rebellion. The perfidious Bishop Oppas, who had promoted the perdition of Spain, was sent with this host, in the hope that through his artful eloquence Pelayo might be induced to lay down his arms and his newly assumed sceptre.

The army made rapid marches, and in a few days arrived among the narrow valleys of the Asturias. The Christians had received notice of their approach, and fled to their fastnesses. The Moors found the valleys silent and deserted; there were traces of men, but not a man was to be seen. They passed through the most

wild and dreary defiles, among impending rocks—here and there varied by small green strips of mountain meadow—and directed their march for the lofty valley, or rather glen, of Covadonga, whither they learnt from their scouts that Pelayo had retired.

The newly elected king, when he heard of the approach of this mighty force, sent his sister, and all the women and children, to a distant and secret part of the mountain. He then chose a thousand of his best armed and most powerful men, and placed them within the cave. The lighter armed and less vigorous he ordered to climb to the summit of the impending rocks, and conceal themselves among the thickets with which they were crowned. This done, he entered the cavern and caused the ladder leading to it to be drawn up.

In a little while the bray of distant trumpets, and the din of atabals resounded up the glen, and soon the whole gorge of the mountain glistened with armed men; squadron after squadron of swarthy Arabs spurred into the valley, which was soon whitened by their tents. The veteran Ibrahim Alcamar, trusting that he had struck dismay into the Christians by this powerful display, sent the crafty Bishop Oppas to parley with Pelayo, and persuade him to surrender.

The bishop advanced on his steed until within a short distance of the cave, and Pelayo appeared at its entrance with lance in hand. The silver-tongued prelate urged him to submit to the Moslem power, assuring him that

he would be rewarded with great honors and estates. He represented the mildness of the conquerors to all who submitted to their sway, and the hopelessness of resistance. "Remember," said he, "how mighty was the power of the Goths, who vanquished both Romans and Barbarians, yet how completely was it broken down and annihilated by these people. If the whole nation in arms could not stand before them, what canst thou do with thy wretched cavern and thy handful of mountaineers? Be counseled then, Pelayo; give up this desperate attempt; accept the liberal terms offered thee; abandon these sterile mountains, and return to the plains to live in wealth and honor under the magnanimous rule of Taric."

Pelayo listened to the hoary traitor with mingled impatience and disdain. "Perdition has come upon Spain," replied he, "through the degeneracy of her sons, the sins of her rulers,—like the wicked King Witiza thy brother,—and the treachery of base men like thee. But when punishment is at an end, mercy and forgiveness succeed. The Goths have reached the lowest extreme of misery; it is for me to aid their fortune in the turn, and soon I trust will it arise to its former grandeur. As to thee, Don Oppas, thou shalt stand abhorred among men, false to thy country, traitorous to thy king, a renegado Christian, and an apostate priest."

So saying he turned his back upon the bishop and retired into his cave.

Oppas returned pale with shame and malice to Alca-

mar. "These people," said he, "are stiff-necked in their rebellion; their punishment should be according to their obstinacy, and should serve as a terror to evil-doers; not one of them should be permitted to survive."

Upon this Alcamar ordered a grand assault upon the cavern; and the slingers and the cross-bow men advanced in great force, and with a din of atabals and trumpets that threatened to rend the very rocks. They discharged showers of stones and arrows at the mouth of the cavern, but their missiles rebounded from the face of the rock, and many of them fell upon their own heads. This is recorded as a miracle by pious chroniclers of yore, who affirm that the stones and arrows absolutely turned in the air and killed those who had discharged them.

When Alcamar and Oppas saw that the attack was ineffectual, they brought up fresh forces and made preparations to scale the mouth of the cavern. At this moment, says the old chronicle, a banner was put in the hand of Pelayo, bearing a white cross on a blood-red field, and inscribed on it in Chaldean characters was the name of Jesus. And a voice spake unto him and said, "Arouse thy strength; go forth in the name of Jesus Christ, and thou shalt conquer." Who gave the banner and uttered the words has never been known; the whole, therefore, stands recorded as a miracle.

Then Pelayo elevated the banner. "Behold," said he, "a sign from Heaven,—a sacred cross sent to lead us on to victory."

Upon this the people gave a great shout of joy; and when the Saracens heard that shout within the entrails of the mountain their hearts quaked, for it was like the roar of a volcano giving token of an eruption.

Before they could recover from their astonishment, the Christians issued in a torrent from the cave, all fired with rage and holy confidence. By their impetuous assault they bore back the first rank of their adversaries and forced it upon those behind, and as there was no space in that narrow valley to display a front of war, or for many to fight at a time, the numbers of the foe but caused their confusion. The horse trampled on the foot, and the late formidable host became a mere struggling and distracted multitude. In the front was carnage and confusion, in the rear, terror and fright; wherever the sacred standard was borne, the infidels appeared to fall before it, as if smitten by some invisible hand rather than by the Christian band.

Early in the fight Pelayo encountered Ibrahim Alcamar. They fought hand to hand on the border of the pool from which springs the river Deva, and the Saracen was slain upon the margin of that pool, and his blood mingled with its waters.

When the Bishop Oppas beheld this he would have fled, but the valley was closed up by the mass of combatants, and Pelayo overtook him and defied him to the fight. But the bishop, though armed, was as craven as he was false, and yielding up his weapons implored for

mercy. So Pelayo spared his life, but sent him bound to the cavern.

The whole Moorish host now took to headlong flight. Some attempted to clamber to the summit of the mountains, but they were assailed by the troops stationed there by Pelayo, who showered down darts and arrows and great masses of rock, making fearful havoc.

The great body of the army fled by the road leading along the ledge or shelf overhanging the deep ravine of the Deva; but as they crowded in one dense multitude upon the projecting precipice, the whole mass suddenly gave way, and horse and horseman, tree and rock, were precipitated in one tremendous ruin into the raging river. Thus perished a great part of the flying army. The venerable Bishop Sebastiano, who records this event with becoming awe, as another miracle wrought in favor of the Christians, assures us that, in his time, many years afterwards, when during the winter season the Deva would swell and rage and tear away its banks, spears and scimetars and corselets, and the mingled bones of men and steeds, would be uncovered, being the wrecks and relics of the Moslem host, thus marvelously destroyed.*

* Judicio Domini actum est, ut ipsius montis pars se a fundamentis envolvens, sexaginta tria millia caldeorum stupenter in fulmina projecit, atque eos omnes opressit. Ubi usque nunc ipse fluvius dum tempore hyemali alveum suum implet, ripasque dissoluit, signa armorum et ossa eorum evidentissime ostendit.—*Sebastianus Salmanticensis Episc.*

Note.—To satisfy all doubts with respect to the miraculous banner of

Pelayo, that precious relic is still preserved in the sacred chamber of the church of Oviedo, richly ornamented with gold and precious stones. It was removed to that place by order of Alonzo the Third, from the church of Santa Cruz, near Cangas, which was erected by Favila, the son and successor of Pelayo, in memory of this victory.

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CHAPTER VI.

PELAYO BECOMES KING OF LEON.—HIS DEATH.

WHEN Pelayo beheld his enemies thus scattered and destroyed, he saw that Heaven was on his side, and proceeded to follow up his victory. Rearing the sacred banner, he descended through the valleys of the Asturias, his army augmenting, like a mountain torrent, as it rolled along; for the Christians saw in the victory of Covadonga a miraculous interposition of Providence in behalf of ruined Spain, and hastened from all parts to join the standard of the deliverer.

Emboldened by numbers, and by the enthusiasm of his troops, Pelayo directed his march towards the fortress of Gijon. The renegado Magued, however, did not await his coming. His heart failed him on hearing of the defeat and death of Alcamar, the destruction of the Moslem army, and the augmenting force of the Christians; and, abandoning his post, he marched towards Leon with the greatest part of his troops. Pelayo received intelligence of his movements, and advancing rapidly through the mountains, encountered him in the Valley of Ollalas. A bloody battle ensued on the banks of the river which

flows through that valley. The sacred banner was again victorious; Magued was slain by the hand of Pelayo, and so great was the slaughter of his host, that for two days the river ran red with the blood of the Saracens.

From hence, Pelayo proceeded rapidly to Gijon, which he easily carried by assault. The capture of this important fortress gave him the command of the seaboard, and of the skirts of the mountains. While reposing himself after his victories, the Bishop Oppas was brought in chains before him, and the Christian troops called loudly for the death of that traitor and apostate. But Pelayo recollected that he had been a sacred dignitary of the Church, and regarded him as a scourge in the hand of Heaven for the punishment of Spain. He would not, therefore, suffer violent hands to be laid upon him, but contented himself with placing him where he could no longer work mischief. He accordingly ordered him to be confined in one of the towers of Gijon, with nothing but bread and water for his subsistence. There he remained a prey to the workings of his conscience, which filled his prison with horrid spectres of those who had perished through his crimes. He heard wailings and execrations in the sea-breeze that howled round the tower, and in the roaring of the waves that beat against its foundations; and in a little time he was found dead in his dungeon, hideously distorted, as if he had died in agony and terror.*

* *La Destruycion de España*, part 3

The sacred banner that had been elevated at Covadonga never sank nor receded, but continued to be the beacon of deliverance to Spain. Pelayo went on from conquest to conquest, increasing and confirming his royal power. Having captured the city of Leon, he made it the capital of his kingdom, and took there the title of the King of Leon. He moreover adopted the device of the city for his arms—a blood-red lion rampant, in a silver field. This long continued to be the arms of Spain, until in after times the lion was quartered with the castle, the device of Burgos, capital of Old Castile.

We forbear to follow this patriot prince through the rest of his glorious career. Suffice it to say that he reigned long and prosperously; extending on all sides the triumphs of his arms; establishing on solid foundations the reviving empire of Christian Spain; and that, after a life of constant warfare, he died in peace in the city of Cangas, and lies buried with his queen, Gaudiosa, in the church of Santa Eulalia, near to that city.

Here ends the legend of Pelayo.

ABDERAHMAN,

THE

FOUNDER OF THE DYNASTY OF THE OMMIADES IN SPAIN.

[The Memoir of Abderahman, the founder of the dynasty of the Ommiades in Spain, was published in the "Knickerbocker Magazine" in 1840. In introducing it to that periodical, the author, after stating that he had conformed to the facts furnished by the Arabian chronicles, as cited by Condé, remarks: "The story of Abderahman has almost the charm of romance; but it derives a higher interest from the heroic, yet gentle virtues which it illustrates, and from recording the fortunes of the founder of that splendid dynasty which shed such a lustre upon Spain during the domination of the Arabs." The accomplished Ford says of the history of Abderahman: "No fiction of romance ever surpassed the truth of his eventful life."

The present Memoir is not an exact reprint of the article in the "Knickerbocker," but is given as altered from that, in 1847, when the author was thinking of preparing for the press the "Chronicle of the Ommiades," embracing the whole line which he had "roughly sketched out at Madrid in 1827, just after he had finished Columbus."—Ed.]

ABDERAHMAN.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE YOUTHFUL FORTUNES OF ABDERAHMAN.

BLESSED be God!" exclaims an Arabian historian; "in his hands alone is the destiny of princes. He overthrows the mighty, and humbles the haughty to the dust; and he raises up the persecuted and afflicted from the very depths of despair!"

The illustrious house of Omeya, one of the two lines descended from Mahomet, had swayed the sceptre at Damascus for nearly a century, when a rebellion broke out, headed by Abu al Abbas Safah, who aspired to the throne of the caliphs, as being descended from Abbas, the uncle of the prophet. The rebellion was successful. Meruan, the last caliph of the house of Omeya, was defeated and slain. A general proscription of the Ommiades took place. Many of them fell in battle; many were treacherously slain in places where they had taken refuge; above seventy, most noble and distinguished, were murdered at

a banquet to which they had been invited, and their dead bodies, covered with cloths, were made to serve as tables for the horrible festivity. Others were driven forth, forlorn and desolate wanderers in various parts of the earth, and pursued with relentless hatred; for it was the determination of the usurper that not one of the persecuted family should escape. Abu al Abbas took possession of three stately palaces, and delicious gardens, and founded the powerful dynasty of the Abbassides, which, for several centuries, maintained dominion in the East.

"Blessed be God!" again exclaims the Arabian historian; "it was written in his eternal decrees that, notwithstanding the fury of the Abbassides, the noble stock of Omeya should not be destroyed. One fruitful branch remained to flourish with glory and greatness in another land."

When the sanguinary proscription of the Ommiades took place, two young princes of that line, brothers, by the names of Solyman and Abderahman, were spared for a time. Their personal graces, noble demeanor, and winning affability, had made them many friends, while their extreme youth rendered them objects of but little dread to the usurper. Their safety, however, was but transient. In a little while the suspicions of Abu al Abbas were aroused. The unfortunate Solyman fell beneath the scimetar of the executioner. His brother Abderahman was warned of his danger in time. Several of his friends hastened to him, bringing him jewels, a disguise, and a

fleet horse. "The emissaries of the caliph," said they, "are in search of thee; thy brother lies weltering in his blood; fly to the desert! There is no safety for thee in the habitations of man!"

Abderahman took the jewels, clad himself in the disguise, and, mounting the steed, fled for his life. As he passed, a lonely fugitive, by the palaces of his ancestors, in which his family had long held sway, their very walls seemed disposed to betray him, as they echoed the swift clattering of his steed.

Abandoning his native country, Syria, where he was liable at each moment to be recognized and taken, he took refuge among the Bedouin Arabs, a half-savage race of shepherds. His youth, his inborn majesty and grace, and the sweetness and affability that shone forth in his azure eyes, won the hearts of these wandering men. He was but twenty years of age, and had been reared in the soft luxury of a palace; but he was tall and vigorous, and in a little while hardened himself so completely to the rustic life of the fields, that it seemed as though he had passed all his days in the rude simplicity of a shepherd's cabin.

His enemies, however, were upon his traces, and gave him but little rest. By day he scoured the plains with the Bedouins, hearing in every blast the sound of pursuit, and fancying in every distant cloud of dust a troop of the caliph's horsemen. His night was passed in broken sleep and frequent watchings, and at the

earliest dawn he was the first to put the bridle to his steed.

Wearied by these perpetual alarms, he bade farewell to his friendly Bedouins, and leaving Egypt behind, sought a safer refuge in Western Africa. The province of Barca was at that time governed by Aben Habib, who had risen to rank and fortune under the fostering favor of the Ommiades. "Surely," thought the unhappy prince, "I shall receive kindness and protection from this man; he will rejoice to show his gratitude for the benefits showered upon him by my kindred."

Abderahman was young, and as yet knew little of mankind. None are so hostile to the victim of power as those whom he has befriended. They fear being suspected of gratitude by his persecutors, and involved in his misfortunes.

The unfortunate Abderahman had halted for a few days to repose himself among a horde of Bedouins, who had received him with their characteristic hospitality. They would gather round him in the evenings to listen to his conversation, regarding with wonder this gently spoken stranger from the more refined country of Egypt. The old men marveled to find so much knowledge and wisdom in such early youth, and the young men, won by his frank and manly carriage, entreated him to remain among them.

In the meantime the Wali Aben Habib, like all the governors of distant posts, had received orders from the

caliph to be on the watch for the fugitive prince. Hearing that a young man answering the description had entered the province alone, from the frontiers of Egypt, on a steed worn down by travel, he sent forth horsemen in his pursuit, with orders to bring him to him dead or alive. The emissaries of the wali traced him to his resting-place, and coming upon the encampment in the dead of the night, demanded of the Arabs whether a young man, a stranger from Syria, did not sojourn among their tribe. The Bedouins knew by the description that the stranger must be their guest, and feared some evil was intended him. "Such a youth," said they, "has indeed sojourned among us; but he has gone, with some of our young men, to a distant valley to hunt the lion. The emissaries inquired the way to the place, and hastened on to surprise their expected prey.

The Bedouins repaired to Abderahman, who was still sleeping. "If thou hast aught to fear from man in power," said they, "arise and fly; for the horsemen of the wali are in quest of thee! We have sent them off for a time on a wrong errand, but they will soon return."

"Alas! whither shall I fly?" cried the unhappy prince; "my enemies hunt me like the ostrich of the desert. They follow me like the wind, and allow me neither safety nor repose!"

Six of the bravest youths of the tribe stepped forward. "We have steeds," said they, "that can outstrip the wind, and hands that can hurl the javelin. We will ac-

company thee in thy flight, and will fight by thy side while life lasts and we have weapons to wield."

Abderahman embraced them with tears of gratitude. They mounted their steeds, and made for the most lonely parts of the desert. By the faint light of the stars, they passed through dreary wastes, and over hills of sand. The lion roared and the hyena howled unheeded, for they fled from man, more cruel and relentless, when in pursuit of blood, than the savage beasts of the desert.

At sunrise they paused to refresh themselves beside a scanty well, surrounded by a few palm-trees. One of the young Arabs climbed a tree, and looked in every direction, but not a horseman was to seen.

"We have outstripped pursuit," said the Bedouins; "whither shall we conduct thee? Where is thy home, and the land of thy people?"

"Home have I none!" replied Abderahman, mournfully, "nor family, nor kindred! My native land is to me a land of destruction, and my people seek my life!"

The hearts of the youthful Bedouins were touched with compassion at these words, and they marveled that one so young and gentle should have suffered such great sorrow and persecution.

Abderahman sat by the well and mused for a time. At length, breaking silence, "In the midst of Mauritania," said he, "dwells the tribe of Zeneta. My mother was of that tribe; and perhaps when her son presents himself, a

persecuted wanderer at their door, they will not turn him from the threshold."

"The Zenetes," replied the Bedouins, "are among the bravest and most hospitable of the people of Africa. Never did the unfortunate seek refuge among them in vain, nor was the stranger repulsed from their door." So they mounted their steeds with renewed spirits, and journeyed with all speed to Tahart, the capital of the Zenetes.

When Abderahman entered the place, followed by his six rustic Arabs, all wayworn and travel-stained, his noble and majestic demeanor shone through the simple garb of a Bedouin. A crowd gathered around him as he alighted from his weary steed. Confiding in the well-known character of the tribe, he no longer attempted concealment.

"You behold before you," said he, "one of the proscribed house of Omeya. I am that Abderahman upon whose head a price has been set, and who has been driven from land to land. I come to you as my kindred. My mother was of your tribe, and she told me with her dying breath that in all time of need I would find a home and friends among the Zenetes."

The words of Abderahman went straight to the hearts of his hearers. They pitied his youth and his great misfortunes, while they were charmed by his frankness, and by the manly graces of his person. The tribe was of a bold and generous spirit, and not to be awed by the

frown of power. "Evil be upon us and upon our children," said they, "if we deceive the trust thou hast placed in us!"

One of the noblest, Xeques, then took Abderahman to his house, and treated him as his own child; and the principal people of the tribe strove who most should cherish him and do him honor—endeavoring to obliterate by their kindness the recollection of his past misfortunes.

Abderahman had resided some time among the hospitable Zenetes, when one day two strangers of venerable appearance, attended by a small retinue, arrived at Tahart. They gave themselves out as merchants, and from the simple style in which they travelled, excited no attention. In a little while they sought out Abderahman, and, taking him apart, "Hearken," said they, "Abderahman, of the royal line of Omeya. We are ambassadors, sent on the part of the principal Moslems of Spain, to offer thee, not merely an asylum, for that thou hast already among these brave Zenetes, but an empire! Spain is a prey to distracting factions, and can no longer exist as a dependence upon a throne too remote to watch over its welfare. It needs to be independent of Asia and Africa, and to be under the government of a good prince, who shall reside within it and devote himself entirely to its prosperity; a prince with sufficient title to silence all rival claims and bring the warring parties into unity and peace; and, at the same time, with sufficient ability and virtue to insure the welfare of his dominions. For this

purpose the eyes of all the honorable leaders in Spain have been turned to thee as a descendant of the royal line of Omeya, and an offset from the same stock as our holy prophet. They have heard of thy virtues, and of thy admirable constancy under misfortunes; and invite thee to accept the sovereignty of one of the noblest countries in the world. Thou wilt have some difficulties to encounter from hostile men; but thou wilt have on thy side the bravest captains that have signalized themselves in the conquest of the unbelievers."

The ambassadors ceased, and Abderahman remained for a time lost in wonder and admiration. "God is great!" exclaimed he, at length; "there is but one God, who is God, and Mahomet is his prophet! Illustrious ambassadors, you have put new life into my soul, for you have shown me something to live for. In the few years that I have lived, troubles and sorrows have been heaped upon my head, and I have become inured to hardships and alarms. Since it is the wish of the valiant Moslems of Spain, I am willing to become their leader and defender, and devote myself to their cause, be it happy or disastrous."

The ambassadors now cautioned him to be silent as to their errand, and to depart secretly for Spain. "The seaboard of Africa," said they, "swarms with your enemies, and a powerful faction in Spain would intercept you on landing, did they know your name and rank, and the object of your coming."

But Abderahman replied: "I have been cherished in adversity by these brave Zenetes; I have been protected and honored by them when a price was set upon my head, and to harbor me was great peril. How can I keep my good fortune from my benefactors, and desert their hospitable roofs in silence? He is unworthy of friendship who withholds confidence from his friend."

Charmed with the generosity of his feelings, the ambassadors made no opposition to his wishes. The Zenetes proved themselves worthy of his confidence. They hailed with joy the great change in his fortunes. The warriors and the young men pressed forward to follow and aid them with horse and weapon; "for the honor of a noble house and family," said they, "can be maintained only by lances and horsemen." In a few days he set forth with the ambassadors, at the head of nearly a thousand horsemen, skilled in war, and exercised in the desert, and a large body of infantry, armed with lances. The venerable Xeques, with whom he had resided, blessed him, and shed tears over him at parting, as though he had been his own child; and when the youth passed over the threshold, the house was filled with lamentations.

CHAPTER II.

LANDING OF ABDERAHMAN IN SPAIN.—CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

BDERAHMAN BEN OMEYA arrived in safety on the coast of Andalusia and landed at Almunecar, or Malaga, with his little band of warlike Zenetes. Spain was at that time in great confusion. Upwards of forty years had elapsed since the Conquest. The civil wars in Syria and Egypt, and occasional revolts in Africa, had caused frequent overflowings of different tribes into Spain, which was a place of common refuge. Hither, too, came the fragments of defeated armies, desperate in fortune, with weapons in their hands. These settled themselves in various parts of the peninsula, which thus became divided between the Arabs of Yemen, the Egyptians, the Syrians, and the Alabdarides. The distractions in its Eastern and African provinces prevented the main government at Damascus from exercising any control over its distant and recently acquired territory in Spain, which soon became broken up into factions and a scene of all kinds of abuses. Every sheik and wali considered the town or province committed to his charge an absolute property, and practiced the most ar-

bitrary extortions. These excesses at length became insupportable, and at a convocation of the principal leaders it was determined, as a means of ending these dissensions, to unite all the Moslem provinces of the peninsula under one emir, or general governor. Yusuf el Fehri, an ancient man of honorable lineage, being of the tribe of Koreish, and a descendant of Ocba, the conqueror of Africa, was chosen for this station. He began his reign with policy, and endeavored to conciliate all parties. At the head of the Egyptian faction was a veteran warrior, named Samael, to whom Yusuf gave the government of Toledo, and to his son that of Saragossa. At the head of the Alabdarides was Amer ben Amru, Emir of the Seas; his office being suppressed, Yusuf gave him in place thereof the government of the noble city of Seville. Thus he proceeded, distributing honors and commands, and flattered himself that he secured the loyalty and good-will of every one whom he benefited.

Who shall pretend, says the Arabian sage, to content the human heart by benefits, when even the bounties of Allah are ineffectual? In seeking to befriend all parties, Yusuf created for himself inveterate enemies. Amer ben Amru, powerful from his wealth and connections, and proud of his descent from Mosab, the standard-bearer of the prophet in the battle of Beder, was indignant that Samael and his son, with whom he was at deadly feud, should be appointed to such important commands. He demanded one of those posts for himself, and was refused.

An insurrection and a civil war was the consequence: and the country was laid waste with fire and sword. The inhabitants of the villages fled to the cities for refuge; flourishing towns disappeared from the face of the earth, or were reduced to heaps of rubbish.

In these dismal times, say the Arabian chroniclers, the very heavens gave omens of the distress and desolation of the earth. At Cordova two pale and livid suns were seen shedding a baleful light. In the north appeared a flaming scythe, and the heavens were red as blood. These were regarded as presages of direful calamities and bloody wars.

At the time of the landing of Abderahman in Spain, Yusuf had captured Saragossa, in which was Amer ben Amru, with his son and secretary, and loading them with chains and putting them on camels, he set out on his return to Cordova. He had halted one day in a valley called Wadaramla, and was reposing with his family in his tent, while his people and the prisoners made a repast in the open air. The heart of the old emir was lifted up, for he thought there was no one to dispute with him the domination of Spain. In the midst of his exultation some horsemen were seen spurring up the valley, bearing the standard of the Wali Samael.

That officer arrived, covered with dust and exhausted with fatigue. He brought tidings of the arrival of Abderahman, and that the whole seaboard was flocking to his standard. Messenger after messenger arrived con-

firming the fearful tidings, and adding that this descendant of the Omeyas had been secretly invited to Spain by Amru and his party.

Yusuf waited not to ascertain the truth of this accusation. In a transport of fury he ordered that Amru, his son, and secretary should be cut to pieces. His orders were instantly executed; and this cruelty, adds the Arabian chronicler, lost him the favor of Allah; for from that time success deserted his standard.

CHAPTER III.

TRIUMPHS OF ABDERAHMAN.—THE PALM-TREE WHICH HE PLANTED, AND THE VERSES HE COMPOSED THEREUPON.—INSURRECTIONS.—HIS ENEMIES SUBDUED.—UNDISPUTED SOVEREIGN OF THE MOSLEMS OF SPAIN.—BEGINS THE FAMOUS MOSQUE IN CORDOVA.—HIS DEATH.

ABDERAHMAN had indeed been hailed with joy on his landing. The old people hoped to find tranquillity under the sway of one supreme chieftain, descended from their ancient caliphs; the young men were rejoiced to have a youthful warrior to lead them on to victories; and the populace, charmed with his freshness and manly beauty, his majestic yet gracious and affable demeanor, shouted, "Long live Abderahman, Miramamolin of Spain!"

In a few days the youthful sovereign saw himself at the head of more than twenty thousand men, from the neighborhood of Elvira, Almeria, Malaga, Xeres, and Sidonia. Fair Seville threw open its gates at his approach, and celebrated his arrival with public rejoicings. He continued his march into the country, vanquished one of the sons of Yusuf before the gates of Cordova, and obliged him to take refuge within its walls, where he held him in close siege. Hearing, however, of the

approach of Yusuf, the father, with a powerful army, he divided his forces, and leaving ten thousand men to press the siege, he hastened with the other ten to meet the coming foe.

Yusuf had indeed mustered a formidable force, from the east and south of Spain, and accompanied by his veteran general, Samael, came with confident boasting to drive this intruder from the land. His confidence increased on beholding the small army of Abderahman. Turning to Samael, he repeated, with a scornful sneer, a verse from an Arabian poetess, which says:

"How hard is our lot! We come, a thirsty multitude, and lo! but this cup of water to share among us!"

There was indeed a fearful odds. On the one side were two veteran generals, grown gray in victory, with a mighty host of warriors, seasoned in the wars of Spain. On the other side was a mere youth, scarce attained to manhood, with a hasty levy of half-disciplined troops; but the youth was a prince, flushed with hope, and aspiring after fame and empire, and surrounded by a devoted band of warriors from Africa, whose example infused zeal into the little army.

The encounter took place at daybreak. The impetuous valor of the Zenetes carried everything before it. The cavalry of Yusuf was broken and driven back upon the infantry, and before noon the whole host was put to headlong flight. Yusuf and Samael were borne along in the torrent of the fugitives, raging and storming, and

making ineffectual efforts to rally them. They were separated widely in the confusion of the flight, one taking refuge in the Algarves, the other in the kingdom of Murcia. They afterward rallied, reunited their forces, and made another desperate stand near to Almunecar. The battle was obstinate and bloody, but they were again defeated, and driven, with a handful of followers, to take refuge in the rugged mountains adjacent to Elvira.

The spirit of the veteran Samael gave way before these fearful reverses. "In vain, O Yusuf!" said he, "do we contend with the prosperous star of this youthful conqueror; the will of Allah be done! Let us submit to our fate, and sue for favorable terms while we have yet the means of capitulation."

It was a hard trial for the proud spirit of Yusuf, that had once aspired to uncontrolled sway; but he was compelled to capitulate. Abderahman was as generous as brave. He granted the two gray-headed generals the most honorable conditions, and even took the veteran Samael into favor, employing him, as a mark of confidence, to visit the eastern provinces of Spain, and restore them to tranquillity. Yusuf, having delivered up Elvira and Granada, and complied with other articles of his capitulation, was permitted to retire to Murcia, and rejoin his son Muhamad. A general amnesty to all chiefs and soldiers who should yield up their strongholds and lay down their arms completed the triumph of Abderah-

man, and brought all hearts into obedience. Thus terminated this severe struggle for the domination of Spain; and thus the illustrious family of Omeya, after having been cast down and almost exterminated in the East, took new root, and sprang forth prosperously in the West.

Wherever Abderahman appeared, he was received with rapturous acclamations. As he rode through the cities, the populace rent the air with shouts of joy; the stately palaces were crowded with spectators, eager to gain a sight of his graceful form and beaming countenance; and when they beheld the mingled majesty and benignity of their new monarch, and the sweetness and gentleness of his whole conduct, they extolled him as something more than mortal,—as a beneficent genius, sent for the happiness of Spain.

In the interval of peace which now succeeded, Abderahman occupied himself in promoting the useful and elegant arts, and in introducing into Spain the refinements of the East. Considering the building and ornamenting of cities as among the noblest employments of the tranquil hours of princes, he bestowed great pains upon beautifying the city of Cordova and its environs. He reconstructed banks and dykes to keep the Guadalquivir from overflowing its borders, and on the vast terraces thus formed he planted delightful gardens. In the midst of these he erected a lofty tower, commanding a view of the vast and fruitful valley, enlivened by the

windings of the river. In this tower would he pass hours of meditation, gazing on the soft and varied landscape, and inhaling the bland and balmy airs of that delightful region. At such times his thoughts would recur to the past, and the misfortunes of his youth; the massacre of his family would rise to view, mingled with tender recollections of his native country, from which he was exiled. In these melancholy musings, he would sit with his eyes fixed upon a palm-tree which he had planted in the midst of his garden. It is said to have been the first ever planted in Spain, and to have been the parent stock of all the palm-trees which grace the southern provinces of the peninsula. The heart of Abderahman yearned toward this tree; it was the offspring of his native country, and like him an exile. In one of his moods of tenderness he composed verses upon it, which have since become famous throughout the world. The following is a rude, but literal translation:—

"Beauteous palm! thou also wert hither brought a stranger; but thy roots have found a kindly soil, thy head is lifted to the skies, and the sweet airs of Algarve fondle and kiss thy branches.

"Thou hast known, like me, the storms of adverse fortune. Bitter tears wouldst thou shed, couldst thou feel my woes. Repeated griefs have overwhelmed me. With early tears I bedewed the palms on the banks of the Euphrates; but neither tree nor river heeded my sorrows, when driven by cruel fate and the ferocious Abu

al Abbas, from the scenes of my childhood and the sweet objects of my affection.

"To thee no remembrance remains of my beloved country; I, unhappy! can never recall it without tears!"

The generosity of Abderahman to his vanquished foe was destined to be abused. The veteran Yusuf, in visiting certain of the cities which he had surrendered, found himself surrounded by zealous partisans, ready to peril life in his service. The love of command revived in his bosom, and he repented the facility with which he had suffered himself to be persuaded to submission. Flushed with new hopes of success, he caused arms to be secretly collected and deposited in various villages, most zealous in their professions of devotion, and raising a considerable body of troops, seized upon the castle of Almodovar. The rash rebellion was short-lived. At the first appearance of an army sent by Abderahman, and commanded by Abdelmelee, governor of Seville, the villages which had so recently professed loyalty to Yusuf hastened to declare their attachment to the monarch, and to give up the concealed arms. Almodovar was soon retaken, and Yusuf, driven to the environs of Lorea, was surrounded by the cavalry of Abdelmelee. The veteran endeavored to cut a passage through the enemy, but after fighting with desperate fury, and with a force of arm incredible in one of his age, he fell beneath blows from weapons of all kinds, so that after the battle his body could scarcely be recognized, so numerous were the wounds. His head

was cut off and sent to Cordova, where it was placed in an iron cage, over the gate of the city.

The old lion was dead, but his whelps survived. Yusuf had left three sons, who inherited his warlike spirit, and were eager to revenge his death. Collecting a number of the scattered adherents of their house, they surprised and seized upon Toledo during the absence of Temam, its wali or commander. In this old warrior city, built upon a rock, and almost surrounded by the Tagus, they set up a kind of robber hold, scouring the surrounding country, levying tribute, seizing upon horses, and compelling the peasantry to join their standard. Every day cavalcades of horses and mules, laden with spoil, with flocks of sheep and droves of cattle, came pouring over the bridges on either side of the city, and thronging in at the gates,—the plunder of the surrounding country. Those of the inhabitants who were still loyal to Abderahman dared not lift up their voices, for men of the sword bore sway. At length one day, when the sons of Yusuf, with their choicest troops, were out on a maraud, the watchmen on the towers gave the alarm. A troop of scattered horsemen were spurring wildly toward the gates. The banners of the sons of Yusuf were descried. Two of them spurred into the city, followed by a handful of warriors, covered with confusion and dismay. They had been encountered and defeated by the Wali Temam, and one of the brothers had been slain.

The gates were secured in all haste, and the walls

were scarcely manned when Temam appeared before them with his troops, and summoned the city to surrender. A great internal commotion ensued between the loyalists and the insurgents; the latter, however, had weapons in their hands, and prevailed; and for several days, trusting to the strength of their rock-built fortress, they set the wali at defiance. At length some of the loyal inhabitants of Toledo, who knew all its secret and subterraneous passages, some of which, if chroniclers may be believed, have existed since the days of Hercules, if not of Tubal Cain, introduced Temam, and a chosen band of his warriors, into the very centre of the city, where they suddenly appeared as if by magic. A panic seized upon the insurgents. Some sought safety in submission, some in concealment, some in flight. Casim, one of the sons of Yusuf, escaped in disguise; the youngest, unharmed, was taken, and was sent captive to the king, accompanied by the head of his brother, who had been slain in battle.

When Abderahman beheld the youth laden with chains, he remembered his own sufferings in his early days, and had compassion on him; but, to prevent him from doing further mischief, he imprisoned him in a tower of the wall of Cordova.

In the meantime, Casim, who had escaped, managed to raise another band of warriors. Spain, in all ages a guerilla country, prone to partisan warfare and petty maraud, was at that time infested by bands of licentious

troops, who had sprung up in the civil contests; their only object pillage, their only dependence the sword, and ready to flock to any new and desperate standard that promised the greatest license. With a ruffian force thus levied, Casim scoured the country, took Sidonia by storm, and surprised Seville while in a state of unsuspecting security.

Abderahman put himself at the head of his faithful Zenetes, and took the field in person. By the rapidity of his movements the rebels were defeated, Sidonia and Seville speedily retaken, and Casim was made prisoner. The generosity of Abderahman was again exhibited toward this unfortunate son of Yusuf. He spared his life, and sent him to be confined in a tower at Toledo.

The veteran Samael had taken no part in these insurrections, but had attended faithfully to the affairs intrusted to him by Abderahman. The death of his old friend and colleague, Yusuf, however, and the subsequent disasters of his family, filled him with despondency. Fearing the inconstancy of fortune, and the dangers incident to public employ, he entreated the king to be permitted to retire to his house in Seguenza, and indulge a privacy and repose suited to his advanced age. His prayer was granted. The veteran laid by his arms, battered in a thousand conflicts; hung his sword and lance against the wall, and, surrounded by a few friends, gave himself up apparently to the sweets of quiet and unambitious leisure.

Who can count, however, upon the tranquil content of a heart nurtured amid the storms of war and ambition? Under the ashes of this outward humility were glowing the coals of faction. In his seemingly philosophical retirement, Samael was concerting with his friends new treason against Abderahman. His plot was discovered; his house was suddenly surrounded by troops; and he was conveyed to a tower at Toledo, where, in the course of a few months, he died in captivity.

The magnanimity of Abderahman was again put to the proof by a new insurrection at Toledo. Hixem ben Adra, a relation of Yusuf, seized upon the alcazar, or citadel, slew several of the royal adherents of the king, liberated Casim from his tower, and, summoning all the banditti of the country, soon mustered a force of ten thousand men. Abderahman was quickly before the walls of Toledo, with the troops of Cordova and his devoted Zenetes. The rebels were brought to terms, and surrendered the city on promise of general pardon, which was extended even to Hixem and Casim. When the chieftains saw Hixem and his principal confederates in the power of Abderahman, they advised him to put them all to death. "A promise given to traitors and rebels," said they, "is not binding when it is to the interest of the state that it should be broken."

"No!" replied Abderahman, "if the safety of my throne were at stake, I would not break my word." So saying, he confirmed the amnesty, and granted Hixem

ben Adra a worthless life, to be employed in further treason.

Scarcely had Abderahman returned from this expedition, when a powerful army, sent by the caliph, landed from Africa on the coast of the Algarves. The commander, Aly ben Mogueth, Emir of Cairvan, elevated a rich banner which he had received from the hands of the caliph. Wherever he went, he ordered the caliph of the East to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet, denouncing Abderahman as a usurper, the vagrant member of a family proscribed and execrated in all the mosques of the East.

One of the first to join his standard was Hixem ben Adra, so recently pardoned by Abderahman. He seized upon the citadel of Toledo, and repairing to the camp of Aly, offered to deliver the city into his hands.

Abderahman, as bold in war as he was gentle in peace, took the field with his wonted promptness; overthrew his enemies with great slaughter; drove some to the sea-coast to regain their ships, and others to the mountains. The body of Aly was found on the field of battle. Abderahman caused the head to be struck off, and conveyed to Cairvan, where it was affixed at night to a column in the public square, with this inscription,—"Thus Abderahman, the descendant of the Omeyas, punishes the rash and arrogant."

Hixem ben Adra escaped from the field of battle, and excited further troubles, but was eventually captured by

Abdelmelee, who ordered his head to be struck off on the spot, lest he should again be spared through the wonted clemency of Abderahman.

Notwithstanding these signal triumphs, the reign of Abderahman was disturbed by further insurrections, and by another descent from Africa, but he was victorious over them all; striking the roots of his power deeper and deeper into the land. Under his sway, the government of Spain became more regular and consolidated, and acquired an independence of the empire of the East. The caliph continued to be considered as first pontiff and chief of the religion, but he ceased to have any temporal power over Spain.

Having again an interval of peace, Abderahman devoted himself to the education of his children. Suleiman, the eldest, he appointed wali, or governor, of Toledo, Abdallah, the second, was intrusted with the command of Merida; but the third son, Hixem, was the delight of his heart, the son of Howara, his favorite sultana whom he loved throughout life with the utmost tenderness. With this youth, who was full of promise, he relaxed from the fatigues of government; joining in his youthful sports amidst the delightful gardens of Cordova, and teaching him the gentle art of falconry, of which the king was so fond that he received the name of the Falcon of Coraixi.

While Abderahman was thus indulging in the gentle propensities of his nature, mischief was secretly at work. Muhamad, the youngest son of Yusuf, had been

for many years a prisoner in the tower of Cordova. Being passive and resigned, his keepers relaxed their vigilance, and brought him forth from his dungeon. He went groping about, however, in broad daylight, as if still in the darkness of his tower. His guards watched him narrowly, lest this should be a deception, but were at length convinced that the long absence of light had rendered him blind. They now permitted him to descend frequently to the lower chambers of the tower, and to sleep there occasionally during the heats of summer. They even allowed him to grope his way to the cistern, in quest of water for his ablutions.

A year passed in this way, without anything to excite suspicion. During all this time, however, the blindness of Muhamad was entirely a deception; and he was concerting a plan of escape, through the aid of some friends of his father, who found means to visit him occasionally. One sultry evening in midsummer the guards had gone to bathe in the Guadalquivir, leaving Muhamad alone, in the lower chambers of the tower. No sooner were they out of sight and hearing, than he hastened to a window of the staircase, leading down to the cistern, lowered himself as far as his arms would reach, and dropped without injury to the ground. Plunging into the Guadalquivir, he swam across to a thick grove on the opposite side, where his friends were waiting to receive him. Here, mounting a horse which they had provided for an event of the kind, he fled across the country, by solitary

roads, and made good his escape to the mountains of Jaen.

The guardians of the tower dreaded for some time to make known his flight to Abderahman. When at length it was told to him, he exclaimed,—"All is the work of eternal wisdom; it is intended to teach us that we cannot benefit the wicked without injuring the good. The flight of that blind man will cause much trouble and bloodshed."

His predictions were verified. Muhamad reared the standard of rebellion in the mountains; the seditious and discontented of all kinds hastened to join it, together with soldiers of fortune, or rather wandering banditti, and he had soon six thousand men, well armed, hardy in habits, and desperate in character. His brother Casim also reappeared about the same time, in the mountains of Ronda, at the head of a daring band, that laid all the neighboring valleys under contribution.

Abderahman summoned his alcaids from their various military posts, to assist in driving the rebels from their mountain fastnesses into the plains. It was a dangerous and protracted toil, for the mountains were frightfully wild and rugged. He entered them with a powerful host, driving the rebels from height to height, and valley to valley, and harassing them by a galling fire from thousands of cross-bows. At length a decisive battle took place near the river Guadalemar. The rebels were signally defeated; four thousand fell in action; many were

drowned in the river, and Muhamad, with a few horsemen, escaped to the mountains of the Algarves. Here he was hunted by the alcaids from one desolate retreat to another; his few followers grew tired of sharing the disastrous fortunes of a fated man, one by one deserted him, and he himself deserted the remainder, fearing they might give him up, to purchase their own pardon.

Lonely and disguised, he plunged into the depths of the forests, or lurked in dens and caverns like a famished wolf, often casting back his thoughts with regret to the time of his captivity in the gloomy tower of Cordova. Hunger at length drove him to Alarcon, at the risk of being discovered. Famine and misery, however, had so wasted and changed him, that he was not recognized. He remained nearly a year in Alarcon, unnoticed and unknown, yet constantly tormenting himself with the dread of discovery, and with groundless fears of the vengeance of Abderahman. Death at length put an end to his wretchedness.

A milder fate attended his brother Casim. Being defeated in the mountains of Murcia, he was conducted in chains to Cordova. On coming into the presence of Abderahman, his once fierce and haughty spirit, broken by distress, gave way; he threw himself on the earth, kissed the dust beneath the feet of the king, and implored his clemency. The benignant heart of Abderahman was filled with melancholy, rather than exultation, at beholding this wreck of the once haughty family of Yusuf a

suppliant at his feet, and suing for mere existence. He thought upon the mutability of Fortune, and felt how insecure are all her favors. He raised the unhappy Casim from the earth, ordered his irons to be taken off, and, not content with mere forgiveness, treated him with honor, and gave him possessions in Seville, where he might live in state conformable to the ancient dignity of his family. Won by this great and persevering magnanimity, Casim ever after remained one of the most devoted of his subjects.

All the enemies of Abderahman were at length subdued; he reigned undisputed sovereign of the Moslems of Spain; and so benign was his government, that every one blessed the revival of the illustrious line of Omeya. He was at all times accessible to the humblest of his subjects; the poor man ever found in him a friend, and the oppressed a protector. He improved the administration of justice, established schools for public instruction, encouraged poets and men of letters, and cultivated the sciences. He built mosques in every city that he visited; inculcated religion by example as well as by precept; and celebrated all the festivals prescribed by the Koran with the utmost magnificence.

As a monument of gratitude to God for the prosperity with which he had been favored, he undertook to erect a mosque in his favorite city of Cordova that should rival in splendor the great mosque of Damascus, and excel the one recently erected in Bagdad by the Abassides, the supplanters of his family.

It is said that he himself furnished the plan for this famous edifice, and even worked on it, with his own hands, one hour in each day, to testify his zeal and humility in the service of God, and to animate his workmen. He did not live to see it completed, but it was finished according to his plans by his son Hixem. When finished, it surpassed the most splendid mosques of the East. It was six hundred feet in length, and two hundred and fifty in breadth. Within were twenty-eight aisles, crossed by nineteen, supported by a thousand and ninety-three columns of marble. There were nineteen portals, covered with plates of bronze, of rare workmanship. The principal portal was covered with plates of gold. On the summit of the grand cupola were three gilt balls, surmounted by a golden pomegranate. At night the mosque was illuminated with four thousand seven hundred lamps, and great sums were expended in amber and aloes, which were burnt as perfumes. The mosque remains to this day shorn of its ancient splendor, yet still one of the grandest Moslem monuments in Spain.

Finding himself advancing in years, Abderahman assembled in his capital of Cordova the principal governors and commanders of his kingdom, and in presence of them all, with great solemnity, nominated his son Hixem as the successor to the throne. All present made an oath of fealty to Abderahman during his life, and to Hixem after his death. The prince was younger than his brothers, Suleiman and Abdallah; but he was the son of How-

ara, the tenderly beloved sultana of Abderahman, and her influence, it is said, gained him this preference.

Within a few months afterward Abderahman fell grievously sick at Merida. Finding his end approaching, he summoned Hixem to his bedside. "My son," said he, "the angel of death is hovering over me; treasure up, therefore, in thy heart this dying counsel, which I give through the great love I bear thee. Remember that all empire is from God, who gives and takes it away, according to his pleasure. Since God, through his divine goodness, has given us regal power and authority, let us do his holy will, which is nothing else than to do good to all men, and especially to those committed to our protection. Render equal justice, my son, to the rich and the poor, and never suffer injustice to be done within thy dominion, for it is the road to perdition. Be merciful and benignant to those dependent upon thee. Confide the government of thy cities and provinces to men of worth and experience; punish without compassion those ministers who oppress thy people with exorbitant exactions. Pay thy troops punctually; teach them to feel a certainty in thy promises; command them with gentleness but firmness, and make them in truth the defenders of the state, not its destroyers. Cultivate unceasingly the affections of thy people; for in their good-will consists the security of the state, in their distrust its peril, in their hatred its certain ruin. Protect the husbandmen, who cultivate the earth and yield us necessary sustenance; never permit

their fields and groves and gardens to be disturbed. In a word, act in such wise that thy people may bless thee, and may enjoy, under the shadow of thy wing, a secure and tranquil life. In this consists good government; if thou dost practice it, thou wilt be happy among thy people, and renowned throughout the world."

Having given this excellent counsel, the good King Abderahman blessed his son Hixem, and shortly after died, being but in the sixtieth year of his age. He was interred with great pomp; but the highest honors that distinguished his funeral were the tears of real sorrow shed upon his grave. He left behind him a name for valor, justice, and magnanimity, and forever famous as being the founder of the glorious line of the Ommiades in Spain.

CHRONICLE OF FERNAN GONZALEZ

COUNT OF CASTILE.

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INTRODUCTION.

AT the time of the general wreck of Spain by the sudden tempest of Arab invasion, many of the inhabitants took refuge in the mountains of the Asturias, burying themselves in narrow valleys difficult of access, wherever a constant stream of water afforded a green bosom of pasture-land and scanty fields for cultivation. For mutual protection they gathered together in small villages called castros, or castrellos, with watch-towers and fortresses on impending cliffs, in which they might shelter and defend themselves in case of sudden inroad. Thus arose the kingdom of the Asturias, subject to Pelayo and the kings his successors, who gradually extended their dominions, built towns and cities, and after a time fixed their seat of government at the city of Leon.

An important part of the region over which they bore

sway was ancient Cantabria, extending from the Bay of Biscay to the Duero, and called Castile from the number of castles with which it was studded. They divided it into seigniories, over which they placed civil and military governors called counts—a title said to be derived from the Latin *comes*, a companion, the person enjoying it being admitted to the familiar companionship of the king, entering into his councils in time of peace, and accompanying him to the field in time of war. The title of count was therefore more dignified than that of duke in the time of the Gothic kings.

The power of these counts increased to such a degree that four of them formed a league to declare themselves independent of the crown of Leon. Ordoño II., who was then king, received notice of it, and got them into his power by force, as some assert, but as others maintain, by perfidious artifice. At any rate, they were brought to court, convicted of treason, and publicly beheaded. The Castilians flew to arms to revenge their deaths. Ordoño took the field with a powerful army, but his own death defeated all his plans.

The Castilians now threw off allegiance to the kingdom of Leon, and elected two judges to rule over them—one in a civil, the other in a military capacity. The first who filled those stations were Nuño Rasura and Lain Calvo, two powerful nobles, the former descended from Diego Porcello, a count of Lara; the latter, ancestor of the renowned Cid Campeador.

Nuño Rasura, the civil and political judge, was succeeded by his son Gonzalez Nuño, who married Doña Ximena, a daughter of one of the counts of Castile put to death by Ordoño II. From this marriage came Fernan Gonzalez, the subject of the following chronicle.

CHAPTER I.

INSTALLATION OF FERNAN GONZALEZ AS COUNT OF CASTILE.—HIS FIRST CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOORS.—VICTORY OF SAN QUIRCE.—HOW THE COUNT DISPOSED OF THE SPOILS.

THE renowned Fernan Gonzalez, the most complete hero of his time, was born about the year 887. Historians trace his descent to Nuño Belchidez, nephew of the Emperor Charlemagne, and Doña Sula Bella, granddaughter to the prince Don Sancho, rightful sovereign of Spain, but superseded by Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings.

Fernan Gonzalez was hardily educated among the mountains in a strong place called Maron, in the house of Martin Gonzalez, a gallant and veteran cavalier. From his earliest years he was inured to all kinds of toils and perils, taught to hunt, to hawk, to ride the great horse, to manage sword, lance, and buckler; in a word, he was accomplished in all the noble exercises befitting a cavalier.

His father, Gonzalvo Nuñez, died in 903, and his elder brother, Rodrigo, in 904, without issue; and such was the admiration already entertained of Fernan Gonzalez by the hardy mountaineers and old Castilian warriors, that

though scarce seventeen years of age, he was unanimously elected to rule over them. His title is said to have been Count, Duke, and Consul, under the seigniory of Alonzo the Great, King of Leon. A cortes, or assemblage of the nobility and chivalry of Castile and of the mountains, met together at the recently built city of Burgos to do honor to his installation. Sebastian, the renowned Bishop of Oca, officiated.

In those stern days of Spain, the situation of a sovereign was not that of silken ease and idle ceremonial. When he put the rich crown upon his head, he encircled it likewise with shining steel. With the sceptre were united the lance and shield, emblems of perpetual war against the enemies of the faith. The cortes took this occasion to pass the following laws for the government of the realm :—

1. Above all things the people should observe the law of God, the canons and statutes of the holy fathers, the liberty and privileges of the Church, and the respect due to its ministers.

2. No person should prosecute another out of Castile at any tribunal of justice or of arms, under pain of being considered a stranger.

3. All Jews and Moors who refused to acknowledge the Christian faith should depart from Castile within two months.

4. That cavaliers of noble blood should treat their tenants and vassals with love and gentleness.

5. That he who slew another, or committed any other grave offense, should make equal measure of atonement.

6. That no one should take the property of another; but, if oppressed by poverty, should come to the count, who ought to be as a father to all.

7. That all should unite and be of one heart, and aid one another in defense of their faith and of their country.

Such were the ordinances of the ancient Cortes of Burgos; brief and simple, and easy to be understood; not, as at the present day, multifarious and perplexed, to the confusion and ruin of clients and the enrichment of lawyers.

Scarce was the installation ended, and while Burgos was yet abandoned to festivity, ere the young count, with the impatient ardor of youth, caused the trumpets to sound through the streets a call to arms. A captain of the Moorish king of Toledo was ravaging the territory of Castile at the head of seven thousand troops, and against him the youthful count determined to make his first campaign. In the spur of the moment but one hundred horsemen and fifteen hundred foot-soldiers could be collected; but with this slender force the count prepared to take the field. Ruy Velazquez, a valiant cavalier, remonstrated against such rashness, but in vain. "I owe," said the count, "a death to the grave; the debt can never be paid so honorably as in the service of God and my country. Let every one, therefore, address himself heart and hand to this enterprise; for if I come face to face with

this Moor, I will most assuredly give him battle." So saying, he knelt before Bishop Sebastian of Salamanca and craved his benediction. The reverend prelate invoked on his head the blessing and protection of Heaven, for his heart yearned toward him; but when he saw the youthful warrior about to depart, he kindled as it were with a holy martial fire, and ordering his steed to be saddled he sallied forth with him to the wars.

The little army soon came upon traces of the enemy in fields laid waste, and the smoking ruins of villages and hamlets. The count sent out scouts to clamber every height and explore every defile. From the summit of a hill they beheld the Moors encamped in a valley which was covered with the flocks and herds swept from the neighboring country. The camp of the marauders was formidable as to numbers, with various standards floating in the breeze; for in this foray were engaged the Moorish chiefs of Saragossa, Denia, and Seville, together with many valiant Moslems who had crossed the straits from Africa to share in what they considered a holy enterprise. The scouts observed, however, that the most negligent security reigned throughout the camp; some reposing, others feasting and reveling, all evidently considering themselves safe from any attack.

Upon hearing this the count led his men secretly and silently to the assault, and came upon the Moors in the midst of their revelry, before they had time to buckle on their armor. The infidels, however, made a brave though

confused resistance; the camp was strewn with their dead; many were taken prisoners, and the rest began to falter. The count killed their captain-general with his own hand, in single fight, as he was bravely rallying his troops. Upon seeing him fall, the Moors threw down their weapons and fled.

Immense booty was found in the Moorish camp,—partly the rich arms and equipments of the infidel warriors, partly the plunder of the country. An ordinary victor would have merely shared the spoils with his soldiery, but the count was as pious as he was brave, and, moreover, had by his side the venerable Bishop of Salamanca as counselor. Contenting himself, therefore, with distributing one-third among his soldiery, he shared the rest with God, devoting a large part to the Church, and to the relief of souls in purgatory—a pious custom, which he ever after observed. He moreover founded a church on the field of battle, dedicated to St. Quirce, on whose festival (the 16th July) this victory was obtained. To this church was subsequently added a monastery where a worthy fraternity of monks were maintained in the odor of sanctity, to perpetuate the memory of this victory. All this was doubtless owing to the providential presence of the good bishop on this occasion; and this is one instance of the great benefit derived from those priests and monks and other purveyors of the Church, who hovered about the Christian camps throughout all these wars with the infidels.

CHAPTER II.

OF THE SALLY FROM BURGOS AND SURPRISE OF THE CASTLE OF LARA.—CAPITULATION OF THE TOWN.—VISIT TO ALFONZO THE GREAT, KING OF LEON.

COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ did not remain idle after the victory of San Quirce. There was at this time an old castle, strong but much battered in the wars, which protected a small town, the remains of the once flourishing city of Lara. It was the ancient domain of his family, but was at present in possession of the Moors. In sooth it had repeatedly been taken and retaken; for in those iron days no castle nor fortress remained long under the same masters. One year it was in the hands of the Christians; the next, of the Moors. Some of these castles, with their dependent towns, were sacked, burnt, and demolished; others remained silent and deserted, their original owners fearing to reside in them; and their ruined towers were only tenanted by bats and owls and screaming birds of prey. Lara had lain for a time in ruins after being captured by the Moors, but had been rebuilt by them with diminished grandeur, and they held a strong garrison in the castle, whence they sallied forth occasionally to ravage the

lands of the Christians. The Moorish chieftain of Lara as has been observed, was among the associated maraud ers who had been routed in the battle of San Quirce and the Count Fernan Gonzalez thought this a favorabl time to strike for the recovery of his family domain, nov that the infidel possessor was weakened by defeat an could receive no succor.

Appointing Rodrigo Velasquez and the Count Do Vela Alvarez to act as governors of Castile during hi absence, the count sallied forth from Burgos with brilliant train of chivalry. Among the distinguishe cavaliers who attended him were Martin Gonzalez, Do Gustios Gonzalez, Don Velasco, and Don Lope de Bis caya, which last brought a goodly band of stout Biscay ans. The alfarez, or standard-bearer, was Orbita Velas quez, who had distinguished himself in the battle of Sa Quirce. He bore as a standard a great cross of silve which shone gloriously in front of the host, and is pr served, even to the present day, in the church of Sa Pedro de Arlanza. One hundred and fifty noble cav liers, well armed and mounted, with many esquires ar pages of the lance, and three thousand foot-soldier all picked men, formed this small but stout-heart army.

The count led his troops with such caution that th arrived in the neighborhood of Lara without being di covered. It was the vigil of St. John; the country w wrapped in evening shadows, and the count was enabl

to approach near to the place to make his observations. He perceived that his force was too inconsiderable to invest the town and fortress. Besides, about two leagues distant was the gaunt and rock-built castle of Carazo, a presidio or stronghold of the Moors, whence he might be attacked in the rear, should he linger before the fortress. It was evident, therefore, that whatever was to be effected must be done promptly and by sudden surprise. Revolving these things in his mind he put his troops in ambush in a deep ravine where they took their rest, while he kept watch upon the castle; maturing his plans against the morrow. In this way he passed his midsummer's night, the vigil of the blessed St. John.

The festival of St. John is observed as well by Mahometans as Christians. During the night the bonfires blazed on the hill-tops and the sound of music and festivity was heard from within the town. When the rising sun shone along the valley of the Arlanza the Moors in the castle, unsuspicious of any lurking danger, threw open the gates and issued forth to recreate themselves in the green fields and along the banks of the river. When they had proceeded to a considerable distance, and a hill shut them from view, the count with his eager followers issued silently but swiftly from their hiding-place and made directly for the castle. On the way they met with another band of Moors who had likewise come forth for amusement. The count struck the leader to the earth with one blow of his lance; the rest were either

slain or taken prisoners; so that not one escaped to give the alarm.

Those of the garrison who had remained in the castle, seeing a Christian force rushing up to the very walls, hastened to close the gates, but it was too late. The count and his cavaliers burst them open and put every one to the sword who made opposition. Leaving Don Velasco and a number of soldiers to guard the castle, the count hastened with the rest in pursuit of the Moors who were solemnizing the day on the banks of the Arlanza. Some were reclining on the grass, others were amusing themselves with music and the popular dance of the Zambra, while their arms lay scattered among the herbage.

At sight of the Christians, they snatched up their weapons and made a desperate though vain resistance. Within two hours almost all were either slain or captured; a few escaped to the neighboring mountains of Carazo. The town, seeing the castle in the hands of the Christians, and the garrison routed and destroyed, readily capitulated; and the inhabitants were permitted to retain unmolested possession of their houses, on agreeing to pay to the count the same tribute which had been exacted from them by the Moorish king. Don Velasco was left alcaid of the fortress, and the count returned, covered with glory, to his capital of Burgos.

The brilliant victories and hardy deeds of arms with which the youthful Count of Castile had commenced his

reign excited the admiration of Alfonzo the Great, King of Leon, and he sent missives urging him to appear at his royal court. The count accordingly set forth with a cavalcade of his most approved knights and many of his relatives, sumptuously armed and arrayed and mounted on steeds richly caparisoned. It was a pageant befitting a young and magnificent chief, in the freshness and pleasance of his years.

The king came out of the city to meet him, attended by all the pomp and grandeur of his court. The count alighted, and approached to kiss the king's hand; but Alfonzo alighted also, and embraced him with great affection, and the friendship of these illustrious princes continued without interruption throughout the life of the king.

CHAPTER III.

EXPEDITION AGAINST THE FORTRESS OF MUGNON.—DESPERATE DEFENSE OF THE MOORS.—ENTERPRISE AGAINST CASTRO XERIZ.

MANY are the doughty achievements recorded in ancient chronicles of this most valorous cavalier; among others is his expedition, with a chosen band, against the castle of Mugnon, a place of great importance, which stood at no great distance from Burgos. He sallied from his capital in an opposite direction, to delude the Moorish scouts; but making a sudden turn, came upon the fortress by surprise, broke down the gates, and forced his way in at the head of his troops, having nothing but a dagger in his hand, his lance and sword having been broken in the assault. The Moors fought desperately from court to tower, from tower to wall; and when they saw all resistance vain, many threw themselves from the battlements into the ditch rather than be made captives. Leaving a strong garrison in the place, the count returned to Burgos.

His next enterprise was against Castro Xeriz, a city with a strong castle, which had been a thorn in the side of Castile—the Moorish garrison often sweeping the

road between Burgos and Leon, carrying off travellers, capturing cattle, and plundering convoys of provisions and merchandise. The count advanced against this place in open day, ravaging the country and announcing his approach by clouds of smoke from the burning habitations of the Moors. Abdallah, the alcaid of the fortress, would have made peace, but the count refused all terms. "God," said he, "has appointed me to rescue his holy inheritance from the power of infidels; nothing is to be negotiated but by the edge of the sword."

Abdallah then made a sally with a chosen band of his cavaliers. They at first careered lightly with their Arabian steeds and launched their Moorish darts, but the Christians closed in the old Gothic style, fighting hand to hand. Abdallah fell by the sword of the count, and his followers fled with loosened reins back to the city. The Christians followed hard upon them, strewing the ground with dead. At the gate of the city they were met by Almondir, the son of Abdallah, who disputed the gateway and the street inch by inch, until the whole place ran with blood. The Moors, driven from the streets, took refuge in the castle, where Almondir inspirited them to a desperate defense, until a stone struck him as he stood on the battlements, and he fell to the earth dead. Having no leader to direct them, the Moors surrendered. When the town was cleared of the dead, and order restored, the count divided the spoils—allotting the houses among his followers, and peopling the place with Chris-

tians. He gave the command of it to Layn Bermudez with the title of count. From him descended an illustrious line of cavaliers termed de Castro, whose male line became extinct in Castile, but continued to flourish in Portugal. The place is said to have been called Castro Xeriz, in consequence of the blood shed in this conflict—xeriz, in the Arabic language signifying bloody.*

* Sandoval, p. 301.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW THE COUNT OF CASTILE AND THE KING OF LEON MADE A TRIUMPHANT FORAY INTO THE MOORISH COUNTRY.—CAPTURE OF SALAMANCA.—OF THE CHALLENGE BROUGHT BY THE HERALD AND OF THE COUNT'S DEFIANCE.

COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ was restless, daring, and impetuous; he seldom suffered lance to rest on wall or steed in stable, and no Moorish commander could sleep in quiet who held town or tower in his neighborhood. King Alonzo the Great became emulous of sharing in his achievements, and they made a campaign together against the Moors. The count brought a splendid array of Castilian chivalry into the field, together with a host of Montaneses, hardy and vigorous troops from the Asturias, excellent for marauding warfare. The King of Leon brought his veteran bands, seasoned to battle. With their united forces they ravaged the Moorish country, marking their way with havoc and devastation; arrived before Salamanca, they took that city by storm after a brave defense, and gave it up to be sacked by the soldiery. After which such of the Moors as chose to remain in it were suffered to retain their possessions as vassals to the king. Having accom-

plished this triumphant foray, they returned, each one to his capital.

The Count of Castile did not repose long in his palace. One day a Moorish herald, magnificently dressed, rode into the city of Burgos, bringing Fernan Gonzalez a cartel of defiance. It was from a vaunting Moor named Acefali, who had entered the territories of Castile with a powerful force of horse and foot, giving out that he had come to measure strength and prowess with the count in battle. Don Fernan Gonzalez replied to the defiance with weapon in hand at the head of his warriors. A pitched battle ensued, which lasted from early morn until evening twilight. In the course of the fight the count was in imminent peril, his horse being killed under him and himself surrounded, but he was rescued by his cavaliers. After great bloodshed, the Moors were routed and pursued beyond the borders. The spoil gained in this battle was devoutly expended in repairing the churches of Castile and the Montaneses.

CHAPTER V.

A NIGHT ASSAULT UPON THE CASTLE OF CARAZO.—THE MOORISH MAIDEN WHO BETRAYED THE GARRISON.

IN those warlike times of Spain every one lived with sword in hand; there was scarcely a commanding cliff or hill-top but had its castle. Moors and Christians regarded each other from rival towers and battlements perched on opposite heights, and were incessantly contending for the dominion of the valleys.

We have seen that Count Fernan Gonzalez had regained possession of the ancient town and fortress of Lara, the domain of his ancestors; but it will be recollected that within two leagues' distance stood the Moorish presidio of Carazo. It was perched like an eagle's nest on the summit of a mountain, and the cragged steepness of its position, and its high and thick walls seemed to render it proof against all assault. The Moors who garrisoned it were fierce marauders, who used to sweep down like birds of prey from their lofty nest, pounce upon the flocks and dwellings of the Christians, make hasty ravages, and bear away their spoils to the

mountain-top. There was no living with safety or tranquillity within the scope of their maraudings.

Intelligence of their misdeeds was brought to the count at Burgos. He determined to have that castle of Carazo, whatever might be the cost: for this purpose he called a council of his chosen cavaliers. He did not conceal the peril of the enterprise, from the crag-built situation of the castle, its great strength, and the vigilance and valor of its garrison. Still the Castilian cavaliers offered themselves to carry the fortress or die.

The count sallied secretly from Burgos with a select force, and repaired in the night-time to Lara, that the Moors might have no intimation nor suspicion of his design. In the midst of the next night the castle gate was quietly opened, and they issued forth as silently as possible, pursuing their course in the deep shadows of the valley until they came to the foot of the mountain of Carazo. Here they remained in ambush, and sent forth scouts. As the latter prowled about, the day began to dawn, and they heard a female voice singing above them on the side of the mountain. It was a Moorish damsel coming down, with a vessel upon her head. She descended to a fountain which gushed forth beneath a grove of willows, and as she sang she began to fill her vessel with water. The spies issued from their concealment, seized her, and carried her to Count Fernan Gonzalez.

Overcome by terror or touched by conviction, the

Moorish damsel threw herself on her knees before the count, declared her wish to turn Christian, and offered, in proof of her sincerity, to put him in a way of gaining possession of the castle. Being encouraged to proceed, she told him that there was to be a marriage feast that day in the castle, and of course a great deal of revelry, which would put the garrison off its guard. She pointed out a situation where he might lie in ambush with his troops in sight of the tower, and promised when a favorable moment presented for an attack to give a signal with a light.

The count regarded her for a time with a fixed and earnest gaze, but saw no faltering nor change of countenance. The case required bold measures, combined with stratagem; so he confided in her, and permitted her to return to the castle. All day he lay in ambush with his troops, each man his hand upon his weapon to guard against surprise. The distant sound of revelry from the castle, with now and then the clash of cymbals, the bray of trumpets, and a strain of festive music, showed the gayety that reigned within. Night came on; lights gleamed from walls and windows, but none resembling the appointed signal. It was almost midnight, and the count began to fear the Moorish damsel had deceived him, when to his great joy he saw the signal-light gleaming from one of the towers.

He now sallied forth with his men, and all, on foot, clambered up the steep and rugged height. They had

almost attained the foot of the towers when they were descried by a sentinel, who cried with a loud voice, "The foe! the foe! to arms! to arms!" The count, followed by his hardy cavaliers, rushed forward to the gate, crying, "God and Saint Millan!" The whole castle was instantly in an uproar. The Moors were bewildered by the sudden surprise and the confusion of a night assault. They fought bravely, but irregularly. The Christians had but one plan and one object. After a hard struggle and great bloodshed, they forced the gate and made themselves masters of the castle.

The count remained several days, fortifying the place and garrisoning it, that it might not fall again into the possession of the Moors. He bestowed magnificent rewards on the Moorish damsel who had thus betrayed her countrymen; she embraced the Christian faith, to which she had just given such a signal proof of devotion, though it is not said whether the count had sufficient confidence in her conversion and her newly moulted piety to permit her to remain in the fortress she had betrayed.

Having completed his arrangements, the count departed on his return, and encountered on the road his mother, Doña Nuña Fernandez, who, exulting in his success, had set out to visit him at Carazo. The mother and son had a joyful meeting, and gave the name of Contreras to the place of their encounter.

CHAPTER VI.

DEATH OF ALFONSO, KING OF LEON.—THE MOORS DETERMINED TO STRIKE A FRESH BLOW AT THE COUNT, WHO SUMMONS ALL CASTILE TO HIS STANDARD.—OF HIS HUNT IN THE FOREST WHILE WAITING FOR THE ENEMY, AND OF THE HERMIT THAT HE MET WITH.

LFONSO THE GREAT was now growing old and infirm, and his queen and sons, taking advantage of his age and feebleness, endeavored by harsh treatment to compel him to relinquish the crown. Count Fernan Gonzalez interceded between them, but in vain; and Alfonso was at length obliged to surrender his crown to his oldest son, Don Garcia. The aged monarch then set out upon a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Iago; but, falling ill of his mortal malady, sent for the count to come to him to his death-bed at Zamora. The count hastened thither with all zeal and loyalty. He succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between Alfonso and his son Don Garcia in his dying moments, and was with the monarch when he quietly breathed his last. The death of the king gave fresh courage to the Moors, and they thought this a favorable moment to strike a blow at the rising power of the count. Abderah-

man was at this time king of Cordova and Miramamolin, or sovereign, of the Moors in Spain. He had been enraged at the capture of the castle of Carazo, and the other victories of the count; and now that the latter had no longer the King of Leon to back him, it was thought he might, by a vigorous effort, be completely crushed. Abderahman accordingly assembled at Cordova a great army of Moorish warriors, both those of Spain and Africa, and sent them, under the command of Almanzor, to ravage the country of Count Fernan Gonzalez. This Almanzor was the most valiant Moorish general in Spain, and one on whom Abderahman depended as upon his right hand.

On hearing of the impending danger, Count Fernan Gonzalez summoned all men of Castile capable of bearing arms to repair to his standard at Muñon. His force when assembled was but small, but composed of the bravest chivalry of Castile, any one knight of which he esteemed equal to ten Moors. One of the most eminent of his cavaliers was Don Gonzalo Gustios, of Lara, who brought seven valiant sons to the field—the same afterwards renowned in Spanish story as the seven princes of Lara. With Don Gonzalo came also his wife's brother, Ruy or Rodrigo Velazquez, a cavalier of great prowess.

In the meantime tidings continued to arrive of the great force of the enemy, which was said to cover the country with its tents. The name of the Moorish general, Almanzor, likewise inspired great alarm. One of the count's cavaliers, therefore, Gonzalo Diaz, counseled

him not to venture upon an open battle against such fearful odds; but rather to make a tula, or ravaging inroad into the country of the Moors, by way of compelling them to make a truce. The count, however, rejected his advice. "As to their numbers," said he, "one lion is worth ten sheep, and thirty wolves could kill thirty thousand lambs. As to that Moor, Almanzor, be assured we shall vanquish him, and the greater his renown the greater will be the honor of the victory."

The count now marched his little army to Lara, where he paused to await the movements of the enemy. While his troops were lying there he mounted his horse one day and went forth with a few attendants to hunt in the forests which bordered the river Arlanza. In the course of the chase he roused a monstrous boar, and pursued it among rocks and brakes until he became separated from his attendants. Still following the track of the boar, he came to the foot of a rocky precipice, up which the animal mounted by a rugged and narrow path, where the horse could not follow. The count alighted, tied his horse to an oak, and clambered up the path, assisting himself at times with his boar-spear. The path led to a close thicket of cedars, surrounding a small edifice partly built of stone and partly hewn out of the solid rock. The boar had taken refuge within, and had taken his stand behind what appeared to be a mass of stone. The count was about to launch his javelin when he beheld a cross of stone standing on what he now per-

ceived was an altar, and he knew that he was in a holy place. Being as pious as he was brave, the good count now knelt before the altar and asked pardon of God for the sin he had been on the point of committing; and when he had finished this prayer, he added another for victory over the foe.

While he was yet praying, there entered a venerable monk, Fray Pelayo by name, who, seeing him to be a Christian knight, gave him his benediction. He informed the count that he resided in this hermitage in company with two other monks—Arsenio and Silvano. The count marveled much how they could live there in a country overrun by enemies, and which had for a long time, and but recently, been in the power of the infidels. The hermit replied that in the service of God they were ready to endure all hardships. It is true they suffered much from cold and hunger, being obliged to live chiefly on herbs and roots; but by secret paths and tracks they were in communication with other hermitages scattered throughout the country, so that they were enabled to aid and comfort each other. They could also secretly sustain in the faith the Christians who were held in subjection by the Moors, and afford them places of refuge and concealment in cases of extremity.

The count now opened his heart to the good hermit, revealing his name and rank, and the perils impending over him from the invasion of the infidel. As the day was far spent, Fray Pelayo prevailed upon him to pass

the night in the hermitage, setting before him barley bread and such simple fare as his cell afforded.

Early in the morning the count went forth and found the hermit seated beneath a tree on a rock, whence he could look far and wide out of the forest and over the surrounding country. The hermit then accosted him as one whose holy and meditative life and mortifications of the flesh had given him the power to look into the future almost with the eye of prophecy. "Of a truth, my son," said he, "there are many trials and hardships in store for thee; but be of good cheer, thou wilt conquer these Moors, and wilt increase thy power and possessions. He now revealed to the count certain signs and portents which would take place during the battle. "When thou shalt see these," said he, "be assured that Heaven is on thy side, and thy victory secure." The count listened with devout attention. "If these things do indeed come to pass," said he, "I will found a church and convent in this place, to be dedicated to St. Peter, the patron saint of this hermitage; and when I die my body shall be interred here." Receiving then the benediction of the holy friar he departed.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF THE FORD OF CASCAJARES.

HEN Count Fernan Gonzalez returned to his troops he found them in great alarm at his absence, fearing some evil had befallen him; but he cheered them with an account of his adventure and of the good fortune predicted by the hermit.

It was in the month of May, on the day of the Holy Cross, that the Christian and Moslem armies came in sight of each other. The Moors advanced with a great sound of trumpets, atabals, and cymbals, and their mighty host extended over hill and valley. When they saw how small was the force of the Christians they put up derisive shouts, and rushed forward to surround them.

Don Fernan Gonzalez remained calm and unmoved upon a rising ground, for the hour was at hand when the sign of victory promised by the hermit was to take place. Near by him was a youthful cavalier, Pedro Gonzalez by name, native of La Puente de Hitero, of fiery courage but vainglorious temper. He was cased in shining armor and mounted on a beautiful horse impatient of spirit and

himself, and incessantly foaming and champing on the bit and pawing the earth. As the Moors drew near, while there was yet a large space between them and the Christians, this fiery cavalier could no longer contain himself, but giving reins to his steed set off headlong to encounter the foe; when suddenly the earth opened, man and horse rushed downward into an abyss, and the earth closed as before.

A cry of horror ran through the Christian ranks, and a panic was like to seize upon them, but Don Fernan Gonzalez rode in front of them, exclaiming, "This is the promised sign of victory. Let us see how Castilians defend their lord, for my standard shall be borne into the thickest of the fight." So saying, he ordered Orbita Fernandez to advance his standard; and when his troops saw the silver cross glittering on high and borne toward the enemy, they shouted, "Castile! Castile!" and rushed forward to the fight. Immediately around the standard fought Don Gonzalo Gustios and his seven sons, and he was, say the old chroniclers, like a lion leading his whelps into the fight. Wherever they fought their way, they might be traced by the bodies of bleeding and expiring infidels. Few particulars of this battle remain on record; but it is said the Moors were as if struck with sudden fear and weakness, and fled in confusion. Almanzor himself escaped by the speed of his horse, attended by a handful of his cavaliers.

In the camp of the Moors was found vast booty in gold

and silver, and other precious things, with sumptuous armor and weapons. When the spoil was divided and the troops were refreshed, Don Fernan Gonzalez went with his cavaliers in pious procession to the hermitage of San Pedro. Here he gave much silver and gold to the worthy Fray Pelayo, to be expended in masses for the souls of the Christian warriors who had fallen in battle, and in prayers for further victories over the infidels; after which he returned in triumph to his capital of Burgos.*

* It does not appear that Count Fernan Gonzalez kept his promise of founding a church and monastery on the site of the hermitage. The latter edifice remained to after ages. "It stands," says Sandoval, "on a precipice overhanging the river Arlanza, insomuch that it inspires dread to look below. It is extremely ancient; large enough to hold a hundred persons. Within the chapel is an opening like a chasm, leading down to a cavern larger than the church, formed in the solid rock, with a small window which overlooks the river. It was here the Christians used to conceal themselves."

As a corroboration of the adventure of the Count of Castile, Sandoval assures us that in his day the oak still existed to which Don Fernan Gonzalez tied his horse, when he alighted to scramble up the hill in pursuit of the boar. The worthy Fray Agapida, however, needed no corroboration of the kind, swallowing the whole story with the ready credence of a pious monk. The action here recorded was known by the name of the battle of the Ford of Cascajares.

Sandoval gives a different account of the fate of the hermits. He says that Almanzor, in a rage at their prognostics, overthrew their chapel, and, without alighting from his horse, ordered the three monks to be beheaded in his presence. "This martyrdom," he adds, "is represented in an ancient painting of the chapel which still exists."

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE MESSAGE SENT BY THE COUNT TO SANCHO II., KING OF NAVARRE, AND THE REPLY.—THEIR ENCOUNTER IN BATTLE.

THE good Count of Castile was so inspirited by this signal victory over the Moors, and their great general Almanzor, that he determined, now that he had a breathing-spell from infidel warfare, to redress certain grievances sustained from one of his Christian neighbors. This was Don Sancho II., King of Navarre, surnamed Abarca, either from the abarcas or shepherd shoes which he had worn in early life, when brought up in secrecy and indigence, during the overthrow of his country by the Moors, or from making his soldiers wear shoes of the kind in crossing the snowy Pyrenees. It was a name by which the populace delighted to call him.

This prince had recovered all Navarre from the infidels, and even subjected to his crown all Biscay, or Cantabria, and some territory beyond the Pyrenees, on the confines of France. Not content with these acquisitions, he had made occasional inroads into Castile, in consequence of a contest respecting the territories of

Najarra and Rioxa, to which he laid claim. These incursions he repeated whenever he had peace or truce with the Moors.*

Count Fernan Gonzalez, having now time, as has been observed, to attend to these matters, sent an ambassador to King Sancho, charged with a courteous but resolute message. "I come, Señor," said the ambassador to the king, "by command of the Count Fernan Gonzalez of Castile, and this is what I am told to say. You have done him much wrong in times past, by leaguing with the infidels and making inroads into his territories while he was absent or engaged in war. If you will amend your ways in this respect, and remedy the past, you will do him much pleasure; but if you refuse, he sends you his defiance."

King Sancho Abarca was lost in astonishment and indignation at receiving such a message from a count of Castile. "Return to the count," said he, "and tell him I will amend nothing; that I marvel at his insolence, and hold him for a madman for daring to defy me. Tell him he has listened to evil counsel, or a few trifling successes against the Moors have turned his brain; but it will be very different when I come to seek him, for there is not town or tower from which I will not drag him forth."†

The ambassador returned with this reply, nor did he spare the least of its scorn and bitterness. Upon this

* Sandoval. *The Five Bishops.* Mariana, lib. 8, c. 5, p. 367. *Cron. Gen. de España*, part 3, c. 18, fol. 53.

† *Cron. Gen. de España*, ut supra.

the count assembled his cavaliers and councilors, and represented the case. He exhorted them to stand by him in seeking redress for this insult and injury to their country and their chieftain. "We are not equal in numbers to the enemy, but we are valiant men, united and true to each other, and one hundred good lances, all in the hands of chosen cavaliers, all of one heart and mind, are worth three hundred placed by chance in the hands of men who have no common tie." The cavaliers all assured him they would follow and obey him as loyal subjects of a worthy lord, and would prove their fealty in the day of battle.

A little army of staunch Castilians was soon assembled, the silver cross was again reared on high by the standard-bearer Orbita Velasquez, and the count advanced resolutely a day's journey into the kingdom of Navarre, for his maxim was to strike quickly and sudden. King Sancho wondered at his daring, but hastened to meet him with a greatly superior force. The armies came in sight of each other at a place called the Era de Gollanda.

The count now addressed his men. "The enemy," said he, "are more numerous than we; they are vigorous of body and light of foot, and are dexterous in throwing darts. They will have the advantage if they attack us; but if we attack them and close manfully, we shall get the field of them before they have time to hurl their darts and wound us. For my part, I shall make for the

king. If I can but revenge the wrongs of Castile upon his person I care not how soon I die."

As the armies drew near each other the Castilians, true to the orders of their chieftain, put up the war-cry, "Castile! Castile!" and rushing forward, broke through the squadrons of Navarre. Then followed a fight so pitiless and deadly, says an old chronicler, that the strokes of their weapons resounded through the whole country. The count sought King Sancho throughout the whole field; they met and recognized each other by their armorial bearings and devices. They fought with fury, until both fell from their horses as if dead. The Castilians cut their way through the mass of the enemy, and surrounded their fallen chief. Some raised him from the earth while others kept off the foe. At first they thought him dead, and were loud in their lamentations; but when the blood and dust were wiped from his face he revived and told them not to heed him, for his wounds were nothing; but to press on and gain the victory, for he had slain the King of Navarre.

At hearing this they gave a great shout and returned to the fight; but those of Navarre, seized with terror at the fall of their king, turned their backs and fled.

The count then caused the body of the king to be taken from among the slain and to be conducted, honorably attended, to Navarre. Thus fell Sancho Abarca, King of Navarre, and was succeeded by his son Don Garcia, surnamed the Trembler.

CHAPTER IX.

HOW THE COUNT OF TOULOUSE MAKES A CAMPAIGN AGAINST CASTILE, AND HOW HE RETURNS IN HIS COFFIN.

WHILE the Count Fernan Gonzalez was yet ill of his wounds in his capital, and when his soldiers had scarce laid by their cuirasses and hung up their shields and lances, there was a fresh alarm of war. The Count of Toulouse and Poictiers, the close friend and ally of King Sancho Abarca, had come from France with a host to his assistance, but finding him defeated and slain, raised his standard to make a campaign, in his revenge, against the Castilians. The Navarrese all gathered round him, and now an army was on foot more powerful than the one which had recently been defeated.

Count Fernan Gonzalez, wounded as he was, summoned his troops to march against this new enemy; but the war-worn Castilians, vexed at being thus called again to arms before they had time to breathe, began to murmur. "This is the life of the very devil," said they, "to go about day and night, without a moment's rest. This lord of ours is assuredly Satan himself, and we are lesser devils in his employ, always busy entrapping the souls

of men. He has no pity for us, so battered and worn, nor for himself, so badly wounded. It is necessary that some one should talk with him, and turn him from this madness."

Accordingly a hardy cavalier, Nuño Laynez, remonstrated with the count against further fighting until he should be cured of his wounds and his people should have time to repose; for mortal men could not support this kind of life. "Nor is this urged through cowardice," added he, "for your men are ready to fight for and defend you as they would their own souls."

"Well have you spoken, Nuño Laynez," replied the count; "yet for all this I am not minded to defer this fight. A day lost never returns. An opportunity foregone can never be recalled. The warrior who indulges in repose will never leave the memory of great deeds behind him. His name dies when his soul leaves the body. Let us, therefore, make the most of the days and hours allotted us, and crown them with such glorious deeds that the world shall praise us in all future time."

When Nuño Laynez repeated these generous words to the cavaliers, the blood glowed in their veins, and they prepared themselves manfully for the field; nor did the count give them time to cool before he put himself at their head and marched to meet the enemy. He found them drawn up on the opposite side of a river which was swollen and troubled by recent rains. Without hesitation he advanced to ford it, but his troops were galled

by flights of darts and arrows as they crossed, and received with lances on the water's edge; the bodies of many floated down the turbid stream, and many perished on the banks. They made good their crossing, however, and closed with the enemy. The fight was obstinate and the Castilians were hardly pressed, being so inferior in number. Don Fernan Gonzalez galloped along the front of the enemy. "Where is the Count of Toulouse?" cried he; "let him come forth and face me,—me, Fernan Gonzalez of Castile, who defy him to single combat!" The count answered promptly to the defiance. No one from either side presumed to interfere while the two counts encountered, man to man and horse to horse, like honorable and generous cavaliers. They rushed upon each other with the full speed of their horses; the lance of Don Fernan pierced through all the armor and accoutrements of the Count of Toulouse and bore him out of the saddle, and before he touched the earth his soul had already parted from his body. The men of Toulouse, seeing their chief fall dead, fled amain, but were pursued, and three hundred of them taken.*

The field being won, Count Fernan Gonzalez alighted and took off the armor of the Count of Toulouse, with his own hands, and wrapped him in a xemete, or Moorish mantle, of great value, which he had gained when he conquered Almanzor. He ordered a coffin to be made, and

* *Cron. Gen. de España.*

covered with cloth of gold, and studded with silver nails, and he put therein the body of the count, and delivered it to the captive cavaliers, whom he released and furnished with money for their expenses, making them swear not to leave the body of the count until they had conducted it to Toulouse. So the count, who had come from France in such chivalrous state, at the head of an array of shining warriors, returned in his coffin with a mourning train of vanquished cavaliers, while Count Fernan Gonzalez conducted his victorious troops in triumph back to Burgos.

This signal victory took place in the year of our Redemption 926, in the beginning of the reign of Alfonzo the Monk on the throne of Leon and the Asturias.*

* Mariana, lib. 8, c. 5, p. 367.

CHAPTER X.

HOW THE COUNT WENT TO RECEIVE THE HAND OF A PRINCESS, AND WAS THROWN INTO A DUNGEON.—OF THE STRANGER THAT VISITED HIM IN HIS CHAINS, AND OF THE APPEAL THAT HE MADE TO THE PRINCESS FOR HIS DELIVERANCE.

ARCIA II., who had succeeded to the throne of Navarre on the death of his father, was brave of soul, though surnamed El Tembloso, or The Trembler. He was so called because he was observed to tremble on going into battle; but, as has been said of others, it was only the flesh that trembled, foreseeing the dangers into which the spirit would carry it. This king was deeply grieved at the death of his father, slain by Count Fernan Gonzalez, and would have taken vengeance by open warfare, but he was counseled by his mother, the Queen Teresa, to pursue a subtler course. At her instigation overtures were made to the count to settle all the feuds between Navarre and Castile by a firm alliance, and to this end it was proposed that the count should take to wife Doña Sancha, the sister of King Garcia and daughter of King Sancho Abarca. The count accepted gladly the proffered alliance, for he had heard of the great merit and beauty of the princess, and was pleased

with so agreeable a mode of putting an end to all their contests. A conference was accordingly appointed between the count and King Garcia, to take place at Ciruena, each to be attended only by five cavaliers.

The count was faithful to his compact, and appeared at the appointed place with five of the bravest of his cavaliers; but the king arrived with five-and-thirty chosen men, all armed *cap-a-pie*. The count, suspecting treachery, retreated with his cavaliers into a neighboring hermitage, and, barricading the door defended himself throughout the day until nightfall. Seeing there was no alternative, he at length capitulated and agreed to surrender himself a prisoner, and pay homage to the king, on the latter assuring him, under oath, that his life should be secure. King Garcia the Trembler, having in this wily manner gained possession of the count, threw him in irons and conducted him prisoner to Navarre, where he confined him in a strong castle called Castro Viejo. At his intercession, however, his five cavaliers were released, and carried back to Castile the doleful tidings of his captivity.

Now it came to pass that a brave Norman count, who was performing a pilgrimage to St. Iago of Compostella, heard that the Count Fernan Gonzalez, whose renown had spread far and wide, lay in chains in Castro Viejo Having a vehement desire to see the man of whom fame had spoken so loudly, he repaired to the castle, and bribed his way to the prison of the count. When he

entered and beheld so noble a cavalier in a solitary dungeon and in chains, he was sore at heart. The count looked up with wonder as this stranger stood before him in pilgrim garb and with sorrowful aspect, but when he learned his name and rank, and the object of his visit, he gave him the right hand of friendship.

The pilgrim count left the castle more enamored than ever of the character of Count Fernan Gonzalez. At a festival of the court he beheld the Princess Sancha, who had served as a lure to draw the good count into the power of his enemies, and he found her of surpassing beauty, and of a gentle and loving demeanor; so he determined to seek an opportunity to speak with her in private, for surely, thought he, in such a bosom must dwell the soft pity of womanhood. Accordingly, one day as the princess was walking in the garden with her ladies, he presented himself before her in his pilgrim's garb, and prayed to speak with her apart, as if on some holy mission. And when they were alone, "How is this, princess," said he, "that you are doing such great wrong to Heaven, to yourself, and to all Christendom?" The princess started, and said, "What wrong have I done?" Then replied the pilgrim count, "Behold, for thy sake the noblest of cavaliers, the pride of Spain, the flower of chivalry, the hope of Christendom, lies in a dungeon, fettered with galling chains. What lady but would be too happy to be honored with the love of Count Fernan Gonzalez; and thou hast scorned it! How will it tell

for thy fame in future times, that thou wast made a snare to capture an honorable knight; that the gentlest, the bravest, the most generous of cavaliers was inveigled by the love of thee to be thrown into a dungeon? How hast thou reversed the maxims of chivalry! Beauty has ever been the friend of valor; but thou hast been its foe! The fair hands of lovely dames have ever bestowed laurels and rewards on those gallant knights who sought and deserved their loves; thou hast bestowed chains and a dungeon. Behold, the Moors rejoice in his captivity, while all Christians mourn. Thy name will be accursed throughout the land like that of Cava; but shouldst thou have the heroism to set him free, thou wilt be extolled above all Spanish ladies. Hadst thou but seen him as I have done,—alone, abandoned, enchained; yet so noble, so courteous, so heroic in his chains, that kings upon their thrones might envy the majesty of his demeanor. If thou couldst feel love for man, thou shouldst do it for this knight; for I swear to thee on this cross which I bear, that never was there king or emperor in the world so worthy of woman's love." When the pilgrim count had thus spoken, he left the princess to meditate upon his words.

CHAPTER XI.

OF THE MEDITATIONS OF THE PRINCESS, AND THEIR RESULT.—HER FLIGHT FROM THE PRISON WITH THE COUNT, AND PERILS OF THE ESCAPE.—THE NUPTIALS.

THE Princess Sancha remained for some time in the garden, revolving in her mind all that she had just heard, and tenderness for the Count Fernan Gonzalez began to awaken in her bosom; for nothing so touches the heart of woman as the idea of valor suffering for her sake. The more the princess meditated the more she became enamored. She called to mind all she had heard of the illustrious actions of the count. She thought upon the pictures just drawn of him in prison—so noble, so majestic in his chains. She remembered the parting words of the pilgrim count—'Never was there king nor emperor so worthy of a woman's love." "Alas!" cried she, "was there ever a lady more unfortunate than I? All the love and devotion of this noble cavalier I might have had, and behold it has been made a mockery. Both he and myself have been wronged by the treachery of my brother."

At length the passion of the princess arose to such a

height that she determined to deliver the count from the misery of which she had been made the instrument. So she found means one night to bribe the guards of his prison, and made her way to his dungeon. When the count saw her, he thought it a beautiful vision, or some angel sent from heaven to comfort him, for certainly her beauty surpassed the ordinary loveliness of woman.

"Noble cavalier," said the princess, "this is no time for idle words and ceremonies. Behold before you the Princess Doña Sancha; the word which my brother brake I am here to fulfill. You came to receive my hand, and, instead, you were thrown in chains. I come to yield you that hand, and to deliver you from those chains. Behold, the door of your prison is open, and I am ready to fly with you to the ends of the earth. Swear to me one word, and when you have sworn it, I know your loyalty too well to doubt that you will hold your oath sacred. Swear that if I fly with you, you will treat me with the honor of a knight; that you will make me your wife, and never leave me for any other woman."

The count swore all this on the faith of a Christian cavalier; and well did he feel disposed to keep his oath, for never before had he beheld such glorious beauty.

So the princess led the way, and her authority and her money had conquered the fidelity of the guards, so that they permitted the count to sally forth with her from the prison.

It was a dark night, and they left the great road and

climbed a mountain. The count was so fettered by his chains that he moved with difficulty, but the princess helped and sometimes almost carried him; for what will not delicate woman perform when her love and pity are fully aroused. Thus they toiled on their way until the day dawned, when they hid themselves in the cliffs of the mountain, among rocks and thickets. While thus concealed they beheld an archpriest of the castle, mounted on a mule with a falcon on his fist, hawking about the lower part of the mountain. The count knew him to be a base and malignant man, and watched his movements with great anxiety. He had two hounds beating about the bushes, which at length got upon the traces of the count and princess, and discovering them set up a violent barking. Alighting from his mule, the archpriest clambered up to where the fugitives were concealed. He knew the count, and saw that he had escaped. "Aha! traitor," cried he, drawing his sword, "think not to escape from the power of the king." The count saw that resistance was in vain, for he was without weapon and in chains, and the archpriest was a powerful man, exceeding broad across the shoulders; he sought, therefore, to win him by fair words, promising that if he would aid him to escape he would give him a city in Castile, for him and his heirs forever. But the archpriest was more violent than ever, and held his sword at the breast of the count to force him back to the castle. Upon this the princess rushed forward, and with tears in

her eyes implored him not to deliver the count into the hands of his enemies. But the heart of the priest was inflamed by the beauty of the princess, and thinking her at his mercy, "Gladly," said he, "will I assist the count to escape, but upon one condition." Then he whispered a proposal which brought a crimson glow of horror and indignation into the cheeks of the princess, and he would have laid his hand upon her, but he was suddenly lifted from the earth by the strong grasp of the count, who bore him to the edge of a precipice and flung him headlong down; and his neck was broken in the fall.

The count then took the mule of the archpriest, his hawk, and his hounds, and after keeping in the secret parts of the mountain all day, he and the princess mounted the mule at night, and pursued their way, by the most rugged and unfrequented passes, toward Castile.

As the day dawned they found themselves in an open plain at the foot of the mountains, and beheld a body of horsemen riding toward them, conducting a car, in which sat a knight in armor, bearing a standard. The princess now gave all up for lost. "These," said she, "are sent by my brother in pursuit of us; how can we escape, for this poor animal has no longer strength nor speed to bear us up the mountains?" Upon this Count Fernan alighted, and drawing the sword of the archpriest, placed himself in a narrow pass. "Do you," said he to the princess, "turn back and hasten to the mountains, and

dearly shall it cost him who attempts to follow you." "Not so," replied the princess; "for the love of me hast thou been brought from thine own domain and betrayed into all these dangers, and I will abide to share them with thee."

The count would have remonstrated, when to his astonishment he saw, as the car drew near, that the knight seated in it was clad in his own armor, with his own devices, and held his own banner in his hand. "Surely," said he, crossing himself, "this is enchantment;" but on looking still nearer, he recognized among the horsemen Nuño Sandias and Nuño Laynez, two of his most faithful knights. Then his heart leaped for joy. "Fear nothing," cried he to the princess; "behold my standard, and behold my vassals. Those whom you feared as enemies shall kneel at your feet and kiss your hand in homage."

Now so it appears that the tidings of the captivity of the count had spread mourning and consternation throughout Castile, and the cavaliers assembled together to devise means for his deliverance. And certain of them had prepared this effigy of the count, clad in his armor and bearing his banner and devices, and having done homage and sworn fealty to it as they would have done to the count himself, they had placed it in this car and set forth with it as a leader, making a vow, in the spirit of ancient chivalry, never to return to their homes until they should have delivered the count from his captivity.

When the cavaliers recognized the count, they put u shouts of joy, and kissed his hands and the hands of th princess in token of devoted loyalty. And they took o the fetters of the count and placed him in the car, and th princess beside him, and returned joyfully to Castile.

Vain would be the attempt to describe the transport of the multitude as Count Fernan Gonzalez entered hi noble capital of Burgos. The Princess Sancha, also, wa hailed with blessings wherever she passed, as the deliv erer of their lord and the savior of Castile, and shortl afterwards her nuptials with the count were celebrate with feasting and rejoicing and tilts and tournament which lasted for many days.

CHAPTER XII.

KING GARCIA CONFINED IN BURGOS BY THE COUNT.—THE PRINCESS INTERCEDES FOR HIS RELEASE.

THE rejoicings for the marriage of Count Fernan Gonzalez with the beautiful Princess Sancha were scarcely finished when King Garcia the Trembler came with a powerful army to revenge his various affronts. The count sallied forth to meet him, and a bloody and doubtful battle ensued. The Navarrese at length were routed, and the king was wounded and taken prisoner in single combat by Count Fernan, who brought him to Burgos and put him in close confinement.

The Countess Doña Sancha was now almost as much afflicted at the captivity of her brother as she had been at that of the count, and interceded with her husband for his release. The count, however, retained too strong a recollection of the bad faith of King Garcia and of his own treacherous and harsh imprisonment to be easily moved, and the king was kept in duress for a considerable time. The countess then interested the principal cavaliers in her suit, reminding them of the services she

had rendered them in aiding the escape of their lord Through their united intercessions the count was induced to relent; so King Garcia the Trembler was released and treated with great honor, and sent back to his dominions with a retinue befitting his rank.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF THE EXPEDITION AGAINST THE ANCIENT CITY OF SYLO.—THE UNWITTING TRESPASS OF THE COUNT INTO A CONVENT, AND HIS COMPUNCTION THEREUPON.

VOLUMES would it take to follow the Count Fernan Gonzalez in his heroic achievements against the infidels,—achievements which give to sober history almost the air of fable. I forbear to dwell at large upon one of his campaigns, wherein he scoured the Valley of Laguna; passed victoriously along the banks of the Douro, building towers and castles to keep the country in subjection; how he scaled the walls of the castle of Ormaz, being the first to mount, sword in hand; how by the valor of his arm he captured the city of Orma; how he took the town of Sandoval, the origin of the cavaliers of Sandoval, who were anciently called Salvadores; how he made an inroad even to Madrid, then a strongly fortified village, and having taken and sacked it, returned in triumph to Burgos.

But it would be wronging the memory of this great and good cavalier to pass in silence over one of his exploits, in which he gave a singular instance of his piety.

This was in an expedition against the ancient city of Sylo. It was not a place of much value in itself, being situated in a cold and sterile country, but it had become a stronghold of the Moors, whence they carried on their warfare. This place the count carried by assault, entering it in full armor, on his steed, overturning and slaying all who opposed him. In the fury of his career he rode into a spacious edifice which he supposed to be a mosque, with the pious intention of slaying every infidel he might find within. On looking round, however, great was his astonishment at beholding images of saints, the blessed cross of our Saviour, and various other sacred objects, which announced a church devoted to the veritable faith. Struck with remorse, he sprang from his horse, threw himself upon his knees, and with many tears implored pardon of God for the sin he had unknowingly committed. While he was yet on his knees, several monks of the order of St. Dominic approached, meagre in looks and squalid in attire, but hailing him with great joy as their deliverer. In sooth this was a convent of San Sebastian, the fraternity of which had remained captives among the Moors, supporting themselves poorly by making baskets, but permitted to continue in the exercise of their religion.

Still filled with pious compunction for the trespass he had made, the count ordered that the shoes should be taken from his horse and nailed upon the door of the church; for never, said he, shall they tread any other

ground after having trodden this holy place. From that day, we are told, it has been the custom to nail the shoes of horses on the portal of that convent—a custom which has extended to many other places.

The worthy Fray Prudencia de Sandoval records a marvelous memento of the expedition of the count against this city, which remained, he says, until his day. Not far from the place, on the road which passes by Lara, is to be seen the print of his horse's hoofs in a solid rock, which has received the impression as though it had been made in softened wax.* It is to be presumed that the horse's hoofs had been gifted with miraculous hardness in reward to the count for his pious oblation of the shoes.

* Sandoval, p. 313.

CHAPTER XIV.

OF THE MOORISH HOST THAT CAME UP FROM CORDOVA, AND HOW THE COUNT REPAIRED TO THE HERMITAGE OF SAN PEDRO, AND PRAYED FOR SUCCESS AGAINST THEM, AND RECEIVED ASSURANCE OF VICTORY IN A VISION.—BATTLE OF HAZINAS.

THE worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, from whose manuscripts this memoir is extracted, passes by many of the striking and heroic deeds of the count, which crowd the pages of ancient chroniclers; but the good friar ever is sure to dwell with delight upon any of those miraculous occurrences which took place in Spain in those days, and which showed the marked interposition of Heaven in behalf of the Christian warriors in their battles with the infidels. Such was the renowned battle of Hazinas, which, says Agapida, for its miraculous events is worthy of eternal blazon.

Now so it was that the Moorish king of Cordova had summoned all the faithful, both of Spain and Africa, to assist him in recovering the lands wrested from him by the unbeliévers, and especially by Count Fernan Gonzalez in his late victories; and such countless legions of turbaned warriors were assembled that it was said they covered the plains of Andalusia like swarms of locusts.

Hearing of their threatening approach, the count gathered together his forces at Piedrafita, while the Moors encamped in Hazinas. When, however, he beheld the mighty host arrayed against him, his heart for once was troubled with evil forebodings, and calling to mind the cheering prognostications of the friar Pelayo on a like occasion, he resolved to repair again to that holy man for counsel. Leaving his camp, therefore, secretly, he set out, accompanied by two cavaliers, to seek the chapel which he had ordered to be built at the hermitage of San Pedro, on the mountain overhanging the river Arlanza, but when arrived there he heard to his great grief that the worthy friar was dead.

Entering the chapel, however, he knelt down at the altar and prayed for success in the coming fight; humbly representing that he had never, like many of the kings and nobles of Spain, done homage to the infidels and acknowledged them for sovereigns. The count remained a long time at prayer, until sleep gradually stole over him; and as he lay slumbering before the altar the holy Fray Pelayo appeared before him in a vision, clad in garments as white as snow. "Why sleepest thou, Fernan Gonzalez?" said he; "arise, and go forth, and know that thou shalt conquer those Moors. For, inasmuch as thou art a faithful vassal of the Most High, he has commanded the Apostle San Iago and myself, with many angels, to come to thy aid, and we will appear in the battle clad in white armor, with each of us a red cross upon our pen-

non. Therefore arise, I say, and go hence with a valiant heart."

The count awoke, and while he was yet musing upon the vision he heard a voice saying, "Arise, and get thee hence; why dost thou linger? Separate thy host into three divisions: enter the field of battle by the east, with the smallest division, and I will be with thee; and let the second division enter by the west, and that shall be aided by San Iago; and let the third division enter by the north. Know that I am San Millan who come to thee with this message."

The count departed joyfully from the chapel, and returned to his army; and when he told his troops of this, his second visit to the hermitage, and of the vision he had had, and how the holy friar San Pelayo had again assured him of victory, their hearts were lifted up, and they rejoiced to serve under a leader who had such excellent counselors in war.

In the evening preceding the battle Don Fernan Gonzalez divided his forces as he had been ordered. The first division was composed of two hundred horsemen and six thousand infantry; hardy mountaineers, light of foot and of great valor. In the advance were Don Gustios Gonzalez of Salas, and his seven sons and two nephews, and his brother Ruy Velasquez, and a valiant cavalier named Gonzalo Dias.

The second division was led by Don Lope de Biscaya, with the people of Burueba and Trevino, and Old Castile

and Castro and the Asturias. Two hundred horsemen and six thousand infantry.

The third division was led by the count himself, and with him went Ruy Cavia, and Nuño Cavia and the Velascos, whom the count that day dubbed knights, and twenty esquires of the count, whom he had likewise knighted. His division consisted of four hundred and fifty horse and fifteen hundred foot; and he told his men that if they should not conquer the Moors on the following day, they should draw off from the battle when he gave the word. Late at night, when all the camp, excepting the sentinels and guards, were buried in sleep, a light suddenly illumined the heavens, and a great serpent was seen in the air, wounded and covered with blood, and vomiting flames, and making a loud hissing that awakened all the soldiers. They rushed out of their tents, and ran hither and thither, running against each other in their affright. Count Fernan Gonzalez was awakened by their outcries, but before he came forth the serpent had disappeared. He rebuked the terrors of his people, representing to them that the Moors were great necromancers, and by their arts could raise devils to their aid: and that some Moorish astrologer had doubtless raised this spectrum to alarm them; but he bade them be of good heart, since they had San Iago on their side, and might set Moor, astrologer, and devil at defiance.

In the first day's fight Don Fernan fought hand to

hand with a powerful Moor, who had desired to try his prowess with him. It was an obstinate contest, in which the Moor was slain; but the count was so badly wounded that he fell to the earth, and had not his men surrounded and defended him, he would have been slain or captured. The battle lasted all day long, and Gustios Gonzalez and his kindred warriors showed prodigies of valor. Don Fernan, having had his wounds stanched, remounted his horse and galloped about, giving courage to his men; but he was covered with dust and blood, and so hoarse that he could no longer be heard. The sun went down, the Moors kept on fighting, confiding in their great numbers. The count, seeing the night approaching, ordered the trumpets to be sounded, and, collecting his troops, made one general charge on the Moors, and drove them from the field. He then drew off his men to their tents, where the weary troops found refreshment and repose, though they slept all night upon their arms.

On the second day the count rose before the dawn, and having attended mass like a good Christian, attended next to his horses, like a good cavalier, seeing with his own eyes that they were well fed and groomed, and prepared for the field. The battle this day was obstinate as the day before, with great valor and loss on either side.

On the third day the count led forth his forces at an early hour, raising his silver standard of the cross, and praying devoutly for aid. Then lowering their lances,

the Castilians shouted San Iago! San Iago! and rushed to the attack.

Don Gustios Gonzalo de Salas, the leader of one of the divisions, made a lane into the centre of the Moorish host, dealing death on either side. He was met by a Moorish cavalier of powerful frame. Covering themselves with their shields, they attacked each other with great fury; but the days of Gustios Gonzalo were numbered, and the Moor slew him, and with him fell a nephew of Count Fernan, and many of his principal cavaliers.

Count Fernan Gonzalez encountered the Moor who had just slain his friend. The infidel would have avoided him, having heard that never man escaped alive from a conflict with him; but the count gave him a furious thrust with his lance, which stretched him dead upon the field.

The Moors, however, continued to press the count sorely, and their numbers threatened to overwhelm him. Then he put up a prayer for the aid promised in his vision, and of a sudden the Apostle San Iago appeared, with a great and shining company of angels in white, bearing the device of a red cross, and all rushing upon the Moors. The Moors were dismayed at the sight of this reinforcement to the enemy. The Christians, on the other hand, recovered their forces, knowing the Apostle San Iago to be at hand. They charged the Moors with new vigor, and put them to flight, and pursued them for

two days, killing and making captive. They then returned and gathered together the bodies of the Christians who had been slain, and buried them in the chapel of San Pedro of Arlanza and in other hermitages. The bodies of the Moors were piled up and covered with earth, forming a mound which is still to be seen on the field of battle.

Some have ascribed to the signal worn in this battle by the celestial warriors the origin of the Cross of Calatrava.

CHAPTER XV.

THE COUNT IMPRISONED BY THE KING OF LEON.—THE COUNTESS CONCERTS HIS ESCAPE.—LEON AND CASTILE UNITED BY THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCE ORDOÑO WITH URRACA, THE DAUGHTER OF THE COUNT BY HIS FIRST WIFE.

NOT long after this most renowned and marvelous battle, a Moorish captain named Aceyfa became a vassal of the Count Don Fernan. Under his protection, and that of a rich and powerful Castilian cavalier named Diego Muñon, he rebuilt Salamanca and Ledesma, and several places on the river Tormes, which had been desolated and deserted in times past.

Ramiro the Second, who was at this time King of Leon, was alarmed at seeing a strong line of Moorish fortresses erected along the borders of his territories, and took the field with an army to drive the Moor Aceyfa from the land. The proud spirit of Count Fernan Gonzalez was aroused at this attack upon his Moorish vassal, which he considered an indignity offered to himself; so being seconded by Don Diego Muñon, he marched forth with his chivalry to protect the Moor. In the present instance he had trusted to his own head, and

had neglected to seek advice of saint or hermit; so his army was defeated by King Ramiro, and himself and Don Diego Muñon taken prisoners. The latter was sent in chains to the castle of Gordon; but the count was carried to Leon, where he was confined in a tower of the wall, which to this day is pointed out as his prison.*

All Castile was thrown into grief and consternation by this event, and lamentations were heard throughout the land, as though the count had been dead. The countess, however, did not waste time in idle tears, for she was a lady of most valiant spirit. She forthwith assembled five hundred cavaliers, chosen men of tried loyalty and devotion to the count. They met in the chapel of the palace, and took an oath upon the Holy Evangelists to follow the countess through all difficulties and dangers, and to obey implicitly all her commands for the rescue of their lord. With this band the countess departed secretly at nightfall, and travelled rapidly until morning, when they left the roads, and took to the mountains, lest their march should be discovered. Arrived near to Leon, she halted her band in a thick wood in the mountain of Samosa, where she ordered them to remain in secrecy. Then clothing herself as a pilgrim, with her staff and pannier, she sent word to King Ramiro that she was on

* In the *Cronica General de España*, this imprisonment is said to have been by King Sancho the Fat ; but the cautious Agapida goes according to his favorite Sandoval in attributing it to King Ramiro, and in so doing he is supported by the *Chronicle* of Bleda, L. 3, c. 19.

a pilgrimage to San Iago, and entreated that she might have permission to visit her husband in his prison. King Ramiro not merely granted her request, but sallied forth above a league from the city with a great retinue to do her honor. So the countess entered a second time the prison where the count lay in chains, and stood before him as his protecting angel. At sight of him in this miserable and dishonored state, however, the valor of spirit which had hitherto sustained her gave way, and tears flowed from her eyes. The count received her joyfully, and reproached her with her tears; "for it becomes us," said he, "to submit to what is imposed upon us by God."

The countess now sent to entreat the king that while she remained with the count his chains should be taken off. The king again granted her request; and the count was freed from his irons, and an excellent bed prepared in his prison.

The countess remained with him all night and concerted his escape. Before it was daylight she gave him her pilgrim's dress and staff, and the count went forth from his chamber disguised as his wife. The porter at the outer portal, thinking it to be the countess, would have waited for orders from the king; but the count, in a feigned voice, entreated not to be detained, lest he should not be able to perform his pilgrimage. The porter, mistrusting no deceit, opened the door. The count issued forth, repaired to a place pointed out by the countess,

where the two cavaliers awaited him with a fleet horse. They all sallied quietly forth from the city at the opening of the gates, until they found themselves clear of the walls, when they put spurs to their horses and made their way to the mountain of Samosa. Here the count was received with shouts of joy by the cavaliers whom the countess had left there in concealment.

As the day advanced the keeper of the prison entered the apartment of Don Fernan, but was astonished to find there the beautiful countess in place of her warrior husband. He conducted her before the king, accusing her of the fraud by which she had effected the escape of the count. King Ramiro was greatly incensed, and he demanded of the countess how she dared to do such an act. "I dared," replied she, "because I saw my husband in misery, and felt it my duty to relieve him; and I dared because I was the daughter of a king, and the wife of a distinguished cavalier; as such I trust to your chivalry to treat me."

The king was charmed with her intrepidity. "Señora," said he, "you have acted well and like a noble lady, and it will redound to your laud and honor." So he commanded that she should be conducted to her husband in a manner befitting a lady of high and noble rank; and the count was overjoyed to receive her in safety, and they returned to their dominions and entered Burgos at the head of their train of cavaliers, amidst the transports and acclamations of their people. And King Ramiro

sought the amity of Count Fernan Gonzalez, and proposed that they should unite their houses by some matrimonial alliance which should serve as a bond of mutual security. The count gladly listened to his proposals. He had a fair daughter named Urraca, by his first wife, who was now arrived at a marriageable age; so it was agreed that nuptials should be solemnized betwéen her and the Prince Ordoño, son of King Ramiro; and all Leon and Castile rejoiced at this union, which promised tranquillity to the land.

CHAPTER XVI.

MOORISH INCURSION INTO CASTILE.—BATTLE OF SAN ESTEVAN.—OF PASCUAL VIVAS AND THE MIRACLE THAT BEFELL HIM.—DEATH OF ORDOÑO III.

FOR several succeeding years of the career of this most redoubtable cavalier, the most edifying and praiseworthy traces which remain, says Fray Antonio Agapida, are to be found in the archives of various monasteries, consisting of memorials of pious gifts and endowments made by himself and his countess, Doña Sancha.

In the process of time King Ramiro died, and was succeeded by his son Ordoño III., the same who had married Urraca, the daughter of Count Fernan. He was surnamed the Fierce, either from his savage temper or savage aspect. He had a step-brother named Don Sancho, nephew, by the mother's side, of King Garcia of Navarre, surnamed the Trembler. This Don Sancho rose in arms against Ordoño at the very outset of his reign, seeking to deprive him of his crown. He applied for assistance to his uncle Garcia and to Count Fernan Gonzalez, and it is said both favored his pretensions. Nay, the count soon appeared in the field in company

with King Garcia the Trembler, in support of Prince Sancho. It may seem strange that he should take up arms against his own son-in-law; and so it certainly appeared to Ordoño III., for he was so incensed against the count that he repudiated his wife Urraca and sent her back to her father, telling him that since he would not acknowledge him as king, he should not have him for son-in-law.

The kingdom now became a prey to civil wars; the restless part of the subjects of King Ordoño rose in rebellion, and everything was in confusion. King Ordoño succeeded, however, in quelling the rebellion, and defended himself so ably against King Garcia and Count Fernan Gonzalez, that they returned home without effecting their object.

About this time, say the records of Compostello, the sinful dissensions of the Christians brought on them a visible and awful scourge from Heaven. A great flame, or, as it were, a cloud of fire, passed throughout the land, burning towns, destroying men and beasts, and spreading horror and devastation even over the sea. It passed over Zamora, consuming a great part of the place; it scorched Castro Xerez likewise, and Brebiesco and Pan Corvo in its progress, and in Burgos one hundred houses were consumed.

"These," says the worthy Agapida, "were fiery tokens of the displeasure of Heaven at the sinful conduct of the Christians in warring upon each other, instead of joining

their arms like brethren in the righteous endeavor to extirpate the vile sect of Mahomet."

While the Christians were thus fighting among themselves, the Moors, taking advantage of their discord, came with a great army, and made an incursion into Castile as far as Burgos. King Ordoño and Count Fernan Gonzalez, alarmed at the common danger, came to a reconciliation, and took arms together against the Moors; though it does not appear that the king received again his repudiated wife Urraca. These confederate princes gave the Moors a great battle near to San Estevan. "This battle," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "is chiefly memorable for a miracle which occurred there," and which is recorded by the good friar with an unction and perfect credence worthy of a monkish chronicler.

The Christians were incastellated at San Estevan de Gormaz, which is near the banks of the Douro. The Moors had possession of the fortress of Gormaz, about a league further up the river on a lofty and rocky height.

The battle commenced at the dawn of day. Count Fernan Gonzalez, however, before taking the field, repaired with his principal cavaliers to the church, to attend the first morning's mass. Now, at this time, there was in the service of the count a brave cavalier named Pascual Vivas, who was as pious as he was brave, and would pray with as much fervor and obstinacy as he would fight. This cavalier made it a religious rule with himself, or rather had made a solemn vow, that, when-

ever he entered a church in the morning, he would on no account leave it until all the masses were finished.

On the present occasion the firmness of this brave but pious cavalier was put to a severe proof. When the first mass was finished, the count and his cavaliers rose and sallied from the church in clanking armor, and soon after the sound of trumpet and quick tramp of steed told that they were off to the encounter. Pascual Vivas, however, remained kneeling all in armor before the altar, waiting, according to custom, until all the masses should be finished. The masses that morning were numerous, and hour after hour passed away; yet still the cavalier remained kneeling all in armor, with weapon in hand, yet so zealous in his devotion that he never turned his head.

All this while the esquire of the cavalier was at the door of the church, holding his war-horse, and the esquire beheld with surprise the count and his warriors depart, while his lord remained in the chapel; and, from the height on which the chapel stood, he could see the Christian host encounter the Moors at the ford of the river, and could hear the distant sound of trumpets and din of battle; and at the sound the war-horse pricked his ears and snuffed the air and pawed the earth, and showed all the eagerness of a noble steed to be among the armed men, but still Pascual Vivas came not out of the chapel. The esquire was wroth, and blushed for his lord, for he thought it was through cowardice and not

piety that he remained in the chapel while his comrades were fighting in the field.

At length the masses were finished, and Pascual Vivas was about to sally forth when horsemen came riding up the hill with shouts of victory, for the battle was over and the Moors completely vanquished.

When Pascual Vivas heard this he was so troubled in mind that he dared not leave the chapel nor come into the presence of the count, for he said to himself, "Surely I shall be looked upon as a recreant knight, who have hidden myself in the hour of danger." Shortly, however, came some of his fellow-cavaliers, summoning him to the presence of the count; and as he went with a beating heart, they lauded him for the valor he had displayed and the great services he had rendered, saying that to the prowess of his arm they owed the victory. The good knight, imagining they were scoffing at him, felt still more cast down in spirit, and entered the presence of the count covered with confusion. Here again he was received with praises and caresses, at which he was greatly astonished, but still thought it all done in mockery. When the truth came to be known, however, all present were filled with wonder, for it appeared as if this cavalier had been, at the same moment, in the chapel and in the field; for while he remained on his knees before the altar, with his steed pawing the earth at the door, a warrior exactly resembling him, with the same arms, device, and steed, had appeared in the hottest of the fight, pene-

trating and overthrowing whole squadrons of Moors; that he had cut his way to the standard of the enemy, killed the standard-bearer, and carried off the banner in triumph; that his pourpoint and coat of mail were cut to pieces, and his horse covered with wounds; yet still he fought on, and through his valor chiefly the victory was obtained.

What more moved astonishment was that for every wound received by the warrior and his steed in the field, there appeared marks on the pourpoint and coat of mail and upon the steed of Pascual Vivas, so that he had the semblance of having been in the severest press of the battle.

The matter was now readily explained by the worthy friars who followed the armies in those days, and who were skillful in expounding the miracles daily occurring in those holy wars. A miraculous intervention had been vouchsafed to Pascual Vivas. That his piety in remaining at his prayers might not put him to shame before sinful men, an angel bearing his form and semblance had taken his place in battle, and fought while he prayed.

The matter being thus explained, all present were filled with pious admiration, and Pascual Vivas, if he ceased to be extolled as a warrior, came near being canonized as a saint.*

* Exactly the same kind of miracle is recorded as happening in the same place to a cavalier of the name of Don Fernan Antolenez, in the service of the Count Garcia Fernandez. Fray Antonio Agapida has no

King Ordoño III. did not long survive this battle. Scarce had he arrived at Zamora on his way homeward, when he was seized with a mortal malady of which he died. He was succeeded by his brother Don Sancho, the same who had formerly endeavored to dispossess him of his throne.

doubt that the same miracle did actually happen to both cavaliers; "for in those days," says he, "there was such a demand for miracles that the same had frequently to be repeated;" witness the repeated appearance of Santiago in precisely the same manner, to save Christian armies from imminent danger of defeat, and achieve wonderful victories over the infidels, as we find recorded throughout the Spanish chronicles.

CHAPTER XVII.

KING SANCHO THE FAT.—OF THE HOMAGE HE EXACTED FROM COUNT FERNAN GONZALEZ, AND OF THE STRANGE BARGAIN THAT HE MADE WITH HIM FOR THE PURCHASE OF HIS HORSE AND FALCON.

KING SANCHO I., on ascending the throne, held a cortes at Leon, where all the great men of the kingdom and the princes who owed allegiance to him were expected to attend and pay homage. As the court of Leon was excessively tenacious of its claim to sovereignty over Castile, the absence of Count Fernan Gonzalez was noticed with great displeasure by the king, who sent missives to him commanding his attendance. The count being proud of heart, and standing much upon the independence of Castile, was unwilling to kiss the hand of any one in token of vassalage. He was at length induced to stifle his repugnance and repair to the court, but he went in almost regal style and with a splendid retinue, more like a sovereign making a progress through his dominions.

As he approached the city of Leon, King Sancho came forth in great state to receive him, and they met appa-

rently as friends, but there was enmity against each other in their hearts.

The rich and gallant array with which Count Fernan made his entry into Leon was the theme of every tongue; but nothing attracted more notice than a falcon, thoroughly trained, which he carried on his hand, and an Arabian horse of wonderful beauty, which he had gained in his wars with the Moors. King Sancho was seized with a vehement desire to possess this horse and falcon, and offered to purchase them of the count. Don Fernan haughtily declined to enter into traffic; but offered them to the monarch as a gift. The king was equally punctilious in refusing to accept a favor; but as monarchs do not easily forego anything on which they have set their hearts, it became evident to Count Fernan that it was necessary, for the sake of peace, to part with his horse and falcon. To save his dignity, however, he asked a price corresponding to his rank; for it was beneath a cavalier, he said, to sell his things cheap, like a mean man. He demanded, therefore, one thousand marks of silver for the horse and falcon,—to be paid on a stipulated day; if not paid on that day the price to be doubled on the next, and on each day's further delay the price should in like manner be doubled. To these terms the king gladly consented, and the terms were specified in a written agreement, which was duly signed and witnessed. The king thus gained the horse and falcon, but it will be

hereinafter shown that this indulgence of his fancy cost him dear.

This eager desire for an Arabian steed appears the more singular in Sancho the First, from his being so corpulent that he could not sit on horseback. Hence he is commonly known in history by the appellation of King Sancho the Fat. His unwieldy bulk, also, may be one reason why he soon lost the favor of his warrior subjects, who looked upon him as a mere trencherman and bed-presser, and not fitted to command men who lived in the saddle, and had rather fight than either eat or sleep.

King Sancho saw that he might soon have hard fighting to maintain his throne; and how could he figure as a warrior who could not mount on horseback? In his anxiety he repaired to his uncle, Garcia, King of Navarre, surnamed the Trembler, who was an exceeding meagre man, and asked counsel of him what he should do to cure himself of this troublesome corpulency. Garcia the Trembler was totally at a loss for a recipe, his own leanness being a gift of Nature; he advised him, however, to repair to Abderahman, the Miramamolin of Spain and King of Cordova, with whom he was happily at peace, and consult with him, and seek advice of the Arabian physicians resident at Cordova—the Moors being generally a spare and active people, and the Arabian physicians skillful above all others in the treatment of diseases.

King Sancho the Fat, therefore, sent amicable messages beforehand to the Moorish miramamolin, and fol-

lowed them as fast as his corpulency would permit; and he was well received by the Moorish sovereign, and remained for a long time at Cordova, diligently employed in decreasing his rotundity.

While the corpulent king was thus growing leaner, discontent broke out among his subjects at home; and, Count Fernan Gonzalez taking advantage of it, stirred up an insurrection, and placed upon the throne of Leon Ordoño the Fourth, surnamed the Bad, who was a kinsman of the late King Ordoño III., and he moreover gave him his daughter for wife—his daughter Urraca, the repudiated wife of the late king.

If the good Count Fernan Gonzalez supposed he had fortified himself by this alliance, and that his daughter was now fixed for the second time, and more firmly than ever, on the throne of Leon, he was grievously deceived; for Sancho I. returned from Cordova at the head of a powerful host of Moors, and was no longer to be called the Fat, for he had so well succeeded under the regimen prescribed by the miramamolin and his Arabian physicians, that he could vault into the saddle with merely putting his hand upon the pommel.

Ordoño IV. was a man of puny heart; no sooner did he hear of the approach of King Sancho, and of his marvelous leanness and agility, than he was seized with terror, and, abandoning his throne and his twice-repudiated spouse Urraca, he made for the mountains of Asturias, or, as others assert, was overtaken by the Moors and killed with lances

CHAPTER XVIII.

FURTHER OF THE HORSE AND FALCON.

KING SANCHO I., having reëstablished himself on the throne, and recovered the good-will of his subjects by his leanness and horsemanship, sent a stern message to Count Fernan Gonzalez to come to his cortes or resign his countship. The count was exceedingly indignant at this order, and feared, moreover, that some indignity or injury would be offered him should he repair to Leon. He made the message known to his principal cavaliers, and requested their advice. Most of them were of opinion that he should not go to the cortes. Don Fernan declared, however, that he would not act disloyally in omitting to do that which the counts of Castile had always performed, although he felt that he incurred the risk of death or imprisonment. Leaving his son, Garcia Fernandez, therefore, in charge of his councilors, he departed for Leon with only seven cavaliers.

As he approached the gates of that city, no one came forth to greet him, as had always been the custom. This he considered an evil sign. Presenting himself before the king, he would have kissed his hand, but the mon-

arch withheld it. He charged the count with being vainglorious and disloyal; with having absented himself from the cortes and conspired against his throne;—for all which he should make atonement, and should give hostages or pledges for his good faith before he left the court.

The count in reply accounted for absenting himself from the cortes by the perfidious treatment he had formerly experienced at Leon. As to any grievances the king might have to complain of, he stood ready to redress them, provided the king would make good his own written engagement, signed with his own hand and sealed with his own seal, to pay for the horse and falcon which he had purchased of the count on his former visit to Leon. Three years had now elapsed since the day appointed for the payment, and in the meantime the price had gone on daily doubling, according to stipulation.

They parted mutually indignant; and, after the count had retired to his quarters, the king, piqued to maintain his royal word, summoned his major-domo, and ordered him to take a large amount of treasure and carry it to the Count of Castile in payment of his demand. So the major-domo repaired to the count with a great sack of money to settle with him for the horse and hawk; but when he came to cast up the account, and double it each day that had intervened since the appointed day of payment, the major-domo, though an expert man at figures, was totally confounded, and, returning to the king, as-

sured him that all the money in the world would not suffice to pay the debt. King Sancho was totally at a loss how to keep his word, and pay off a debt which was more than enough to ruin him. Grievously did he repent his first experience in traffic, and found that it is not safe even for a monarch to trade in horses.

In the meantime the count was suffered to return to Castile; but he did not let the matter rest here; for, being sorely incensed at the indignities he had experienced, he sent missives to King Sancho, urging his demand of payment for the horse and falcon—menacing otherwise to make seizures by way of indemnification. Receiving no satisfactory reply, he made a foray into the kingdom of Leon, and brought off great spoil of sheep and cattle.

King Sancho now saw that the count was too bold and urgent a creditor to be trifled with. In his perplexity he assembled the estates of his kingdom, and consulted them upon this momentous affair. His counselors, like himself, were grievously perplexed between the sanctity of the royal word and the enormity of the debt. After much deliberation they suggested a compromise—the Count Fernan Gonzalez to relinquish the debt, and in lieu thereof to be released from his vassalage.

The count agreed right gladly to this compromise, being thus relieved from all tribute and imposition, and from the necessity of kissing the hand of any man in the world as his sovereign. Thus did King Sancho pay with

the sovereignty of Castile for a horse and falcon, and thus were the Castilians relieved, by a skillful bargain in horse-dealing, from all subjection to the kingdom of Leon.*

* *Cronica* de Alonzo el Sabio, pt. 3, c. 19.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN OF COUNT FERNAN.—HIS DEATH.

THE good Count Fernan Gonzalez was now well stricken in years. The fire of youth was extinct, the pride and ambition of manhood were over; instead of erecting palaces and lofty castles, he began now to turn his thoughts upon the grave and to build his last earthly habitation, the sepulchre.

Before erecting his own, he had one built of rich and stately workmanship for his first wife, the object of his early love, and had her remains conveyed to it and interred with great solemnity. His own sepulchre, according to ancient promise, was prepared at the chapel and hermitage of San Pedro at Arlanza, where he had first communed with the holy Friar Pelayo. When it was completed, he merely inscribed upon it the word, "Obijt," leaving the rest to be supplied by others after his death.

When the Moors perceived that Count Fernan Gonzalez, once so redoubtable in arms, was old and infirm, and given to build tombs instead of castles, they thought it a favorable time to make an inroad into Castile. They

passed the border, therefore, in great numbers, laying everything waste and bearding the old lion in his very den.

The veteran had laid by sword and buckler, and had almost given up the world; but the sound of Moorish drum and trumpet called him back even from the threshold of the sepulchre. Buckling on once more his armor and bestriding his war-steed, he summoned around him his Castilian cavaliers, seasoned like him in a thousand battles, and accompanied by his son Garcia Fernandez, who inherited all the valor of his father, issued forth to meet the foe, followed by the shouts and blessings of the populace, who joyed to see him once more in arms and glowing with his ancient fire.

The Moors were retiring from an extensive ravage, laden with booty and driving before them an immense cavalgada, when they descried a squadron of cavaliers, armed all in steel, emerging from a great cloud of dust, and bearing aloft the silver cross, the well-known standard of Count Fernan Gonzalez. That veteran warrior came on, as usual, leading the way, sword in hand. The very sight of his standard had struck dismay into the enemy; they soon gave way before one of his vigorous charges, nor did he cease to pursue them until they took shelter within the very walls of Cordova. Here he wasted the surrounding country with fire and sword, and after thus braving the Moor in his very capital, returned triumphant to Burgos.

"Such," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "was the last campaign in this life of this most valorous cavalier;" and now, abandoning all further deeds of mortal enterprise in arms to his son Garcia Fernandez, he addressed all his thoughts, as he said, to prepare for his campaign in the skies. He still talked as a veteran warrior, whose whole life had been passed in arms, but his talk was not of earthly warfare nor of earthly kingdoms. He spoke only of the kingdom of heaven, and what he must do to make a successful inroad and gain an eternal inheritance in that blessed country.

He was equally indefatigable in preparing for his spiritual as for his mortal campaign. Instead, however, of mailed warriors tramping through his courts, and the shrill neigh of steed or clang of trumpet echoing among their walls, there were seen holy priests and barefoot monks passing to and fro, and the halls resounded with the sacred melody of litany and psalm. So pleased was Heaven with the good works of this pious cavalier, and especially with rich donations to churches and monasteries which he made under the guidance of his spiritual counselors, that we are told it was given to him to foresee in vision the day and hour when he should pass from this weary life and enter the mansions of eternal rest.

Knowing that the time approached, he prepared for his end like a good Christian. He wrote to the kings of Leon and Navarre in terms of great humility, craving their pardon for all past injuries and offenses, and en-

treating them, for the good of Christendom, to live in peace and amity, and make common cause for the defense of the faith.

Ten days before the time which Heaven had appointed for his death he sent for the abbot of the chapel and convent of Arlanza, and bending his aged knees before him, confessed all his sins. This done, as in former times he had shown great state and ceremony in his worldly pageants, so now he arranged his last cavalgada to the grave. He prayed the abbot to return to his monastery and have his sepulchre prepared for his reception, and that the abbots of St. Sebastian and Silos and Quirce, with a train of holy friars, might come at the appointed day for his body; that thus, as he commended his soul to Heaven through the hands of his confessor, he might, through the hands of these pious men, resign his body to the earth.

When the abbot had departed, the count desired to be left alone; and clothing himself in a coarse friar's garb, he remained in fervent prayer for the forgiveness of his sins. As he had been a valiant captain all his life against the enemies of the faith, so was he in death against the enemies of the soul. He died in the full command of all his faculties, making no groans nor contortions, but rendering up his spirit with the calmness of a heroic cavalier.

We are told that when he died voices were heard from heaven in testimony of his sanctity, while the tears and

lamentations of all Spain proved how much he was valued and beloved on earth. His remains were conveyed, according to his request, to the monastery of St. Pedro de Arlanza by a procession of holy friars with solemn chant and dirge. In the church of that convent they still repose; and two paintings are to be seen in the convent, —one representing the count valiantly fighting with the Moors, the other conversing with St. Pelayo and St. Millan, as they appeared to him in vision before the battle of Hazinas.

The cross which he used as his standard is still treasured up in the sacristy of the convent. It is of massive silver, two ells in length, with our Saviour sculptured upon it, and above the head, in Gothic letters, I. N. R. I. Below is Adam awaking from the grave, with the words of St. Paul, "Awake, thou who sleepest, and arise from the tomb, for Christ shall give thee life."

This holy cross still has the form at the lower end by which the standard-bearer rested it in the pommel of his saddle.

"Inestimable," adds Fray Antonio Agapida, "are the relics and remains of saints and sainted warriors." In after times, when Fernando the Third, surnamed the Saint, went to the conquest of Seville, he took with him a bone of this thrice-blessed and utterly renowned cavalier, together with his sword and pennon, hoping through their efficacy to succeed in his enterprise,—nor was he disappointed; but what is marvelous to hear, but which

we have on the authority of the good Bishop Sandoval on the day on which King Fernando the Saint entered Seville in triumph, great blows were heard to resound within the sepulchre of the count at Arlanza, as if veritably his bones which remained behind exulted in the victory gained by those which had been carried to the wars. Thus were marvelously fulfilled the words of the holy psalm,—"Exaltabant ossa humilitata." *

Here ends the chronicle of the most valorous and renowned Don Fernan Gonzalez, Count of Castile. *Laus Deo.*

* Sandoval, p. 334.

CHRONICLE OF FERNANDO THE SAINT

CHRONICLE OF FERNANDO THE SAINT.

CHAPTER I.

THE PARENTAGE OF FERNANDO.—QUEEN BERENGUELA.—THE LARAS.—DON ALVAR CONCEALS THE DEATH OF KING HENRY.—MISSION OF QUEEN BERENGUELA TO ALFONSO IX.—SHE RENOUNCES THE CROWN OF CASTILE IN FAVOR OF HER SON FERNANDO.

FERNANDO III., surnamed the Saint, was the son of Alfonso III. King of Leon, and of Berenguela, a princess of Castile; but there were some particulars concerning his parentage which it is necessary clearly to state before entering upon his personal history.

Alfonso III. of Leon, and Alfonso IX. King of Castile, were cousins, but there were dissensions between them. The King of Leon, to strengthen himself, married his cousin, the Princess Theresa, daughter of his uncle, the King of Portugal. By her he had two daughters. The marriage was annulled by Pope Celestine III. on account of their consanguinity, and, on their making resistance,

they were excommunicated and the kingdom laid under an interdict. This produced an unwilling separation in 1195. Alfonso III. did not long remain single. Fresh dissensions having broken out between him and his cousin Alfonso IX. of Castile, they were amicably adjusted by his marrying the Princess Berenguela, daughter of that monarch. This second marriage, which took place about three years after the divorce, came likewise under the ban of the Church, and for the same reason, the near propinquity of the parties. Again the commands of the Pope were resisted, and again the refractory parties were excommunicated and the kingdom laid under an interdict.

The unfortunate King of Leon was the more unwilling to give up the present marriage, as the Queen Berenguela had made him the happy father of several children, one of whom he hoped might one day inherit the two crowns of Leon and Castile.

The intercession and entreaties of the bishops of Castile so far mollified the rigor of the Pope, that a compromise was made ; the legitimacy of the children by the present marriage was not to be affected by the divorce of the parents, and Fernando, the eldest, the subject of the present chronicle, was recognized as successor to his father to the throne of Leon. The divorced Queen Berenguela left Fernando in Leon, and returned in 1204 to Castile, to the court of her father, Alfonso III. Here she remained until the death of her father in 1214. who

was succeeded by his son Enrique, or Henry I. The latter being only in his eleventh year, his sister, the ex-Queen Berenguela, was declared regent. She well merited the trust, for she was a woman of great prudence and wisdom, and a resolute and magnanimous spirit.

At this time the house of Lara had risen to great power. There were three brothers of that turbulent and haughty race, Don Alvar Nuñez, Don Fernan Nuñez, and Don Gonzalo Nuñez. The Laras had caused great trouble in the kingdom during the minority of Prince Henry's father, by arrogating to themselves the regency; and they now attempted, in like manner, to get the guardianship of the son, declaring it an office too important and difficult to be intrusted to a woman. Having a powerful and unprincipled party among the nobles, and using great bribery among persons in whom Berenguela confided, they carried their point; and the virtuous Berenguela, to prevent civil commotions, resigned the regency into the hands of Don Alvar Nuñez de Lara, the head of that ambitious house. First, however, she made him kneel and swear that he would conduct himself toward the youthful King Enrique as a thorough friend and a loyal vassal, guarding his person from all harm; that he would respect the property of individuals, and undertake nothing of importance without the counsel and consent of Queen Berenguela. Furthermore, that he would guard and respect the hereditary possessions of Queen Berenguela, left to her by her father, and would always serve

her as his sovereign, the daughter of his deceased king. All this Don Alvar Nuñez solemnly swore upon the sacred evangelists and the holy cross.

No sooner, however, had he got the young king in his power, than he showed the ambition, rapacity, and arrogance of his nature. He prevailed upon the young king to make him a count; he induced him to hold cortes without the presence of Queen Berenguela; issuing edicts in the king's name, he banished refractory nobles, giving their offices and lands to his brothers; he levied exactions on rich and poor, and, what is still more flagrant, he extended these exactions to the Church. In vain did Queen Berenguela remonstrate; in vain did the Dean of Toledo thunder forth an excommunication; he scoffed at them both, for in the king's name he persuaded himself he had a tower of strength. He even sent a letter to Queen Berenguela in the name of the young king, demanding of her the castles, towns, and ports which had been left to her by her father. The queen was deeply grieved at this letter, and sent a reply to the king that, when she saw him face to face, she would do with those possessions whatever he should command, as her brother and sovereign.

On receiving this message, the young king was shocked and distressed that such a demand should have been made in his name; but he was young and inexperienced, and could not openly contend with a man of Don Alvar's overbearing character. He wrote secretly to the queen,

however, assuring her that the demand had been made without his knowledge, and saying how gladly he would come to her if he could, and be relieved from the thraldom of Don Alvar.

In this way the unfortunate prince was made an instrument in the hands of this haughty and arrogant nobleman of inflicting all kinds of wrongs and injuries upon his subjects. Don Alvar constantly kept him with him, carrying him from place to place of his dominions, wherever his presence was necessary to effect some new measure of tyranny. He even endeavored to negotiate a marriage between the young king and some neighboring princess, in order to retain an influence over him, but in this he was unsuccessful.

For three years had he maintained this iniquitous sway, until one day in 1217, when the young king was with him at Palencia, and was playing with some youthful companions in the court-yard of the episcopal palace, a tile, either falling from the roof of a tower, or sportively thrown by one of his companions, struck him in the head, and inflicted a wound of which he presently died.

This was a fatal blow to the power of Don Alvar. To secure himself from any sudden revulsion in the popular mind, he determined to conceal the death of the king as long as possible, and gave out that he had retired to the fortress of Tariego, whither he had the body conveyed, as if still living. He continued to issue despatches from

time to time in the name of the king, and made various excuses for his non-appearance in public.

Queen Berenguela soon learned the truth. According to the laws of Castile she was heiress to the crown, but she resolved to transfer it to her son Fernando, who, being likewise acknowledged successor to the crown of Leon, would unite the two kingdoms under his rule. To effect her purpose she availed herself of the cunning of her enemy, kept secret her knowledge of the death of her brother, and sent two of her confidential cavaliers, Don Lope Diaz de Haro, Señor of Biscay, and Don Gonzalo Ruiz Giron, and Don Alonzo Tellez de Meneses, to her late husband, Alfonso IX., King of Leon, who, with her son Fernando, was then at Toro, entreating him to send the latter to her to protect her from the tyranny of Don Alvar. The prudent mother, however, forbore to let King Alfonso know of her brother's death, lest it might awaken in him ambitious thoughts about the Castilian crown.

This mission being sent, she departed with the cavaliers of her party for Palencia. The death of the King Enrique being noised about, she was honored as Queen of Castile, and Don Tello, the bishop, came forth in procession to receive her. The next day she proceeded to the castle of Duenas, and, on its making some show of resistance, took it by force.

The cavaliers who were with the queen endeavored to effect a reconciliation between her and Don Alvar, seeing that the latter had powerful connections, and through his

partisans and retainers held possession of the principal towns and fortresses; that haughty nobleman, however, would listen to no proposals unless the Prince Fernando was given into his guardianship, as had been the Prince Enrique.

In the meantime the request of Queen Berenguela had been granted by her late husband, the King of Leon, and her son Fernando hastened to meet her. The meeting took place at the castle of Otiella, and happy was the anxious mother once more to embrace her son. At her command the cavaliers in her train elevated him on the trunk of an elm-tree for a throne, and hailed him king with great acclamations.

They now proceeded to Valladolid, which at that time was a great and wealthy town. Here the nobility and chivalry of Estremadura and other parts hastened to pay homage to the queen. A stage was erected in the market-place, where the assembled states acknowledged her for queen and swore fealty to her. She immediately, in presence of her nobles, prelates, and people, renounced the crown in favor of her son. The air rang with the shouts of "Long live Fernando, King of Castile!" The bishops and clergy then conducted the king in state to the church. This was on the 31st of August, 1217, and about three months from the death of King Enrique.

Fernando was at this time about eighteen years of age, an accomplished cavalier, having been instructed in everything befitting a prince and a warrior.

CHAPTER II.

KING ALFONSO OF LEON RAVAGES CASTILE.— CAPTIVITY OF DON ALVAR.— DEATH OF THE LARAS.

KING ALFONSO of Leon was exceedingly exasperated at the furtive manner in which his son Fernando had left him, without informing him of King Henry's death. He considered, and perhaps with reason, the transfer of the crown of Castile by Berenguela to her son, as a manœuvre to evade any rights or claims which he, King Alfonso, might have over her, notwithstanding their divorce; and he believed that both mother and son had conspired to deceive and outwit him; and, what was especially provoking, they had succeeded. It was natural for King Alfonso to have become by this time exceedingly irritable and sensitive; he had been repeatedly thwarted in his dearest concerns; excommunicated out of two wives by the Pope, and now, as he conceived, cajoled out of a kingdom.

In his wrath he flew to arms,—a prompt and customary recourse of kings in those days when they had no will to consult but their own; and notwithstanding the earnest expostulations and entreaties of holy men,

he entered Castile with an army, ravaging the legitimate inheritance of his son, as if it had been the territory of an enemy. He was seconded in his outrages by Count Alvar Nuñez de Lara and his two bellicose brothers, who hoped still to retain power by rallying under his standard.

There were at this time full two thousand cavaliers with the youthful king, resolute men, well armed and well appointed, and they urged him to lead them against the King of Leon. Queen Berenguela, however, interposed and declared her son should never be guilty of the impiety of taking up arms against his father. By her advice King Fernando sent an embassy to his father, expostulating with him, and telling him that he ought to be thankful to God that Castile was in the hands of a son disposed at all times to honor and defend him, instead of a stranger who might prove a dangerous foe.

King Alfonzo, however, was not so to be appeased. By the ambassadors he sent proposals to Queen Berenguela that they reënter into wedlock, for which he would procure a dispensation from the Pope; they would then be jointly sovereigns of both Castile and Leon, and the Prince Fernando, their son, should inherit both crowns. But the virtuous Berenguela recoiled from this proposal of a second nuptials. "God forbid," replied she, "that I should return to a sinful marriage; and as to the crown of Castile, it now belongs to my son, to whom I have given it with the sanction of God and the good men of this realm."

King Alfonzo was more enraged than ever by this reply, and, being incited and aided by Count Alvar and his faction, he resumed his ravages, laying waste the country and burning the villages. He would have attacked Duenas, but found that place strongly garrisoned by Diego Lopez de Haro and Ruy Diaz de los Cameros; he next marched upon Burgos, but that place was equally well garrisoned by Lope Diez de Faro and other stout Castilian cavaliers; so perceiving his son to be more firmly seated upon the throne than he had imagined, and that all his own menaces and ravages were unavailing, he returned deeply chagrined to his kingdom.

King Fernando, in obedience to the dictates of his mother as well as of his own heart, abstained from any acts of retaliation on his father; but he turned his arms against Muñon and Lerma and Lara, and other places which either belonged to, or held out for, Count Alvar, and, having subdued them, proceeded to Burgos, the capital of his kingdom, where he was received by the bishop and clergy with great solemnity, and whither the nobles and chivalry from all parts of Castile hastened to rally round his throne. The turbulent Count Alvar Nuñez de Lara and his brothers retaining other fortresses too strong to be easily taken, refused all allegiance, and made ravaging excursions over the country. The prudent and provident Berenguela, therefore, while at Burgos, seeing that the troubles and contentions of the kingdom would cause great expense and prevent much

revenue, gathered together all her jewels of gold and silver and precious stones, and all her plate and rich silks, and other precious things, and caused them to be sold, and gave the money to her son to defray the cost of these civil wars.

King Fernando and his mother departed shortly afterwards for Palencia; on their way they had to pass by Herrera, which at that time was the stronghold of Count Alvar. When the king came in sight, Count Fernan Nuñez, with his battalions, was on the banks of the river, but drew within the walls. As the king had to pass close by with his retinue, he ordered his troops to be put in good order, and gave it in charge to Alonzo Tellez and Suer Tellez and Alvar Ruyz to protect the flanks.

As the royal troops drew near, Count Alvar, leaving his people in the town, sallied forth with a few cavaliers to regard the army as it passed. Affecting great contempt for the youthful king and his cavaliers, he stood drawn up on a rising ground with his attendants, looking down upon the troops with scornful aspect, and rejecting all advice to retire into the town.

As the king and his immediate escort came nigh, their attention was attracted to this little body of proud warriors drawn up upon a bank and regarding them so loftily; and Alonzo Tellez and Suer Tellez looking more closely, recognized Don Alvar, and putting spurs to their horses, dashed up the bank, followed by several cavaliers. Don Alvar repented of his vain confidence too late, and

seeing great numbers urging toward him, turned his reins and retreated toward the town. Still his stomach was too high for absolute flight, and the others, who spurred after him at full speed, overtook him. Throwing himself from his horse, he covered himself with his shield and prepared for defense. Alonzo Tellez, however, called to his men not to kill the count, but to take him prisoner. He was accordingly captured, with several of his followers, and borne off to the king and queen. The count had everything to apprehend from their vengeance for his misdeeds. They used no personal harshness, however, but demanded from him that he should surrender all the castles and strong places held by the retainers and partisans of his brothers and himself, that he should furnish one hundred horsemen to aid in their recovery, and should remain a prisoner until those places were all in the possession of the crown.

Captivity broke the haughty spirit of Don Alvar. He agreed to those conditions, and until they should be fulfilled was consigned to the charge of Gonsalvo Ruyz Giron, and confined in the castle of Valladolid. The places were delivered up in the course of a few months, and thus King Fernando became strongly possessed of his kingdom.

Stripped of power, state, and possessions, Count Alvar and his brothers, after an ineffectual attempt to rouse the King of Leon to another campaign against his son, became savage and desperate, and made predatory ex-

cursions, pillaging the country, until Count Alvar fell mortally ill of hydropsy. Struck with remorse and melancholy, he repaired to Toro and entered the chivalrous order of Santiago, that he might gain the indulgences granted by the Pope to those who die in that order, and hoping, says an ancient chronicler, to oblige God, as it were, by that religious ceremony, to pardon his sins.* His illness endured seven months, and he was reduced to such poverty that at his death there was not money enough left by him to convey his body to Ucles, where he had requested to be buried, nor to pay for tapers for his funeral. When Queen Berenguela heard this, she ordered that the funeral should be honorably performed at her own expense, and sent a cloth of gold to cover the bier.†

The brother of Count Alvar, Don Fernando, abandoned his country in despair and went to Marocco, where he was well received by the miramamolin, and had lands and revenues assigned to him. He became a great favorite among the Moors, to whom he used to recount his deeds in the civil wars of Castile. At length he fell dangerously ill, and caused himself to be taken to a suburb inhabited by Christians. There happened to be there at that time one Don Gonsalvo, a knight of the order of the Hospital of St. John de Acre, and who had been in the service of Pope Innocent III. Don Fernando, finding his

* *Cronica Gotica*, por Don Alonzo Nuñez de Castro, p. 17.

† *Cronica General de España*, pt. 3, p. 370.

end approaching, entreated of the knight his religious habit, that he might die in it. His request was granted, and thus Count Fernando died in the habit of a Knight Hospital of St. John de Acre, in Elbora, a suburb of Marocco. His body was afterwards brought to Spain, and interred in a town on the banks of the Pisuerga, in which repose likewise the remains of his wife and children.

The Count Gonsalvo Nuñez de Lara, the third of these brothers, also took refuge among the Moors. He was seized with violent disease in the city of Baeza, where he died. His body was conveyed to Campos a Zalmos, which appertained to the Friars of the Temple, where the holy fraternity gave it the rites of sepulture with all due honor. Such was the end of these three brothers of the once proud and powerful house of Lara, whose disloyal deeds had harassed their country and brought ruin upon themselves.

CHAPTER III.

MARRIAGE OF KING FERNANDO.—CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE MOORS.—ABEN MOHAMED, KING OF BAEZA, DECLARES HIMSELF THE VASSAL OF KING FERNANDO.—THEY MARCH TO JAEN.—BURNING OF THE TOWER.—FERNANDO COMMENCES THE BUILDING OF THE CATHEDRAL AT TOLEDO.

KING FERNANDO, aided by the sage counsels of his mother, reigned for some time in peace and quietness, administering his affairs with equity and justice. The good Queen Berenguela now began to cast about her eyes in search of a suitable alliance for her son, and had many consultations with the Bishop Maurice of Burgos, and other ghostly counselors, thereupon. They at length agreed upon the Princess Beatrix, daughter of the late Philip, Emperor of Germany, and the Bishop Maurice and Padre Fray Pedro de Arlanza were sent as envoys to the Emperor Frederick II., cousin of the princess, to negotiate the terms. An arrangement was happily effected, and the princess set out for Spain. In passing through France she was courteously entertained at Paris by King Philip, who made her rich presents. On the borders of Castile she was met at Vittoria by the Queen Berenguela, with a great train of prelates, monks, and masters of the relig-

ious orders, and of abbesses and nuns, together with a glorious train of chivalry. In this state she was conducted to Burgos, where the king and all his court came forth to receive her, and their nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing.

King Fernando lived happily with his fair Queen Beatrix, and his kingdom remained in peace; but by degrees he became impatient of quiet, and anxious to make war upon the Moors. Perhaps he felt called upon to make some signal essay in arms at present, having, the day before his nuptials, been armed a knight in the monastery of Las Huelgos, and in those iron days knighthood was not a matter of mere parade and ceremony, but called for acts of valor and proofs of stern endurance.

The discreet Berenguela endeavored to dissuade her son from taking the field, considering him not of sufficient age. In all things else he was ever obedient to her counsels, and even to her inclinations, but it was in vain that she endeavored to persuade him from making war upon the infidels. "God," would he say "had put into his hands not merely a sceptre to govern, but a sword to avenge his country."

It was fortunate for the good cause, moreover, add the Spanish chroniclers, that while the queen-mother was endeavoring to throw a damper on the kindling fire of her son, a worthy prelate was at hand to stir it up into a blaze. This was the illustrious historian Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, who now preached a crusade against

the Moors, promising like indulgences with those granted to the warriors for the Holy Sepulchre. The consequence was a great assemblage of troops from all parts at Toledo.

King Fernando was prevented for a time from taking the field in person, but sent in advance Don Lope Diaz de Haro and Ruy Gonsalvo de Giron and Alonzo Tellez de Meneses, with five hundred cavaliers well armed and mounted. The very sight of them effected a conquest over Aben Mohamed, the Moorish king of Baeza, insomuch that he sent an embassy to King Fernando, declaring himself his vassal.

When King Fernando afterwards took the field, he was joined by this Moorish ally at the Navas or plains of Tolosa; who was in company with him when the king marched to Jaen, to the foot of a tower, and set fire to it, whereupon those Moors who remained in the tower were burned to death, and those who leaped from the walls were received on the points of lances.

Notwithstanding the burnt-offering of this tower, Heaven did not smile upon the attempt of King Fernando to reduce the city of Jaen. He was obliged to abandon the siege, but consoled himself by laying waste the country. He was more successful elsewhere. He carried the strong town of Priego by assault, and gave the garrison their lives on condition of yielding up all their property, and paying, moreover, eighty thousand maravedis of silver. For the payment of this sum they

were obliged to give as hostages fifty-five damsels of great beauty, and fifty cavaliers of rank, besides nine hundred of the common people. The king divided his hostages among his bravest cavaliers and the religious orders; but his vassal, the Moorish king of Baeza, obtained the charge of the Moorish damsels.

The king then attacked Loxa, and his men scaled the walls and burnt the gates, and made themselves masters of the place. He then led his army into the Vega of Granada, the inhabitants of which submitted to become his vassals, and gave up all the Christian captives in that city, amounting to thirteen hundred.

Aben Mohamed, king of Baeza, then delivered to King Fernando the towers of Martos and Andujar, and the king gave them to Don Alvar Perez de Castro and placed with him Don Gonzalo Ybañez, Master of Calatrava, and Tello Alonzo Meneses, son of Don Alonzo Tellez, and other stout cavaliers, fitted to maintain frontier posts. These arrangements being made, and having ransacked every mountain and valley, and taken many other places not herein specified, King Fernando returned in triumph to Toledo, where he was joyfully received by his mother Berenguela and his wife Beatrix.

Clerical historians do not fail to record with infinite satisfaction a signal instance of the devout and zealous spirit which King Fernando had derived from his constant communion with the reverend fathers of the Church. As the king was one day walking with his

ghostly adviser the archbishop, in the principal church of Toledo, which was built in the Moresco fashion, having been a mosque of the infidels, it occurred, or more probably was suggested to him, that, since God had aided him to increase his kingdom, and had given him such victories over the enemies of his holy faith, it became him to rebuild his holy temple, which was ancient and falling to decay, and to adorn it richly with the spoils taken from the Moors. The thought was promptly carried into effect. The king and the archbishop laid the first stone with great solemnity, and in the fullness of time accomplished that mighty cathedral of Toledo, which remains the wonder and admiration of after-ages.

CHAPTER IV.

ASSASSINATION OF ABEN MOHAMED.—HIS HEAD CARRIED AS A PRESENT TO ABULLALE, THE MOORISH KING OF SEVILLE.—ADVANCE OF THE CHRISTIANS INTO ANDALUSIA.—ABULLALE PURCHASES A TRUCE.

THE worthy Fray Antonio Agapida records various other victories and achievements of King Fernando in a subsequent campaign against the Moors of Andalusia; in the course of which his camp was abundantly supplied with grain by his vassal Aben Mohamed, the Moorish king of Baeza. The assistance rendered by that Moslem monarch to the Christian forces in their battles against those of his own race and his own faith, did not meet with the reward it merited. "Doubtless," says Antonio Agapida, "because he halted half way in the right path, and did not turn thorough renegado." It appears that his friendship for the Christians gave great disgust to his subjects, and some of them rose upon him, while he was sojourning in the city of Cordova, and sought to destroy him. Aben Mohamed fled by a gate leading to the gardens, to take shelter in the tower of Almodovar; but the assassins overtook him, and slew him on a hill near the tower. They then cut off his

head and carried it as a present to Abullale, the Moorish king of Seville, expecting to be munificently rewarded; but that monarch gave command that their heads should be struck off and their bodies thrown to the dogs, as traitors to their liege lords.*

King Fernando was grieved when he heard of the assassination of his vassal, and feared the death of Aben Mohamed might lead to a rising of the Moors. He sent notice to Andujar, to Don Alvar Perez de Castro and Alonzo Tellez de Meneses, to be on their guard; but the Moors, fearing punishment for some rebellious movements, abandoned the town, and it fell into the hands of the king. The Moors of Martos did the like. The Alcazar of Baeza yielded also to the king, who placed in it Don Lope Diaz de Haro with five hundred men.

Abullale, the Moorish sovereign of Seville, was alarmed at seeing the advances which the Christians were making in Andalusia; and attempted to wrest from their hands these newly acquired places. He marched upon Martos, which was not strongly walled. The Countess Doña Yrenia, wife to Don Alvar Perez de Castro, was in this place, and her husband was absent. Don Tello Alonzo, with a Spanish force, hastened to her assistance. Finding the town closely invested, he formed his men into a troop, and endeavored to cut his way through the enemy. A rude conflict ensued, the cavaliers fought their

* *Cron. Gen. de España*, pt. 4, fol. 373.

way forward, and Christian and Moor arrived pell-mell at the gate of the town. Here the press was excessive. Fernan Gomez de Pudiello, a stout cavalier, who bore the pennon of Don Tello Alonzo, was slain, and the same fate would have befallen Don Tello himself, but that a company of esquires sallied from the town to his rescue.

King Abullale now encircled the town, and got possession of the Peña, or rock, which commands it, killing two hundred Christians who defended it.

Provisions began to fail the besieged, and they were reduced to slay their horses for food, and even to eat the hides. Don Gonsalvo Ybañez, master of Calatrava, who was in Baeza, hearing of the extremity of the place, came suddenly with seventy men and effected an entrance. The augmentation of the garrison only served to increase the famine, without being sufficient in force to raise the siege. At length word was brought to Don Alvar Perez de Castro, who was with the king at Guadalaxara, of the imminent danger to which his wife was exposed. He instantly set off for her relief, accompanied by several cavaliers of note, and a strong force. They succeeded in getting into Martos, recovered the Peña, or rock, and made such vigorous defense that Abullale abandoned the siege in despair. In the following year King Fernando led his host to take revenge upon this Moorish king of Seville; but the latter purchased a truce for one year with three hundred maravedis of silver.*

* *Cron. Gen. de España*, pt. 4, c. ii.

CHAPTER V.

ABEN HUD. — ABULLALE PURCHASES ANOTHER YEAR'S TRUCE. — FERNANDO HEARS OF THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE KING OF LEON, WHILE PRESSING THE SIEGE OF JAEN.—HE BECOMES SOVEREIGN OF THE TWO KINGDOMS OF LEON AND CASTILE.

BOUT this time a valiant sheik, named Aben Abdallar Mohammed ben Hud, but commonly called Aben Hud, was effecting a great revolution in Moorish affairs. He was of the lineage of Aben Alfange, and bitterly opposed to the sect of Almohades, who for a long time had exercised a tyrannical sway. Stirring up the Moors of Murcia to rise upon their oppressors, he put himself at their head, massacred all the Almohades that fell into his hands, and made himself sheik or king of that region. He purified the mosques with water, after the manner in which Christians purify their churches, as though they had been defiled by the Almohades. Aben Hud acquired a name among those of his religion for justice and good faith as well as valor; and after some opposition, gained sway over all Andalusia. This brought him in collision with King Fernando. . . .

☞ (Something is wanting here.) *

laying waste fields of grain. The Moorish sovereign of Seville purchased another year's truce of him for three hundred thousand maravedis of silver. Aben Hud, on the other hand, collected a great force and marched to oppose him, but did not dare to give him battle. He went, therefore, upon Merida, and fought with King Alfonso of Leon, father of King Fernando, where, however, he met with complete discomfiture.

On the following year King Fernando repeated his invasion of Andalusia, and was pressing the siege of the city of Jaen, which he assailed by means of engines discharging stones, when a courier arrived in all speed from his mother, informing him that his father, Alfonso, was dead, and urging him to proceed instantly to Leon, to enforce his pretensions to the crown. King Fernando accordingly raised the siege of Jaen, sending his engines to Martos, and repaired to Castile, to consult with his mother, who was his counselor on all occasions.

* The hiatus, here noted by the author, has evidently arisen from the loss of a leaf of his manuscript. The printed line which precedes the parenthesis concludes page 32 of the manuscript; the line which follows it begins page 34. The intermediate page is wanting. I presume the author did not become conscious of his loss until he had resorted to his manuscript for revision, and that he could not depend upon his memory to supply what was wanting without a fresh resort to authorities not at hand. Hence a postponement and ultimate omission. The missing leaf would scarce have filled half a page of print, and, it would seem from the context, must have related the invasion of Andalusia by Fernando and the ravages committed by his armies.—Ed.

It appeared that in his last will King Alfonso had named his two daughters joint heirs to the crown. Some of the Leonese and Gallegos were disposed to place the Prince Alonzo, brother to King Fernando, on the throne; but he had listened to the commands of his mother, and had resisted all suggestions of the kind; the larger part of the kingdom, including the most important cities, had declared for Fernando.

Accompanied by his mother, King Fernando proceeded instantly into the kingdom of Leon with a powerful force. Wherever they went the cities threw open their gates to them. The princesses Doña Sancha and Doña Dulce, with their mother, Theresa, would have assembled a force to oppose them, but the prelates were all in favor of King Fernando. On his approach to Leon, the bishops and clergy and all the principal inhabitants came forth to receive him, and conducted him to the cathedral, where he received their homage, and was proclaimed king, with the *Te Deums* of the choir and the shouts of the people.

Doña Theresa, who, with her daughters, was in Galicia, finding the kingdom thus disposed of, sent to demand provision for herself and the two princesses, who in fact were step-sisters of King Fernando. Queen Berenguela, though she had some reason not to feel kindly disposed towards Doña Theresa, who she might think had been exercising a secret influence over her late husband, yet suppressed all such feelings, and undertook to repair in

person to Galicia, and negotiate this singular family question. She had an interview with Queen Theresa at Valencia de Merlio in Galicia, and arranged a noble dower for her, and an annual revenue to each of her daughters of thirty thousand maravedis of gold. The king then had a meeting with his sisters at Benevente, where they resigned all pretensions to the throne. All the fortified places which held for them were given up, and thus Fernando became undisputed sovereign of the two kingdoms of Castile and Leon.

CHAPTER VI.

EXPEDITION OF THE PRINCE ALONZO AGAINST THE MOORS.—ENCAMPS ON THE BANKS OF THE GUADALETE.—ABEN HUD MARCHES OUT FROM XEREZ AND GIVES BATTLE.—PROWESS OF GARCIA PEREZ DE VARGAS.—FLIGHT AND PURSUIT OF THE MOORS.—MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED SANTIAGO.

KING FERNANDO III. having, through the sage counsel and judicious management of his mother, made this amicable arrangement with his step-sisters, by which he gained possession of their inheritance, now found his territories to extend from the Bay of Biscay to the vicinity of the Guadalquivir, and from the borders of Portugal to those of Aragon and Valencia; and in addition to his titles of King of Castile and Leon, called himself King of Spain by seigniorial right. Being at peace with all his Christian neighbors, he now prepared to carry on with more zeal and vigor than ever his holy wars against the infidels. While making a progress, however, through his dominions, administering justice, he sent his brother, the Prince Alonzo, to make an expedition into the country of the Moors, and to attack the newly-risen power of Aben Hud.

As the Prince Alonzo was young and of little expe-

rience, the king sent Don Alvar Perez de Castro, the Castilian, with him as captain, he being stout of heart, strong of hand, and skilled in war. The prince and his captain went from Salamanca to Toledo, where they recruited their force with a troop of cavalry. Thence they proceeded to Andujar, where they sent out corredores, or light foraging troops, who laid waste the country, plundering and destroying and bringing off great booty. Thence they directed their ravaging course toward Cordova, assaulted and carried Palma, and put all its inhabitants to the sword. Following the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, they scoured the vicinity of Seville, and continued onward for Xerez, sweeping off cattle and sheep from the pastures of Andalusia; driving on long cavalgadas of horses and mules laden with spoil; until the earth shook with the tramping of their feet, and their course was marked by clouds of dust and the smoke of burning villages.

In this desolating foray they were joined by two hundred horse and three hundred foot, Moorish allies, or rather vassals, being led by the son of Aben Mohamed, the king of Baeza.

Arrived within sight of Xerez, they pitched their tents on the banks of the Guadalete—that fatal river, sadly renowned in the annals of Spain for the overthrow of Roderick and the perdition of the kingdom.

Here a good watch was set over the captured flocks and herds which covered the adjacent meadows, while

the soldiers, fatigued with ravage, gave themselves up to repose on the banks of the river, or indulged in feasting and revelry, or gambled with each other for their booty.

In the meantime Aben Hud, hearing of this inroad, summoned all his chivalry of the seaboard of Andalusia to meet him in Xerez. They hastened to obey his call; every leader spurred for Xerez with his band of vassals. Thither came also the king of the Azules, with seven hundred horsemen, Moors of Africa, light, vigorous, and active; and the city was full of troops.

The camp of Don Alonzo had a formidable appearance at a distance, from the flocks and herds which surrounded it, the vast number of sumpter mules, and the numerous captives; but when Aben Hud came to reconnoitre it, he found that its aggregate force did not exceed three thousand five hundred men—a mere handful in comparison to his army, and those encumbered with cattle and booty. He anticipated, therefore, an easy victory. He now sallied forth from the city, and took his position in the olive-fields between the Christians and the city; while the African horsemen were stationed on each wing, with instructions to hem in the Christians on either side, for he was only apprehensive of their escaping. It is even said that he ordered great quantities of cords to be brought from the city, and osier bands to be made by the soldiery, wherewith to bind the multitude of prisoners about to fall into their hands. His whole force he divided into seven battalions, each containing from fifteen

hundred to two thousand cavalry. With these he prepared to give battle.

When the Christians thus saw an overwhelming force in front, cavalry hovering on either flank, and the deep waters of the Guadalete behind them, they felt the perils of their situation.

In this emergency Alvar Perez de Castro showed himself the able captain that he had been represented. Though apparently deferring to the prince in council, he virtually took the command, riding among the troops lightly armed, with truncheon in hand, encouraging every one by word and look and fearless demeanor. To give the most formidable appearance to their little host, he ordered that as many as possible of the foot-soldiers should mount upon the mules and beasts of burden, and form a troop to be kept in reserve. Before the battle he conferred the honor of knighthood on Garcia Perez de Vargas, a cavalier destined to gain renown for hardy deeds of arms.

When the troops were all ready for the field, the prince exhorted them as good Christians to confess their sins and obtain absolution. There was a goodly number of priests and friars with the army, as there generally was with all the plundering expeditions of this holy war, but there were not enough to confess all the army; those, therefore, who could not have a priest or monk for the purpose, confessed to each other.

Among the cavaliers were two noted for their valor;

but who, though brothers-in-law, lived in mortal feud. One was Diego Perez, vassal to Alvar Perez and brother to him who had just been armed knight; the other was Pero Miguel, both natives of Toledo. Diego Perez, was the one who had given cause of offense. He now approached his adversary and asked his pardon for that day only; that, in a time of such mortal peril there might not be enmity and malice in their hearts. The priests added their exhortations to this request, but Pero Miguel sternly refused to pardon. When this was told to the prince and Don Alvar, they likewise entreated Don Miguel to pardon his brother-in-law. "I will," replied he, "if he will come to my arms and embrace me as a brother." But Diego Perez declined the fraternal embrace, for he saw danger in the eye of Pero Miguel, and he knew his savage strength and savage nature, and suspected that he meant to strangle him. So Pero Miguel went into battle without pardoning his enemy who had implored forgiveness.

At this time, say the old chroniclers, the shouts and yells of the Moorish army, the sound of their cymbals, kettle-drums, and other instruments of warlike music were so great that heaven and earth seemed commingled and confounded. In regarding the battle about to overwhelm him, Alvar Perez saw that the only chance was to form the whole army into one mass, and by a headlong assault to break the centre of the enemy. In this emergency he sent word to the prince, who was in the rear

with the reserve and had five hundred captives in charge, to strike off the heads of the captives and join him with the whole reserve. This bloody order was obeyed. The prince came to the front, all formed together in one dense column, and then, with the war-cry, "Santiago! Santiago! Castile! Castile!" charged upon the centre of the enemy. The Moors' line was broken by the shock, squadron after squadron was thrown into confusion, Moors and Christians were intermingled, until the field became one scene of desperate, chance-medley fighting. Every Christian cavalier fought as if the salvation of the field depended upon his single arm. Garcia Perez de Vargas, who had been knighted just before the battle, proved himself worthy of the honor. He had three horses killed under him, and engaged in a desperate combat with the King of the Azules, whom at length he struck dead from his horse. This king had crossed from Africa on a devout expedition in the cause of the Prophet Mahomet. "Verily," says Antonio Agapida, "he had his reward."

Diego Perez was not behind his brother in prowess; and Heaven favored him in that deadly fight, notwithstanding that he had not been pardoned by his enemy. In the heat of the battle he had broken both sword and lance; whereupon, tearing off a great knotted limb from an olive-tree, he laid about him with such vigor and manhood that he who who got one blow in the head from that war-club never needed another. Don Alvar Perez, who witnessed his feats, was seized with delight. At

each fresh blow that cracked a Moslem skull he would cry out, "Assi! assi! Diego; machacha! machacha!" (So! so! Diego; smash them! smash them!) and from that day forward that strong-handed cavalier went by the name of Diego Machacha, or Diego the Smasher, and it remained the surname of several of his lineage.

At length the Moors gave way and fled for the gates of Xerez; being hotly pursued they stumbled over the bodies of the slain, and thus many were taken prisoners. At the gates the press was so great that they killed each other in striving to enter; and the Christian sword made slaughter under the walls.

The Christians gathered spoils of the field, after this victory, until they were fatigued with collecting them, and the precious articles found in the Moorish tents were beyond calculation. Their camp-fires were supplied with the shafts of broken lances, and they found ample use for the cords and osier bands which the Moors had provided to bind their expected captives.

It was a theme of much marvel and solemn meditation that of all the distinguished cavaliers who entered into this battle, not one was lost, excepting the same Pero Miguel who refused to pardon his adversary. What became of him no one could tell. The last that was seen of him he was in the midst of the enemy, cutting down and overturning, for he was a valiant warrior and of prodigious strength. When the battle and pursuit were at an end, and the troops were recalled by sound of trum-

pet, he did not appear. His tent remained empty. The field of battle was searched, but he was nowhere to be found. Some supposed that, in his fierce eagerness to make havoc among the Moors, he had entered the gates of the city and there been slain; but his fate remained a mere matter of conjecture, and the whole was considered an awful warning that no Christian should go into battle without pardoning those who asked forgiveness.

"On this day," says the worthy Agapida, "it pleased Heaven to work one of its miracles in favor of the Christian host; for the blessed Santiago appeared in the air on a white horse, with a white banner in one hand and a sword in the other, accompanied by a band of cavaliers in white. This miracle," he adds, "was beheld by many men of verity and worth," probably the monks and priests who accompanied the army; "as well as by numbers of the Moors, who declared that the greatest slaughter was effected by those sainted warriors."

It may be as well to add that Fray Antonio Agapida is supported in this marvelous fact by Rodrigo, Archbishop of Toledo, one of the most learned and pious men of the age, who lived at the time and records it in his chronicle. It is a matter, therefore, placed beyond the doubts of the profane.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—A memorandum at the foot of this page of the author's manuscript, reminds him to "notice death of Queen Beatrix about this time," but the text continues silent on the subject. According to Mariana, she died in the city of Toro in 1235, before the siege of Cor-

dova. Another authority gives the 5th of November, 1236, as the date of the decease, which would be some months after the downfall of that renowned city. Her body was interred in the nunnery of Las Huelgas at Burgos, and many years afterwards removed to Seville, where reposed the remains of her husband.

CHAPTER VII.

A BOLD ATTEMPT UPON CORDOVA, THE SEAT OF MOORISH POWER.

ABOUT this time certain Christian cavaliers of the frontiers received information from Moorish captives that the noble city of Cordova was negligently guarded, so that the suburbs might easily be surprised. They immediately concerted a bold attempt, and sent to Pedro and Alvar Perez, who were at Martos, entreating them to aid them with their vassals. Having collected a sufficient force, and prepared scaling ladders, they approached the city on a dark night in January, amid showers of rain and howling blasts, which prevented their footsteps being heard. Arrived at the foot of the ramparts, they listened, but could hear no sentinel. The guards had shrunk into the watch-towers for shelter from the pelting storm, and the garrison was in profound sleep, for it was the midwatch of the night.

Some, disheartened by the difficulties of the place, were for abandoning the attempt, but Domingo Muñoz, their adalid, or guide, encouraged them. Silently fastening ladders together, so as to be of sufficient length, they placed them against one of the towers. The first who

mounted were Alvar Colodro and Benito de Banos, who were dressed as Moors and spoke the Arabic language. The tower which they scaled is to this day called the tower of Alvar Colodro. Entering it suddenly but silently, they found four Moors asleep, whom they seized and threw over the battlements, and the Christians below immediately despatched them. By this time a number more of Christians had mounted the ladder, and sallying forth, sword in hand, upon the wall, they gained possession of several towers and of the gate of Martos. Throwing open the gate, Pero Ruyz Tabur galloped in at the head of a squadron of horse, and by the dawn of day the whole suburbs of Cordova, called the Axarquia, were in their possession; the inhabitants having hastily gathered such of their most valuable effects as they could carry with them, and taken refuge in the city.

The cavaliers now barricaded every street of the suburbs excepting the principal one, which was broad and straight; the Moors, however, made frequent sallies upon them, or showered down darts and arrows and stones from the walls and towers of the city. The cavaliers soon found that they had got into warm quarters, which it would cost them blood and toil to maintain. They sent off messengers, therefore, to Don Alvar Perez, then at Martos, and to King Fernando, at Benevente, craving instant aid. The messenger to the king travelled day and night, and found the king at table, when, kneeling down, he presented the letter with which he was charged.

No sooner had the king read the letter than he called for horse and weapon. All Benevente instantly resounded with the clang of arms and tramp of steed; couriers galloped off in every direction, rousing the towns and villages to arms, and ordering every one to join the king on the frontier. "Cordova! Cordova!" was the war-cry,—that proud city of the infidels! that seat of Moorish power! The king waited not to assemble a great force, but, within an hour after receiving the letter, was on the road with a hundred good cavaliers.

It was the depth of winter; the rivers were swollen with rain. The royal party were often obliged to halt on the bank of some raging stream until its waters should subside. The king was all anxiety and impatience. Cordova! Cordova! was the prize to be won, and the cavaliers might be driven out of the suburbs before he could arrive to their assistance.

Arrived at Cordova, he proceeded to the bridge of Alcolea, where he pitched his tents and displayed the royal standard.

Before the arrival of the king, Alvar Perez had hastened from the castle of Martos with a body of troops, and thrown himself into the suburbs. Many warriors, both horse and foot, had likewise hastened from the frontiers and from the various towns to which the king had sent his mandates. Some came to serve the king, others out of devotion to the holy faith, some to gain renown, and not a few to aid in plundering the rich city of Cordova.

here were many monks, also, who had come for the ory of God and the benefit of their convents.

When the Christians in the suburbs saw the royal andard floating above the camp of the king, they outed for joy, and in the exultation of the moment rgot all past dangers and hardships.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SPY IN THE CHRISTIAN CAMP.—DEATH OF ABEN HUD.—A VITAL BLO TO MOSLEM POWER.—SURRENDER OF CORDOVA TO KING FERNANDO.

ABEN HUD, the Moorish chief, who had bee defeated by Alvar Perez and Prince Alonz before Xerez, was at this time in Ecija with large force, and disposed to hasten to the aid of Cordov but his recent defeat had made him cautious. He ha in his camp a Christian cavalier, Don Lorenzo Xuare by name, who had been banished from Castile by Kin Fernando. This cavalier offered to go as a spy into th Christian camp, accompanied by three Christian horse men, and to bring accounts of its situation and strengt His offer was gladly accepted, and Aben Hud promise to do nothing with his forces until his return.

Don Lorenzo set out privately with his companion and when he came to the end of the bridge he alighte and took one of the three with him, leaving the other tw to guard the horses. He entered the camp without im pediment, and saw that it was small and of but littl force; for, though recruits had repaired from all quar ters, they had as yet arrived in but scanty numbers.

As Don Lorenzo approached the camp he saw a mon-
ero who stood sentinel. "Friend," said he, "do me the
indness to call to me some person who is about the
ing, as I have something to tell him of great impor-
ance." The sentinel went in, and brought out Don
Otiella. Don Lorenzo took him aside and said, "Do
ou not know me? I am Don Lorenzo. I pray you tell
he king that I entreat permission to enter and commu-
icate matters touching his safety."

Don Otiella went in and awoke the king, who was
leeping, and obtained permission for Don Lorenzo to
nter. When the king beheld him he was wroth at his
resuming to return from exile; but Don Lorenzo re-
lied,—"Señor, your majesty banished me to the land
f the Moors to do me harm, but I believe it was in-
ended by Heaven for the welfare both of your majesty
nd myself." Then he apprised the king of the intention
f Aben Hud to come with a great force against him, and
f the doubts and fears he entertained lest the army of
he king should be too powerful. Don Lorenzo, there-
ore, advised the king to draw off as many troops as
ould be spared from the suburbs of Cordova, and to
ive his camp as formidable an aspect as possible; and
hat he would return and give Aben Hud such an ac-
ount of the power of the royal camp as would deter him
rom the attack. "If," continued Don Lorenzo, "I fail
n diverting him from his enterprise, I will come off with
ll my vassals and offer myself, and all I can command,

for the service of your majesty, and hope to be accepte for my good intentions. As to what takes place in th Moorish camp, from hence, in three days, I will sen your majesty letters by this my squire."

The king thanked Don Lorenzo for his good inte tions, and pardoned him, and took him as his vassal; an Don Lorenzo said: "I beseech your majesty to orde that for three or four nights there be made great fire in various parts of the camp, so that in case Aben Hu should send scouts by night, there may be the appea ance of a great host." The king promised it should b done, and Don Lorenzo took his leave; rejoining h companions at the bridge, they mounted their horses an travelled all night, and returned to Ecija.

When Don Lorenzo appeared in presence of Abe Hud he had the air of one fatigued and careworn. T the inquiries of the Moor he returned answers full o alarm, magnifying the power and condition of the roy forces. "Señor," added he, "if you would be assured o the truth of what I say, send out your scouts, and the will behold the Christian tents whitening all the bank of the Guadalquivir, and covering the country as th snow covers the mountains of Granada; or at night the will see fires on hill and dale illumining all the land."

This intelligence redoubled the doubts and apprehen sions of Aben Hud. On the following day two Mooris horsemen arrived in all haste from Zaen, king of Valen cia, informing him that King James of Aragon was com

ng against that place with a powerful army, and offering him the supremacy of the place if he would hasten with ll speed to its relief.

Aben Hud, thus perplexed between two objects, asked dvice of his counselors, among whom was the perfidious Don Lorenzo. They observed that the Christians, though ney had possession of the suburbs of Cordova, could not or a long time master the place. He would have time, nerefore, to relieve Valencia, and then turn his arms and nose of King Zaen against the host of King Fernando.

Aben Hud listened to their advice, and marched immediately for Almeria, to take thence his ships to guard the ort of Valencia. While at Almeria a Moor named Aben rramin, and who was his especial favorite, invited him o a banquet. The unsuspecting Aben Hud threw off his ares for the time, and giving loose to conviviality in the ouse of his favorite, drank freely of the wine-cup that was nsidiously pressed upon him, until he became intoxicated. He was then suffocated by the traitor in a trough of wa-er, and it was given out that he had died of apoplexy.

At the death of Aben Hud, his host fell asunder, and very one hied him to his home, whereupon Don Lorenzo and the Christians who were with him hastened to King Fernando, by whom they were graciously received nd admitted into his royal service.

The death of Aben Hud was a vital blow to Moslem ower, and spread confusion throughout Andalusia. When the people of Cordova heard of it, and of the dis-

memberment of his army, all courage withered from the hearts. Day after day the army of King Fernando wa increasing; the roads were covered with foot-soldiers hast ening to his standard; every hidalgo who could bestrid a horse spurred to the banks of the Guadalquivir to b present at the downfall of Cordova. The noblest cava liers of Castile were continually seen marching into th camp with banners flying and long trains of retainers.

The inhabitants held out as long as there was hel or hope; but they were exhausted by frequent con bats and long and increasing famine, and now the deat of Aben Hud cut off all chance of succor. With sad an broken spirits, therefore, they surrendered their nobl city to King Fernando, after a siege of six months an six days. The surrender took place on Sunday, th twenty-ninth day of July, the feast of the glorious Apos tles St. Peter and St. Paul, in the year of the Incarna tion one thousand two hundred and thirty-six.

The inhabitants were permitted to march forth in per sonal safety, but to take nothing with them. "Thus, exclaims the pious Agapida, "was the city of Cordova the queen of the cities of Andalusia, which so long ha been the seat of the power and grandeur of the Moors cleansed from all the impurities of Mahomet and re stored to the dominion of the true faith."

King Fernando immediately ordered the cross to b elevated on the tower of the principal mosque, and be side it the royal standard; while the bishops, the clergy

and all the people chanted *Te Deum Laudamus*, as a song of triumph for this great victory of the faith.*

The king, having now gained full possession of the city, began to repair, embellish, and improve it. The grand mosque, the greatest and most magnificent in Spain, was now converted into a holy Catholic church. The bishops and other clergy walked round it in solemn procession, sprinkling holy water in every nook and corner, and performing all other rites and ceremonies necessary to purify and sanctify it. They erected an altar in it, also, in honor of the Virgin, and chanted masses with great fervor and unction. In this way they consecrated it to the true faith, and made it the cathedral of the city.

In this mosque were found the bells of the church of San Iago in Galicia, which the Alhagib Almanzor, in the year of our Redemption nine hundred and seventy-five, had brought off in triumph and placed here, turned with their mouths upward to serve as lamps, and remain shining mementos of his victory. King Fernando ordered that these bells should be restored to the church of San Iago; and as Christians had been obliged to bring those bells hither on their shoulders, so infidels were compelled in like manner to carry them back. Great was the popular triumph when these bells had their tongues restored to them, and were once more enabled to fill the air with their holy clangor.

* *Cron. Gen. de España*, pt. 4. Bleda, lib. 4, c. 10.

Having ordered all things for the security and welfare of the city, the king placed it under the government of Don Tello Alonzo de Meneses; he appointed Don Alvar Perez de Castro, also, general of the frontier, having his stronghold in the castle of the rock of Martos. The king then returned, covered with glory, to Toledo.

The fame of the recovery of the renowned city of Cordova, which for five hundred and twenty-two years had been in the power of the infidels, soon spread throughout the kingdom, and people came crowding from every part to inhabit it. The gates which lately had been thronged with steel-clad warriors were now besieged by peaceful wayfarers of all kinds, conducting trains of mules laden with their effects and all their household wealth; and so great was the throng that in a little while there were not houses sufficient to receive them.

King Fernando, having restored the bells to San Iago, had others suspended in the tower of the mosque, whence the muezzin had been accustomed to call the Moslems to their worship. "When the pilgrims," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "who repaired to Cordova, heard the holy sound of these bells chiming from the tower of the cathedral, their hearts leaped for joy, and they invoked blessings on the head of the pious King Fernando.

CHAPTER IX.

MARRIAGE OF KING FERNANDO TO THE PRINCESS JUANA. — FAMINE AT CORDOVA.—DON ALVAR PEREZ.

WHEN Queen Berenguela beheld King Fernando returning in triumph from the conquest of Cordova, her heart was lifted up with transport, for there is nothing that more rejoices the heart of a mother than the true glory of her son. The queen, however, as has been abundantly shown, was a woman of great sagacity and forecast. She considered that upwards of two years had elapsed since the death of the Queen Beatrix, and that her son was living in widowhood. It is true he was of quiet temperament, and seemed sufficiently occupied by the cares of government and the wars for the faith; so that apparently he had no thought of further matrimony; but the shrewd mother considered likewise that he was in the prime and vigor of his days, renowned in arms, noble and commanding in person, and gracious and captivating in manners, and surrounded by the temptations of a court. True, he was a saint in spirit, but, after all, in flesh he was a man, and might be led away into those weaknesses very incident

to, but highly unbecoming of, the exalted state of princes. The good mother was anxious, therefore, that he should enter again into the secure and holy state of wedlock.

King Fernando, a mirror of obedience to his mother, readily concurred with her views in the present instance, and left it to her judgment and discretion to make a choice for him. The choice fell upon the Princess Juana, daughter of the Count of Pothier, and a descendant of Louis the Seventh of France. The marriage was negotiated by Queen Berenguela with the Count of Pothier; and the conditions being satisfactorily arranged, the Princess was conducted in due state to Burgos, where the nuptials were celebrated with great pomp and ceremony.

The king, as well as his subjects, was highly satisfied with the choice of the sage Berenguela, for the bride was young, beautiful, and of stately form, and conducted herself with admirable suavity and grace.

After the rejoicings were over, King Fernando departed with his bride and visited the principal cities and towns of Castile and Leon; receiving the homage of his subjects, and administering justice according to the primitive forms of those days, when sovereigns attended personally to the petitions and complaints of their subjects, and went about hearing causes and redressing grievances.

In the course of his progress, hearing while at Toledo of a severe famine which prevailed at Cordova, he sent a large supply of money to that city, and at the same time

issued orders to various parts, to transport thither as much grain as possible. The calamity, however, went on increasing. The conquest of Cordova had drawn thither great multitudes, expecting to thrive on the well-known fertility and abundance of the country. But the Moors, in the agitation of the time, had almost ceased to cultivate their fields; the troops helped to consume the supplies on hand; there were few hands to labor and an infinity of mouths to eat, and the cry of famine went on daily growing more intense.

Upon this, Don Alvar Perez, who had command of the frontier, set off to represent the case in person to the king; for one living word from the mouth is more effective than a thousand dead words from the pen. He found the king at Valladolid, deeply immersed in the religious exercises of Holy Week, and much did it grieve this saintly monarch, say his chroniclers, to be obliged even for a moment to quit the holy quiet of the church for the worldly bustle of the palace, to lay by the saint and enact the sovereign. Having heard the representations of Don Alvar Perez, he forthwith gave him ample funds wherewith to maintain his castles, his soldiers, and even the idlers who thronged about the frontier, and who would be useful subjects when the times should become settled. Satisfied, also, of the zeal and loyalty of Alvar Perez, which had been so strikingly displayed in the present instance, he appointed him adelantado of the whole frontier of Andalusia—an office equivalent to that

at present called viceroy. Don Alvar hastened back to execute his mission and enter upon his new office. He took his station at Martos, in its rock-built castle, which was the key of all that frontier, whence he could carry relief to any point of his command, and could make occasional incursions into the territories. The following chapter will show the cares and anxieties which awaited him in his new command.

CHAPTER X.

ABEN ALHAMAR, FOUNDER OF THE ALHAMBRA. — FORTIFIES GRANADA AND MAKES IT HIS CAPITAL.—ATTEMPTS TO SURPRISE THE CASTLE OF MARTOS. —PERIL OF THE FORTRESS.—A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM TO SAVE IT.—DIEGO PEREZ, THE SMASHER.—DEATH OF COUNT ALVAR PEREZ DE CASTRO.

N the death of Aben Hud, the Moorish power in Spain was broken up into factions, as has already been mentioned, but these factions were soon united under one head, who threatened to be a formidable adversary to the Christians. This was Mohammed ben Alhamar, or Aben Alhamar, as he is commonly called in history. He was a native of Arjona, of noble descent, being of the Beni Nasar, or race of Nasar, and had been educated in a manner befitting his rank. Arrived at manly years, he had been appointed alcayde of Arjona and Jaen, and had distinguished himself by the justice and benignity of his rule. He was intrepid, also, and ambitious, and during the late dissensions among the Moslems had extended his territories, making himself master of many strong places.

On the death of Aben Hud, he made a military circuit through the Moorish territories, and was everywhere hailed with acclamations as the only one who could save

the Moslem power in Spain from annihilation. At length he entered Granada amidst the enthusiastic shouts of the populace. Here he was proclaimed king, and found himself at the head of the Moslems of Spain, being the first of his illustrious line that ever sat upon a throne. It needs nothing more to give lasting renown to Aben Alhamar than to say he was the founder of the Alhambra, that magnificent monument which to this day bears testimony to Moorish taste and splendor. As yet, however, Aben Alhamar had not time to indulge in the arts of peace. He saw the storm of war that threatened his newly-founded kingdom, and prepared to buffet with it. The territories of Granada extended along the coast from Algeziras almost to Murcia, and inland as far as Jaen and Huescar. All the frontiers he hastened to put in a state of defense, while he strongly fortified the city of Granada, which he made his capital.

By the Mahometan law every citizen is a soldier, and to take arms in defense of the country and the faith is a religious and imperative duty. Aben Alhamar, however, knew the unsteadiness of hastily levied militia, and organized a standing force to garrison his forts and cities, the expense of which he defrayed from his own revenues. The Moslem warriors from all parts now rallied under his standard, and fifty thousand Moors, abandoning Valencia on the conquest of that country by the king of Aragon, hastened to put themselves under the dominion of Aben Alhamar.

Don Alvar Perez, on returning to his post, had intelligence of all these circumstances, and perceived that he had not sufficient force to make head against such a formidable neighbor, and that, in fact, the whole frontier, so recently wrested from the Moors, was in danger of being reconquered. With his old maxim, therefore, "There is more life in one word from the mouth than in a thousand words from the pen," he determined to have another interview with King Fernando, and acquaint him with the imminent dangers impending over the frontier.

He accordingly took his departure with great secrecy, leaving his countess and her women and donzellas in his castle of the rock of Martos, guarded by his nephew Don Tello and forty chosen men.

The departure of Don Alvar Perez was not so secret, however, but that Aben Alhamar had notice of it by his spies, and he resolved to make an attempt to surprise the castle of Martos, which, as has been said, was the key to all this frontier.

Don Tello, who had been left in command of the fortress, was a young galliard, full of the fire of youth, and he had several hardy and adventurous cavaliers with him, among whom was Diego Perez de Vargas, surnamed Machacha, or the Smasher, for his exploits at the battle of Xerez in smashing the heads of the Moors with the limb of an olive-tree. These hot-blooded cavaliers, looking out like hawks from their mountain hold, were seized with an irresistible inclination to make a foray into the

lands of their Moorish neighbors. On a bright morning they accordingly set forth, promising the donzellas of the castle to bring them jewels and rich silks, the spoils of Moorish women.

The cavaliers had not been long gone when the castle was alarmed by the sound of trumpets, and the watchman from the tower gave notice of a cloud of dust, with Moorish banners and armor gleaming through it. It was, in fact, the Moorish king, Aben Alhamar, who pitched his tents before the castle.

Great was the consternation that reigned within the walls, for all the men were absent, excepting one or two necessary for the service of the castle. The dames and donzellas gave themselves up to despair, expecting to be carried away captive, perhaps to supply some Moorish harem. The countess, however, was of an intrepid spirit and ready invention. Summoning her dueñas and damsels, she made them arrange their hair, and dress themselves like men, take weapons in hand, and show themselves between the battlements. The Moorish king was deceived, and supposed the fort well garrisoned. He was deterred, therefore, from attempting to take it by storm. In the meantime she despatched a messenger by the postern-gate, with orders to speed swiftly in quest of Don Tello, and tell him the peril of the fortress.

At hearing these tidings, Don Tello and his companions turned their reins and spurred back for the castle, but on drawing nigh, they saw from a hill that it was

invested by a numerous host who were battering the walls. It was an appalling sight,—to cut their way through such a force seemed hopeless,—yet their hearts were wrung with anguish when they thought of the countess and her helpless donzellas. Upon this, Diego Perez de Vargas, surnamed Machacha, stepped forward and proposed to form a forlorn hope, and attempt to force a passage to the castle. "If any of us succeed," said he, "we may save the countess and the rock; if we fall, we shall save our souls and act the parts of good cavaliers. This rock is the key of all the frontier, on which the king depends to get possession of the country. Shame would it be if Moors should capture it; above all if they should lead away our honored countess and her ladies captive before our eyes, while our lances remain unstained by blood and we unscarred with a wound. For my part, I would rather die than see it. Life is but short; we should do in it our best. So, in a word, cavaliers, if you refuse to join me I will take my leave of you and do what I can with my single arm."

"Diego Perez," cried Don Tello, "you have spoken my very wishes; I will stand by you until the death, and let those who are good cavaliers and hidalgos follow our example."

The other cavaliers caught fire at these words; forming a solid squadron, they put spurs to their horses and rushed down upon the Moors. The first who broke into the ranks of the enemy was Diego Perez, the Smasher,

and he opened a way for the others. Their only object was to cut their way to the fortress, so they fought and pressed forward. The most of them got to the rock; some were cut off by the Moors, and died like valiant knights, fighting to the last gasp.

When the Moorish king saw the daring of these cavaliers, and that they had succeeded in reinforcing the garrison, he despaired of gaining the castle without much time, trouble, and loss of blood. He persuaded himself, therefore, that it was not worth the price, and, striking his tents, abandoned the siege. Thus the rock of Martos was saved by the sagacity of the countess and the prowess of Diego Perez de Vargas, surnamed the Smasher.

In the meantime Don Alvar Perez de Castro arrived in presence of the king at Hutiel. King Fernando received him with benignity, but seemed to think his zeal beyond his prudence; leaving so important a frontier so weakly guarded, sinking the viceroy in the courier, and coming so far to give by word of mouth what might easily have been communicated by letter. He felt the value, however, of his loyalty and devotion, but, furnishing him with ample funds, requested him to lose no time in getting back to his post. The count set out on his return, but it is probable the ardor and excitement of his spirit proved fatal to him, for he was seized with a violent fever when on the journey, and died in the town of Orgaz.

CHAPTER XI.

ABEN HUDIEL, THE MOORISH KING OF MURCIA, BECOMES THE VASSAL OF KING FERNANDO.—ABEN ALHAMAR SEEKS TO DRIVE THE CHRISTIANS OUT OF ANDALUSIA.—FERNANDO TAKES THE FIELD AGAINST HIM.—RAVAGES OF THE KING.—HIS LAST MEETING WITH THE QUEEN-MOTHER.

THE death of Count Alvar Perez de Castro caused deep affliction to King Fernando, for he considered him the shield of the frontier. While he was at Cordova, or at his rock of Martos, the king felt as assured of the safety of the border as though he had been there himself. As soon as he could be spared from Castile and Leon, he hastened to Cordova, to supply the loss the frontier had sustained in the person of his vigilant lieutenant. One of his first measures was to effect a truce of one year with the king of Granada,—a measure which each adopted with great regret, compelled by his several policy: King Fernando to organize and secure his recent conquests; Aben Alhamar to regulate and fortify his newly founded kingdom. Each felt that he had a powerful enemy to encounter and a desperate struggle before him.

King Fernando remained at Cordova until the spring

of the following year (1241), regulating the affairs of that noble city, assigning houses and estates to such of his cavaliers as had distinguished themselves in the conquest, and, as usual, making rich donations of towns and great tracts of land to the Church and to different religious orders. Leaving his brother Alfonso with a sufficient force to keep an eye upon the king of Granada and hold him in check, King Fernando departed for Castile, making a circuit by Jaen and Baeza and Andujar, and arriving in Toledo on the fourth of April. Here he received important propositions from Aben Hudiel, the Moorish king of Murcia. The death of Aben Hud had left that kingdom a scene of confusion. The alcaydes of the different cities and fortresses were at strife with each other, and many refused allegiance to Aben Hudiel. The latter, too, was in hostility with Aben Alhamar, the king of Granada, and he feared he would take advantage of his truce with King Fernando, and the distracted state of the kingdom of Murcia, to make an inroad. Thus desperately situated, Aben Hudiel had sent missives to King Fernando, entreating his protection, and offering to become his vassal.

The king of Castile gladly closed with this offer. He forthwith sent his son and heir, the Prince Alfonso, to receive the submission of the king of Murcia. As the prince was young and inexperienced in these affairs of state, he sent with him Don Pelayo de Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago, a cavalier of consummate wisdom

and address, and also Rodrigo Gonzalez Giron. The prince was received in Murcia with regal honors; the terms were soon adjusted by which the Moorish king acknowledged vassalage to King Fernando, and ceded to him one half of his revenues, in return for which the king graciously took him under his protection. The alcaydes of Alicant, Elche, Oriola, and several other places, agreed to this covenant of vassalage, but it was indignantly spurned by the Wali of Lorca; he had been put in office by Aben Hud; and, now that potentate was no more, he aspired to exercise an independent sway, and had placed alcaydes of his own party in Mula and Carthagena.

As the Prince Alfonso had come to solemnize the act of homage and vassalage proposed by the Moorish king, and not to extort submission from his subjects by force of arms, he contented himself with making a progress through the kingdom and receiving the homage of the acquiescent towns and cities, after which he rejoined his father in Castile.

It is conceived by the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, as well as by other monkish chroniclers, that this important acquisition of territory by the saintly Fernando was a boon from Heaven in reward of an offering which he made to God of his daughter Berenguela, whom early in this year he dedicated as a nun in the convent of Las Huelgas, in Burgos—of which convent the king's sister Constanza was abbess.*

* *Cronica del Rey Santo*, cap. 13.

About this time it was that King Fernando gave an instance of his magnanimity and his chivalrous disposition. We have seen the deadly opposition he had experienced from the haughty house of Lara, and the ruin which the three brothers brought upon themselves by their traitorous hostility. The anger of the king was appeased by their individual ruin; he did not desire to revenge himself upon their helpless families, nor to break down and annihilate a house lofty and honored in the traditions of Spain. One of the brothers, Don Fernando, had left a daughter, Doña Sancha Fernandez de Lara; there happened at this time to be in Spain a cousin-german of the king, a prince of Portugal, Don Fernando by name, who held the señoria of Serpa. Between this prince and Doña Sancha the king effected a marriage, whence has sprung one of the most illustrious branches of the ancient house of Lara.* The other daughters of Don Fernando retained large possessions in Castile; and one of his sons will be found serving valiantly under the standard of the king.

In the meantime the truce with Aben Alhamar, the king of Granada, had greatly strengthened the hands of that monarch. He had received accessions of troops from various parts, had fortified his capital and his frontiers, and now fomented disturbances in the neighboring kingdom of Murcia,—encouraging the refractory cities to

* *Notas para la Vida del Santo Rey*, p. 554.

persist in their refusal of vassalage,—hoping to annex that kingdom to his own newly consolidated dominions.

The Wali of Lorca and his partisans, the alcaydes of Mula and Carthagena, thus instigated by the king of Granada, now increased in turbulence, and completely overawed the feeble-handed Aben Hudiel. King Fernando thought this a good opportunity to give his son and heir his first essay in arms. He accordingly despatched the prince a second time to Murcia, accompanied as before by Don Pelayo de Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago; but he sent him now with a strong military force, to play the part of a conqueror. The conquest, as may be supposed, was easy; Mula, Lorca, and Carthagena soon submitted, and the whole kingdom was reduced to vassalage—Fernando henceforth adding to his other titles King of Murcia. "Thus," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "was another precious jewel wrested from the kingdom of Antichrist, and added to the crown of this saintly monarch."

But it was not in Murcia alone that King Fernando found himself called to contend with his new adversary the king of Granada. That able and active monarch, strengthened as has been said during the late truce, had made bold forays in the frontiers recently conquered by King Fernando, and had even extended them to the neighborhood of Cordova. In all this he had been encouraged by some degree of negligence and inaction on the part of King Fernando's brother Alfonso, who had

been left in charge of the frontier. The prince took the field against Aben Alhamar, and fought him manfully; but the Moorish force was too powerful to be withstood, and the prince was defeated.

Tidings of this was sent to King Fernando, and of the great danger of the frontier, as Aben Alhamar, flushed with success, was aiming to drive the Christians out of Andalusia. King Fernando immediately set off for the frontier, accompanied by the Queen Juana. He did not wait to levy a powerful force, but took with him a small number—knowing the loyalty of his subjects and their belligerent propensities, and that they would hasten to his standard the moment they knew he was in the field and exposed to danger. His force accordingly increased as he advanced. At Andujar he met his brother Alfonso with the relics of his lately defeated army,—all brave and expert soldiers. He had now a commanding force, and leaving the queen with a sufficient guard at Andujar, he set off with his brother Alonzo and Don Nuño Gonzalez de Lara, son of the Count Gonzalo, to scour the country about Arjona, Jaen, and Alcandete. The Moors took refuge in their strong places, whence they saw with aching hearts the desolation of their country—olive plantations on fire, vineyards laid waste, groves and orchards cut down, and all the other modes of ravage practiced in these unsparing wars.

The king of Granada did not venture to take the field; and King Fernando, meeting no enemy to contend with,

while ravaging the lands of Alcandete, detached a part of his force under Don Rodrigo Fernandez de Castro, a son of the brave Alvar Perez, lately deceased, and he associated with him Nuño Gonzalez, with orders to besiege Arjona. This was a place dear to Aben Alhamar, the King of Granada, being his native place, where he had first tasted the sweets of power. Hence he was commonly called the King of Arjona.

The people of the place, though they had quailed before King Fernando, despised his officers and set them at defiance. The king himself, however, made his appearance on the following day with the remainder of his forces, whereupon Arjona capitulated.

While his troops were reposing from their fatigues, the king made some further ravages, and reduced several small towns to obedience. He then sent his brother Don Alfonso with sufficient forces to carry fire and sword into the Vega of Granada. In the meantime he returned to Andujar to the Queen Juana. He merely came, say the old chroniclers, for the purpose of conducting her to Cordova; fulfilling, always, his duty as a cavalier, without neglecting that of a king.

The moment he had left her in her palace at Cordova, he hastened back to join his brother in harassing the territories of Granada. He came in time; for Aben Alhamar, enraged at seeing the destruction of the Vega, made such a vigorous sally that had Prince Alfonso been alone in command, he might have received a second lesson still

more disastrous than the first. The presence of the king, however, put new spirits and valor into the troops: the Moors were driven back to the city, and the Christians pursued them to the very gates. As the king had not sufficient forces with him to attempt the capture of this place, he contented himself with the mischief he had done, and, with some more which he subsequently effected, he returned to Cordova to let his troops rest from their fatigues.

While the king was in this city a messenger arrived from his mother, the Queen Berenguela, informing him of her intention of coming to pay him a visit. A long time had elapsed since they had seen each other, and her extreme age rendered her anxious to embrace her son. The king, to prevent her from taking so long a journey, set off to meet her, taking with him his Queen Juana. The meeting took place in Pezuelo near Burgos,* and was affecting on both sides, for never did son and mother love and honor each other more truly. In this interview, the queen represented her age and increasing weakness, and her incapacity to cope with the fatigues of public affairs, of which she had always shared the burden with the king; she therefore signified her wish to retire to her convent, to pass the remnant of her days in holy repose. King Fernando, who had ever found in his mother his ablest counselor and best support, entreated

* Some chronicles, through mistake, make it Pezuelo near Ciudad Real, in the mountains on the confines of Granada.

her not to leave his side in these arduous times, when the King of Granada on one side, and the King of Seville on the other, threatened to put all his courage and resources to the trial. A long and earnest, yet tender and affectionate, conversation succeeded between them, which resulted in the queen-mother's yielding to his solicitations. The illustrious son and mother remained together six weeks, enjoying each other's society, after which they separated—the king and queen for the frontier, and the queen-mother for Toledo. They were never to behold each other again upon earth, for the king never returned to Castile.

CHAPTER XII.

KING FERNANDO'S EXPEDITION TO ANDALUSIA. — SIEGE OF JAEN. — SECRET DEPARTURE OF ABEN ALHAMAR FOR THE CHRISTIAN CAMP.—HE ACKNOWLEDGES HIMSELF THE VASSAL OF THE KING, WHO ENTERS JAEN IN TRIUMPH.

IT was in the middle of August, 1245, that King Fernando set out on his grand expedition to Andalusia, whence he was never to return.. All that autumn he pursued the same destructive course as in his preceding campaigns, laying waste the country with fire and sword in the vicinity of Jaen and to Alcala la Real. The town, too, of Illora, built on a lofty rock and fancying itself secure, was captured and given a prey to flames, which was as a bale-fire to the country. Thence he descended into the beautiful Vega of Granada, ravaging that earthly paradise. Aben Alhamar sallied forth from Granada with what forces he could collect, and a bloody battle ensued about twelve miles from Granada. A part of the troops of Aben Alhamar were hasty levies, inhabitants of the city, and but little accustomed to combat; they lost courage, gave way, and threw the better part of the troops in disorder; a retreat took place which

ended in a headlong flight, in which there was great carnage.*

Content for the present with the ravage he had made and the victory he had gained, King Fernando now drew off his troops and repaired to his frontier hold of Martos, where they might rest after their fatigues in security.

Here he was joined by Don Pelayo Perez Correa, the Grand Master of Santiago. This valiant cavalier, who was as sage and shrewd in council as he was adroit and daring in the field, had aided the youthful Prince Alfonso in completing the tranquilization of Murcia, and leaving him in the quiet administration of affairs in that kingdom, had since been on a pious and political mission to the court of Rome. He arrived most opportunely at Martos, to aid the king with his counsels, for there was none in whose wisdom and loyalty the king had more confidence.

The grand master listened to all the plans of the king for the humiliation of the haughty King of Granada; he then gravely but most respectfully objected to the course the king was pursuing. He held the mere ravaging the country of little ultimate benefit. It harassed and irritated, but did not destroy the enemy, while it fatigued and demoralized the army. To conquer the country, they must not lay waste the field, but take the towns; so long as the Moors retained their strongholds, so long they

* Conde, tom. iii. c. 5.

had dominion over the land. He advised, therefore, as a signal blow to the power of the Moorish king, the capture of the city of Jaen. This was a city of immense strength, the bulwark of the kingdom; it was well supplied with provisions and the munitions of war; strongly garrisoned and commanded by Abu Omar, native of Cordova, a general of cavalry, and one of the bravest officers of Aben Alhamar. King Fernando had already besieged it in vain, but the reasoning of the grand master had either convinced his reason or touched his pride. He set himself down before the walls of Jaen, declaring he would never raise the siege until he was master of the place. For a long time the siege was carried on in the depth of winter, in defiance of rain and tempests. Aben Alhamar was in despair: he could not relieve the place; he could not again venture on a battle with the king after his late defeat. He saw that Jaen must fall, and feared it would be followed by the fall of Granada. He was a man of ardent spirit and quick and generous impulses. Taking a sudden resolution, he departed secretly for the Christian camp, and made his way to the presence of King Fernando. "Behold before you," said he, "the King of Granada. Resistance I find unavailing; I come, trusting to your magnanimity and good faith, to put myself under your protection and acknowledge myself your vassal." So saying, he knelt and kissed the king's hand in token of homage.

"King Fernando," say the old chroniclers, "was not

to be outdone in generosity. He raised his late enemy from the earth, embraced him as a friend, and left him in the sovereignty of his dominions; the good king, however, was as politic as he was generous. He received Aben Alhamar as a vassal; conditioned for the delivery of Jaen into his hands; for the yearly payment of one half of his revenues; for his attendance at the cortes as one of the nobles of the empire, and his aiding Castile in war with a certain number of horsemen."

In compliance with these conditions, Jaen was given up to the Christian king, who entered it in triumph about the end of February.* His first care was to repair in grand procession, bearing the holy cross, to the principal mosque, which was purified and sanctified by the Bishop of Cordova, and erected into a cathedral and dedicated to the most holy Virgin Mary.

He remained some time in Jaen, giving repose to his troops, regulating the affairs of this important place, disposing of houses and estates among his warriors who had most distinguished themselves, and amply rewarding the priests and monks who had aided him with their prayers.

As to Aben Alhamar, he returned to Granada, relieved from apprehension of impending ruin to his kingdom, but deeply humiliated at having to come under the yoke of vassalage. He consoled himself by prosecuting the

* *Notas para la Vida*, etc., p. 562.

arts of peace, improving the condition of his people, building hospitals, founding institutions of learning, and beautifying his capital with those magnificent edifices which remain the admiration of posterity; for now it was that he commenced to build the Alhambra.

NOTE.—There is some dispute among historians as to the duration of the siege and the date of the surrender of Jaen. Some make the siege endure eight months, from August into the middle of April. The authentic Agapida adopts the opinion of the author of *Notas para la Vida del Santo Rey,* etc., who makes the siege begin on the 31st December and end about 26th February.

CHAPTER XIII.

AXATAF, KING OF SEVILLE, EXASPERATED AT THE SUBMISSION OF THE KING OF GRANADA, REJECTS THE PROPOSITIONS OF KING FERNANDO FOR A TRUCE.—THE LATTER IS ENCOURAGED BY A VISION TO UNDERTAKE THE CONQUEST OF THE CITY OF SEVILLE.—DEATH OF QUEEN BERENGUELA. — A DIPLOMATIC MARRIAGE.

KING FERNANDO, having reduced the fair kingdom of Granada to vassalage, and fortified himself in Andalusia by the possession of the strong city of Jaen, bethought him now of returning to Castile. There was but one Moorish potentate in Spain whose hostilities he had to fear: this was Axataf, the King of Seville. He was the son of Aben Hud, and succeeded to a portion of his territories. Warned by the signal defeat of his father at Xerez, he had forborne to take the field against the Christians, but had spared no pains and expense to put the city of Seville in the highest state of defense; strengthening its walls and towers, providing it with munitions of war of all kinds, and exercising his people continually in the use of arms. King Fernando was loth to leave this great frontier in its present unsettled state, with such a powerful enemy in the neighborhood, who might take advantage of his absence to break

into open hostility; still it was his policy to let the sword rest in the sheath until he had completely secured his new possessions. He sought, therefore, to make a truce with King Axataf, and, to enforce his propositions, it is said he appeared with his army before Seville in May, 1246.* His propositions were rejected, as it were, at the very gate. It appears that the King of Seville was exasperated rather than dismayed by the submission of the King of Granada. He felt that on himself depended the last hope of Islamism in Spain; he trusted on aid from the coast of Barbary, with which his capital had ready communication by water; and he resolved to make a bold stand in the cause of his faith.

King Fernando retired indignant from before Seville, and repaired to Cordova, with the pious determination to punish the obstinacy and humble the pride of the infidel, by planting the standard of the cross on the walls of his capital. Seville once in his power, the rest of Andalusia would soon follow, and then his triumph over the sect of Mahomet would be complete. Other reasons may have concurred to make him covet the conquest of Seville. It was a city of great splendor and wealth, situated in the midst of a fertile country, in a genial climate, under a benignant sky; and having by its river, the Guadalquivir, an open highway for commerce, it was the

* *Notas para la Vida del Santo Rey*, p. 572.

metropolis of all Morisma—a world of wealth and delight within itself.

These were sufficient reasons for aiming at the conquest of this famous city, but these were not sufficient to satisfy the holy friars who have written the history of this monarch, and who have found a reason more befitting his character of saint. Accordingly we are told, by the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida, that at a time when the king was in deep affliction for the death of his mother, the Queen Berenguela, and was praying with great fervor, there appeared before him Saint Isidro, the great Apostle of Spain, who had been Archbishop of Seville in old times, before the perdition of Spain by the Moors. As the monarch gazed in reverend wonder at the vision, the saint laid on him a solemn injunction to rescue from the empire of Mahomet his city of Seville. "Que asi la llamo por suya en la patria, suya en la silla, y suya en la proteccion." "Such," says Agapida, "was the true reason why this pious king undertook the conquest of Seville;" and in this assertion he is supported by many Spanish chroniclers; and by the traditions of the Church—the vision of San Isidro being read to this day among its services.*

The death of Queen Berenguela, to which we have just adverted, happened some months after the conquest of Jaen and submission of Granada. The grief of the king on hearing the tidings, we are told, was past description.

* Rodriguez, *Memorias del Santo Rey*, c. lviii.

For a time it quite overwhelmed him. "Nor is it much to be marveled at," says an old chronicler; "for never did monarch lose a mother so noble and magnanimous in all her actions. She was indeed accomplished in all things, an example of every virtue, the mirror of Castile and Leon and all Spain, by whose counsel and wisdom the affairs of many kingdoms were governed. This noble queen," continues the chronicler, "was deplored in all the cities, towns, and villages of Castile and Leon; by all people, great and small, but *especially by poor cavaliers*, to whom she was ever a benefactress." *

Another heavy loss to King Fernando, about this time, was that of the Archbishop of Toledo, Don Rodrigo, the great adviser of the king in all his expeditions, and the prelate who first preached the grand crusade in Spain. He lived a life of piety, activity, and zeal, and died full of years, of honors, and of riches — having received princely estates and vast revenues from the king in reward of his services in the cause.

These private afflictions for a time occupied the royal mind; the king was also a little disturbed by some rash proceedings of his son, the hereditary Prince Alfonso, who, being left in the government of Murcia, took a notion of imitating his father in his conquests, and made an inroad into the Moorish kingdom of Valencia, at that time in a state of confusion. This brought on a collision

* *Cronica del Rey Don Fernando*, c. xiii.

with King Jayme of Aragon, surnamed the Conqueror, who had laid his hand upon all Valencia, as his by right of arms. There was thus danger of a rupture with Aragon, and of King Fernando having an enemy on his back, while busied in his wars in Andalusia. Fortunately King Jayme had a fair daughter, the Princess Violante; and the grave diplomatists of the two courts determined that it were better the two children should marry, than the two fathers should fight. To this arrangement King Fernando and King Jayme gladly assented. They were both of the same faith; both proud of the name of Christian; both zealous in driving Mahometanism out of Spain, and in augmenting their empires with its spoils. The marriage was accordingly solemnized in Valladolid in the month of November in this same year; and now the saintly King Fernando turned his whole energies to this great and crowning achievement, the conquest of Seville, the emporium of Mahometanism in Spain.

Foreseeing, as long as the mouth of the Guadalquivir was open, the city could receive reinforcements and supplies from Africa, the king held consultations with a wealthy man of Burgos, Ramon Bonifaz, or Boniface, by name,—some say a native of France,—one well experienced in maritime affairs, and capable of fitting out and managing a fleet. This man he constituted his admiral, and sent him to Biscay to provide and arm a fleet of ships and galleys, with which to attack Seville by water, while the king should invest it by land.

CHAPTER XIV.

INVESTMENT OF SEVILLE.—ALL SPAIN AROUSED TO ARMS.—SURRENDER OF ALCALA DEL RIO.—THE FLEET OF ADMIRAL RAMON BONIFAZ ADVANCES UP THE GUADALQUIVIR.—DON PELAYO CORREA, MASTER OF SANTIAGO.—HIS VALOROUS DEEDS AND THE MIRACLES WROUGHT IN HIS BEHALF.

HEN it was bruited abroad that King Fernando the Saint intended to besiege the great city of Seville, all Spain was roused to arms. The masters of the various military and religious orders, the ricos hombres, the princes, cavaliers, hidalgos, and every one of Castile and Leon capable of bearing arms, prepared to take the field. Many of the nobility of Catalonia and Portugal repaired to the standard of the king, as did other cavaliers of worth and prowess from lands far beyond the Pyrenees.

Prelates, priests, and monks likewise thronged to the army,—some to take care of the souls of those who hazarded their lives in this holy enterprise, others with a zealous determination to grasp buckler and lance, and battle with the arm of flesh against the enemies of God and the Church.

At the opening of spring the assembled host issued

forth in shining array from the gates of Cordova. After having gained possession of Carmona, and Lora and Alcolea, and of other neighboring places,—some by voluntary surrender, others by force of arms,—the king crossed the Guadalquivir, with great difficulty and peril, and made himself master of several of the most important posts in the neighborhood of Seville. Among these was Alcala del Rio, a place of great consequence, through which passed all the succors from the mountains to the city. This place was bravely defended by Axataf in person, the commander of Seville. He remained in Alcala with three hundred Moorish cavaliers, making frequent sallies upon the Christians, and effecting great slaughter. At length he beheld all the country around laid waste, the grain burnt or trampled down, the vineyards torn up, the cattle driven away and the villages consumed; so that nothing remained to give sustenance to the garrison or the inhabitants. Not daring to linger there any longer, he departed secretly in the night and retired to Seville, and the town surrendered to King Fernando.

While the king was putting Alcala del Rio in a state of defense, Admiral Ramon Bonifaz arrived at the mouth of the Guadalquivir with a fleet of thirteen large ships and several small vessels and galleys. While he was yet hovering about the land, he heard of the approach of a great force of ships from Tangier, Ceuta, and Seville, and of an army to assail him from the shores. In this peril he sent in all speed for succor to the king; when it

reached the sea-coast the enemy had not yet appeared; wherefore, thinking it a false alarm, the reinforcement returned to the camp. Scarcely, however, had it departed when the Africans came swarming over the sea, and fell upon Ramon Bonifaz with a greatly superior force. The admiral, in no way dismayed, defended himself vigorously—sunk several of the enemy, took a few prizes, and put the rest to flight, remaining master of the river. The king had heard of the peril of the fleet, and, crossing the ford of the river, had hastened to its aid; but when he came to the sea-coast, he found it victorious, at which he was greatly rejoiced, and commanded that it should advance higher up the river.

It was on the twentieth of the month of August that King Fernando began formally the siege of Seville, having encamped his troops, small in number but of stout hearts and valiant hands, near to the city on the banks of the river. From hence Don Pelayo Correa, the valiant Master of Santiago, with two hundred and sixty horsemen, many of whom were warlike friars, attempted to cross the river at the ford below Aznal Farache. Upon this, Aben Amaken, Moorish king of Niebla, sallied forth with a great host to defend the pass, and the cavaliers were exposed to imminent peril, until the king sent one hundred cavaliers to their aid, led on by Rodrigo Flores and Alonzo Tellez and Fernan Diañez.

Thus reinforced, the Master of Santiago scoured the opposite side of the river, and with his little army of

scarce four hundred horsemen, mingled monks and soldiers, spread dismay throughout the country. They attacked the town of Gelbes, and, after a desperate combat, entered it, sword in hand, slaying or capturing the Moors, and making rich booty. They made repeated assaults upon the castle of Triana, and had bloody combats with its garrison, but could not take the place. This hardy band of cavaliers had pitched their tents and formed their little camp on the banks of the river, below the castle of Aznal Farache. This fortress was situated on an eminence above the river, and its massive ruins, remaining at the present day, attest its formidable strength.

When the Moors from the castle towers looked down upon this little camp of Christian cavaliers, and saw them sallying forth and careering about the country, and returning in the evenings with cavalgadas of sheep and cattle, and mules laden with spoil, and long trains of captives, they were exceedingly wroth, and they kept a watch upon them, and sallied forth every day to fight with them, and to intercept stragglers from their camp, and to carry off their horses. Then the cavaliers concerted together, and they lay in ambush one day in the road by which the Moors were accustomed to sally forth, and when the Moors had partly passed their ambush, they rushed forth and fell upon them, and killed and captured above three hundred, and pursued the remainder to the very gates of the castle. From that time the Moors were so disheartened that they made no further sallies.

Shortly after, the Master of Santiago receiving secret intelligence that a Moorish sea-captain had passed from Seville to Triana, on his way to succor the castle of Aznal Farache, placed himself, with a number of chosen cavaliers, in ambuscade at a pass by which the Moors were expected to come. After waiting a long time, their scouts brought word that the Moors had taken another road, and were nearly at the foot of the hill on which stood the castle. "Cavaliers," cried the master, "it is not too late; let us first use our spurs and then our weapons, and if our steeds prove good, the day will yet be ours." So saying, he put spurs to his horse, and the rest following his example, they soon came in sight of the Moors. The latter, seeing the Christians coming after them full speed, urged their horses up the hill towards the castle, but the Christians overtook them and slew seven of those in the rear. In the skirmish, Garci Perez struck the Moorish captain from his horse with a blow of his lance. The Christians rushed forward to take him prisoner. On seeing this, the Moors turned back, threw themselves between their commander and his assailants, and kept the latter in check while he was conveyed into the castle. Several of them fell, covered with wounds; the residue, seeing their chieftain safe, turned their reins and galloped for the castle, just entering in time to have the gates closed upon their pursuers.

Time and space permit not to recount the many other valorous deeds of Don Pelayo Correa, the good Master

of Santiago, and his band of cavaliers and monks. His little camp became a terror to the neighborhood, and checked the sallies of the Moorish mountaineers from the Sierra Morena. In one of his enterprises he gained a signal advantage over the foe, but the approach of night threatened to defraud him of his victory. Then the pious warrior lifted up his voice and supplicated the Virgin Mary in those celebrated words: "Santa Maria deten tu dia" (Holy Mary, detain thy day), for it was one of the days consecrated to the Virgin. The blessed Virgin listened to the prayer of her valiant votary; the daylight continued in a supernatural manner, until the victory of the good Master of Santiago was completed. In honor of this signal favor, he afterwards erected a temple to the Virgin by the name of Nuestra Señora de Tentudia.*

If any one should doubt this miracle, wrought in favor of this pious warrior and his soldiers of the cowl, it may be sufficient to relate another, which immediately succeeded, and which shows how peculiarly he was under the favor of Heaven. After the battle was over, his followers were ready to faint with thirst, and could find no stream or fountain; and when the good master saw the distress of his soldiers, his heart was touched with compassion, and, bethinking himself of the miracle performed by Moses, in an impulse of holy zeal and confidence, and

* Zuniga, *Annales de Sevilla*, L. 1.

in the name of the blessed Virgin, he struck a dry and barren rock with his lance, and instantly there gushed forth a fountain of water, at which all his Christian soldiery drank and were refreshed.* So much at present for the good Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Correa.

* Jacob Paranes, *Lib. de los Maestros de St. Iago. Corona Gotica*, T. 3, § xiii. Zuniga, *Annales de Sevilla.*

CHAPTER XV.

KING FERNANDO CHANGES HIS CAMP.—GARCI PEREZ AND THE SEVEN MOORS.

KING FERNANDO the Saint soon found his encampment on the banks of the Guadalquivir too much exposed to the sudden sallies and insults of the Moors. As the land was level, they easily scoured the fields, carried off horses and stragglers from the camp, and kept it in continual alarm. He drew off, therefore, to a securer place, called Tablada, the same where at present is situated the hermitage of Nuestra Señora de el Balme. Here he had a profound ditch digged all round the camp, to shut up the passes from the Moorish cavalry. He appointed patrols of horsemen also, completely armed, who continually made the rounds of the camp, in successive bands, at all hours of the day and night.* In a little while his army was increased by the arrival of troops from all parts,—nobles, cavaliers, and rich men, with their retainers,—nor were there wanting holy prelates, who assumed the warrior, and brought large squadrons of well-armed vassals to the army. Mer-

* *Corona Gotica*, T. 3, § viii.

chants and artificers now daily arrived, and wandering minstrels, and people of all sorts, and the camp appeared like a warlike city, where rich and sumptuous merchandise was mingled with the splendor of arms; and the various colors of the tents and pavilions, and the fluttering standards and pennons bearing the painted devices of the proudest houses of Spain, were gay and glorious to behold.

When the king had established the camp in Tablada he ordered that every day the foragers should sally forth in search of provisions and provender, guarded by strong bodies of troops. The various chiefs of the army took turns to command the guard who escorted the foragers. One day it was the turn of Garci Perez, the same cavalier who had killed the king of the Azules. He was a hardy, iron warrior, seasoned and scarred in warfare, and renowned among both Moors and Christians for his great prowess, his daring courage, and his coolness in the midst of danger. Garci Perez had lingered in the camp until some time after the foragers had departed, who were already out of sight. He at length set out to join them, accompanied by another cavalier. They had not proceeded far before they perceived seven Moorish genetes, or light-horsemen, directly in their road. When the companion of Garci Perez beheld such a formidable array of foes, he paused and said: "Señor Perez, let us return; the Moors are seven and we but two, and there is no law in the *duello* which obliges us to make front against such fearful odds."

To this Garci Perez replied: "Señor, forward, always forward; let us continue on our road; those Moors will never wait for us." The other cavalier, however, exclaimed against such rashness, and turning the reins of his horse, returned as privately as possible to the camp, and hastened to his tent.

All this happened within sight of the camp. The king was at the door of his royal tent, which stood on a rising ground and overlooked the place where this occurred. When the king saw one cavalier return and the other continue, notwithstanding that there were seven Moors in the road, he ordered that some horsemen should ride forth to his aid.

Upon this Don Lorenzo Xuarez, who was with the king and had seen Garci Perez sally forth from the camp, said: "Your majesty may leave that cavalier to himself; that is Garci Perez, and he has no need of aid against seven Moors. If the Moors know him they will not meddle with him; and if they do, your majesty will see what kind of a cavalier he is."

They continued to watch the cavalier, who rode on tranquilly as if in no apprehension. When he drew nigh to the Moors, who were drawn up on each side of the road, he took his arms from his squire and ordered him not to separate from him. As he was lacing his *morion*, an embroidered cap which he wore on his head fell to the ground without his perceiving it. Having laced the capellina, he continued on his way, and his squire after

him. When the Moors saw him near by they knew by his arms that it was Garci Perez, and bethinking them of his great renown for terrible deeds in arms, they did not dare to attack him, but went along the road even with him, he on one side, they on the other, making menaces.

Garci Perez went on his road with great serenity, without making any movement. When the Moors saw that he heeded not their menaces, they turned round and went back to about the place where he dropped his cap.

Having arrived at some distance from the Moors, he took off his arms to return them to his squire, and unlacing the capellina, found that the cap was wanting. He asked the squire for it, but the latter knew nothing about it. Seeing that it had fallen, he again demanded his arms of the squire, and returned in search of it, telling his squire to keep close behind him and look out well for it. The squire remonstrated. "What, señor," said he, "will you return and place yourself in such great peril for a mere capa? Have you not already done enough for your honor, in passing so daringly by seven Moors, and have you not been singularly favored by fortune in escaping unhurt, and do you seek again to tempt fortune for a cap?"

"Say no more," replied Garci Perez; "that cap was worked for me by a fair lady; I hold it of great value. Besides, dost thou not see that I have not a head to be without a cap?" alluding to the baldness of his head, which had no hair in front. So saying, he tranquilly re-

turned towards the Moors. When Don Lorenzo Xuarez saw this, he said to the king: "Behold! your majesty, how Garci Perez turns upon the Moors; since they will not make an attack, he means to attack them. Now your majesty will see the noble valor of this cavalier, if the Moors dare to await him." When the Moors beheld Garci Perez approaching they thought he meant to assault them, and drew off, not daring to encounter him. When Don Lorenzo saw this he exclaimed,—

"Behold! your majesty, the truth of what I told you. These Moors dare not wait for him. I knew well the valor of Garci Perez, and it appears the Moors are aware of it likewise."

In the meantime Garci Perez came to the place where the capa had fallen, and beheld it upon the earth. Then he ordered his squire to dismount and pick it up, and putting it deliberately on his head, he continued on his way to the foragers.

When he returned to the camp from guarding the foragers, Don Lorenzo asked him, in presence of the king, who was the cavalier who had set out with him from the camp, but had turned back on sight of the Moors; he replied that he did not know him, and he was confused, for he perceived that the king had witnessed what had passed, and he was so modest withal, that he was ever embarrassed when his deeds were praised in his presence.

Don Lorenzo repeatedly asked him who was the rec-

reant cavalier, but he always replied that he did not know, although he knew full well and saw him daily in the camp. But he was too generous to say anything that should take away the fame of another, and he charged his squire that never, by word or look, he should betray the secret; so that, though inquiries were often made, the name of that cavalier was never discovered.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF THE RAFT BUILT BY THE MOORS, AND HOW IT WAS BOARDED BY ADMIRAL BONIFAZ.—DESTRUCTION OF THE MOORISH FLEET.—SUCCOR FROM AFRICA.

WHILE the army of King Fernando the Saint harassed the city by land and cut off its supplies, the bold Bonifaz, with his fleet, shut up the river, prevented all succor from Africa, and menaced to attack the bridge between Triana and Seville, by which the city derived its sustenance from the opposite country. The Moors saw their peril. If this pass were destroyed, famine must be the consequence, and the multitude of their soldiers, on which at present they relied for safety, would then become the cause of their destruction.

So the Moors devised a machine by which they hoped to sweep the river and involve the invading fleet in ruin. They made a raft so wide that it reached from one bank to the other, and they placed all around it pots and vessels filled with resin, pitch, tar, and other combustibles, forming what is called Greek fire, and upon it was a great number of armed men; and on each shore—from the castle of Triana on the one side, and from the city on

the other—sallied forth legions of troops to advance at the same time with the raft. The raft was preceded by several vessels well armed, to attack the Christian ships, while the soldiers on the raft should hurl on board their pots of fire; and at length, setting all the combustibles in a blaze, should send the raft flaming into the midst of the hostile fleet, and wrap it in one general conflagration.

When everything was prepared, the Moors set off by land and water, confident of success. But they proceeded in a wild, irregular manner, shouting and sounding drums and trumpets, and began to attack the Christian ships fiercely, but without concert, hurling their pots of fire from a distance, filling the air with smoke, but falling short of their enemy. The tumultuous uproar of their preparations had put all the Christians on their guard. The bold Bonifaz waited not to be assailed; he boarded the raft, attacked vigorously its defenders, put many of them to the sword, and drove the rest into the water, and succeeded in extinguishing the Greek fire. He then encountered the ships of war, grappling them and fighting hand to hand from ship to ship. The action was furious and bloody, and lasted all the day. Many were cut down in flight, many fell into the water, and many in despair threw themselves in and were drowned.

The battle had raged no less fiercely upon the land. On the side of Seville, the troops had issued from the camp of King Fernando, while on the opposite shore the brave Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Perez Correa, with

his warriors and fighting friars, had made sharp work with the enemy. In this way a triple battle was carried on; there was the rush of squadrons, the clash of arms, and the din of drums and trumpets on either bank, while the river was covered with vessels, tearing each other to pieces, as it were, their crews fighting in the midst of flames and smoke, the waves red with blood and filled with the bodies of the slain. At length the Christians were victorious; most of the enemies' vessels were taken or destroyed, and on either shore the Moors, broken and discomfited, fled,—those on the one side for the gates of Seville, and those on the other for the castle of Triana, —pursued with great slaughter by the victors.

Notwithstanding the great destruction of their fleet, the Moors soon renewed their attempts upon the ships of Ramon Bonifaz, for they knew that the salvation of the city required the freedom of the river. Succor arrived from Africa, of ships, with troops and provisions; they rebuilt the fire-ships which had been destroyed, and incessant combats, feints, and stratagems took place daily, both on land and water. The admiral stood in great dread of the Greek fire used by the Moors. He caused large stakes of wood to be placed in the river, to prevent the passage of the fire-ships. This for some time was of avail; but the Moors, watching an opportunity when the sentinels were asleep, came and threw cables round the stakes, and fastening the other ends to their vessels, made all sail, and, by the help of wind and oars, tore

away the stakes and carried them off with shouts of triumph. The clamorous exultation of the Moors betrayed them. The Admiral Bonifaz was aroused. With a few of the lightest of his vessels he immediately pursued the enemy. He came upon them so suddenly that they were too much bewildered either to fight or fly. Some threw themselves into the waves in affright; others attempted to make resistance and were cut down. The admiral took four barks laden with arms and provisions, and with these returned in triumph to his fleet.*

* *Cronica Gotica*, L. 3, § 13. *Cronica General*, pt. 4. *Cronica de Santo Rey*, c. 55.

CHAPTER XVII.

OF THE STOUT PRIOR, FERRAN RUYZ, AND HOW HE RESCUED HIS CATTLE FROM THE MOORS.—FURTHER ENTERPRISES OF THE PRIOR, AND OF THE AMBUSCADE INTO WHICH HE FELL.

IT happened one day that a great part of the cavaliers of the army were absent, some making cavalgadas about the country, others guarding the foragers, and others gone to receive the Prince Alfonso, who was on his way to the camp from Murcia. At this time ten Moorish cavaliers, of the brave lineage of the Azules, finding the Christian camp but thinly peopled, came prowling about, seeking where they might make a bold inroad. As they were on the lookout they came to that part of the camp where were the tents of the stout Friar Ferran Ruyz, prior of the hospital. The stout prior, and his fighting brethren, were as good at foraging as fighting. Around their quarters there were several sleek cows grazing, which they had carried off from the Moors. When the Azules saw these, they thought to make a good prize, and to bear off the prior's cattle as a trophy. Careering lightly round, therefore, between the cattle and the camp, they began to drive

them towards the city. The alarm was given in the camp, and six sturdy friars sallied forth, on foot, with two cavaliers, in pursuit of the marauders. The prior himself was roused by the noise; when he heard that the beeves of the Church were in danger his ire was kindled; and buckling on his armor, he mounted his steed and galloped furiously to the aid of his valiant friars, and the rescue of his cattle. The Moors attempted to urge on the lagging and full-fed kine, but finding the enemy close upon them, they were obliged to abandon their spoil among the olive-trees, and to retreat. The prior then gave the cattle in charge to a squire, to drive them back to the camp. He would have returned himself, but his friars had continued on for some distance. The stout prior, therefore, gave spurs to his horse and galloped beyond them, to turn them back. Suddenly great shouts and cries arose before and behind him, and an ambuscade of Moors, both horse and foot, came rushing out of a ravine. The stout Prior of San Juan saw that there was no retreat; and he disdained to render himself a prisoner. Commending himself to his patron saint, and bracing his shield, he charged bravely among the Moors, and began to lay about him with a holy zeal of spirit and a vigorous arm of flesh. Every blow that he gave was in the name of San Juan, and every blow laid an infidel in the dust. His friars, seeing the peril of their leader, came running to his aid, accompanied by a number of cavaliers. They rushed into the fight, shouting, "San

Juan! San Juan!" and began to deal such sturdy blows as savored more of the camp than of the cloister. Great and fierce was this struggle between cowl and turban. The ground was strewn with bodies of the infidels; but the Christians were a mere handful among a multitude. A burly friar, commander of Sietefilla, was struck to the earth, and his shaven head cleft by a blow of a scimetar; several squires and cavaliers, to the number of twenty, fell covered with wounds; yet still the stout prior and his brethren continued fighting with desperate fury, shouting incessantly, "San Juan! San Juan!" and dealing their blows with as good heart as they had ever dealt benedictions on their followers.

The noise of this skirmish, and the holy shouts of the fighting friars, resounded through the camp. The alarm was given, "The Prior of San Juan is surrounded by the enemy! To the rescue! to the rescue!" The whole Christian host was in agitation, but none were so alert as those holy warriors of the Church, Don Garcia, Bishop of Cordova, and Don Sancho, Bishop of Coria. Hastily summoning their vassals, horse and foot, they bestrode their steeds, with cuirass over cassock, and lance instead of crosier, and set off at full gallop to the rescue of their brother saints. When the Moors saw the warrior bishops and their retainers scouring to the field, they gave over the contest, and leaving the prior and his companions, they drew off towards the city. Their retreat was

soon changed to a headlong flight; for the bishops, not content with rescuing the prior, continued in pursuit of his assailants. The Moorish foot-soldiers were soon overtaken and either slaughtered or made prisoners: nor did the horsemen make good their retreat into the city until the powerful arm of the Church had visited their rear with pious vengeance.* Nor did the chastisement of Heaven end here. The stout prior of the hospital, being once aroused, was full of ardor and enterprise. Concerting with the Prince Don Enrique, and the Masters of Calatrava and Alcantara, and the valiant Lorenzo Xuarez, they made a sudden assault by night on the suburb of Seville called Benaljofar, and broke their way into it with fire and sword. The Moors were roused from their sleep by the flames of their dwellings and the shouts of the Christians. There was hard and bloody fighting. The prior of the hospital, with his valiant friars, was in the fiercest of the action, and their war-cry of "San Juan! San Juan!" was heard in all parts of the suburb. Many houses were burnt, many sacked, many Moors slain or taken prisoners, and the Christian knights and warrior friars, having gathered together a great cavalgada of the flocks and herds which were in the suburb, drove it off in triumph to the camp, by the light of the blazing dwellings.

A like inroad was made by the prior and the same cav-

* *Cronica General*, pt. 4, p. 338.

aliers, a few nights afterwards, into the suburb called Macarena, which they laid waste in like maner, bearing off wealthy spoils. Such was the pious vengeance which the Moors brought upon themselves by meddling with the kine of the stout prior of the hospital.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BRAVADO OF THE THREE CAVALIERS. — AMBUSH AT THE BRIDGE OVER THE GUADAYRA.—DESPERATE VALOR OF GARCI PEREZ.—GRAND ATTEMPT OF ADMIRAL BONIFAZ ON THE BRIDGE OF BOATS.—SEVILLE DISMEMBERED FROM TRIANA.

F all the Christian cavaliers who distinguished themselves in this renowned siege of Seville, there was none who surpassed in valor the bold Garci Perez de Vargas. This hardy knight was truly enamored of danger, and like a gamester with his gold, he seemed to have no pleasure of his life except in putting it in constant jeopardy. One of the greatest friends of Garci Perez was Don Lorenzo Xuarez Gallinato, the same who had boasted of the valor of Garci Perez at the time that he exposed himself to be attacked by seven Moorish horsemen. They were not merely companions, but rivals in arms; for in this siege it was the custom among the Christian knights to vie with each other in acts of daring enterprise.

One morning, as Garci Perez, Don Lorenzo Xuarez, and a third cavalier, named Alfonso Tello, were on horseback, patrolling the skirts of the camp, a friendly contest rose between them as to who was most adventurous in

arms. To settle the question, it was determined to put the proof to the Moors, by going alone and striking the points of their lances in the gate of the city.

No sooner was this mad bravado agreed upon than they turned the reins of their horses and made for Seville. The Moorish sentinels, from the towers of the gate, saw three Christian knights advancing over the plain, and supposed them to be messengers or deserters from the army. When the cavaliers drew near, each struck his lance against the gate, and wheeling round, put spurs to his horse and retreated. The Moors, considering this a scornful defiance, were violently exasperated, and sallied forth in great numbers to revenge the insult. They soon were hard on the traces of the Christian cavaliers. The first who turned to fight with them was Alfonso Tello, being of a fiery and impatient spirit. The second was Garci Perez; the third was Don Lorenzo, who waited until the Moors came up with them, when he braced his shield, couched his lance, and took the whole brunt of their charge. A desperate fight took place, for though the Moors were overwhelming in number, the cavaliers were three of the most valiant warriors in Spain. The conflict was beheld from the camp. The alarm was given; the Christian cavaliers hastened to the rescue of their companions in arms; squadron after squadron pressed to the field, the Moors poured out reinforcements from the gate; in this way a general battle ensued, which lasted a great part of the

day, until the Moors were vanquished and driven within their walls.

There was one of the gates of Seville, called the gate of the Alcazar, which led out to a small bridge over the Guadayra. Out of this gate the Moors used to make frequent sallies, to fall suddenly upon the Christian camp, or to sweep off the flocks and herds about its outskirts, and then to scour back to the bridge, beyond which it was dangerous to pursue them.

The defense of this part of the camp was intrusted to those two valiant compeers in arms, Garci Perez de Vargas and Don Lorenzo Xuarez; and they determined to take ample revenge upon the Moors for all the depredations they had committed. They chose, therefore, about two hundred hardy cavaliers, the flower of those seasoned warriors on the opposite side of the Guadalquivir, who formed the little army of the good Master of Santiago. When they were all assembled together, Don Lorenzo put them in ambush, in the way by which the Moors were accustomed to pass in their maraudings, and he instructed them, in pursuing the Moors, to stop at the bridge, and by no means to pass beyond it; for between it and the city there was a great host of the enemy, and the bridge was so narrow that to retreat over it would be perilous in the extreme. This order was given to all, but was particularly intended for Garci Perez, to restrain his daring spirit, which was ever apt to run into peril.

They had not been long in ambush when they heard

the distant tramp of the enemy upon the bridge, and found that the Moors were upon the forage. They kept concealed, and the Moors passed by them in careless and irregular manner, as men apprehending no danger. Scarce had they gone by when the cavaliers rushed forth, charged into the midst of them, and threw them all into confusion. Many were killed or overthrown in the shock, the rest took to flight, and made at full speed for the bridge. Most of the Christian soldiers, according to orders, stopped at the bridge; but Don Lorenzo, with a few of his cavaliers, followed the enemy half way across, making great havoc in that narrow pass. Many of the Moors, in their panic, flung themselves from the bridge, and perished in the Guadayra; others were cut down and trampled under the hoofs of friends and foes. Don Lorenzo, in the heat of the fight, cried aloud incessantly, defying the Moors, and proclaiming his name,—"Turn hither! turn hither! 'Tis I, Lorenzo Xuarez!" But few of the Moors cared to look him in the face.

Don Lorenzo now returned to his cavaliers, but on looking round, Garci Perez was not to be seen. All were dismayed, fearing some evil fortune had befallen him; when, on casting their eyes beyond the bridge, they saw him on the opposite side, surrounded by Moors and fighting with desperate valor.

"Garci Perez has deceived us," said Don Lorenzo, "and has passed the bridge, contrary to agreement. But to the rescue, comrades! never let it be said that so

good a cavalier as Garci Perez was lost for want of our assistance." So saying, they all put spurs to their horses, rushed again upon the bridge, and broke their way across, cutting down and overturning the Moors, and driving great numbers to fling themselves into the river. When the Moors who had surrounded Garci Perez saw this band of cavaliers rushing from the bridge, they turned to defend themselves. The contest was fierce, but broken; many of the Moors took refuge in the river, but the Christians followed and slew them among the waves. They continued fighting for the remainder of the day, quite up to the gate of the Alcazar; and if the chronicles of the times speak with their usual veracity, full three thousand infidels bit the dust on that occasion. When Don Lorenzo returned to the camp, and was in presence of the king and of numerous cavaliers, great encomiums were passed upon his valor; but he modestly replied that Garci Perez had that day made them good soldiers by force.

From that time forward the Moors attempted no further inroads into the camp, so severe a lesson had they received from these brave cavaliers.*

The city of Seville was connected with the suburb of Triana by a strong bridge of boats, fastened together by massive chains of iron. By this bridge a constant communication was kept up between Triana and the city,

* *Cronica General de España*, pt. 4. *Cronica del Rey Fernando el Santo*, c. 60. *Corona Gotica*, T. 3, p. 126.

and mutual aid and support passed and repassed. While this bridge remained, it was impossible to complete the investment of the city, or to capture the castle of Triana.

The bold Admiral Bonifaz at length conceived a plan to break this bridge asunder, and thus to cut off all communication between the city and Triana. No sooner had this idea entered his mind than he landed, and proceeded with great speed to the royal tent, to lay it before the king. Then a consultation was summoned by the king of ancient mariners and artificers of ships, and other persons learned in maritime affairs; and after Admiral Bonifaz had propounded his plan, it was thought to be good, and all preparations were made to carry it into effect. The admiral took two of his largest and strongest ships, and fortified them at the prows with solid timber and with plates of iron; and he put within them a great number of chosen men, well armed and provided with everything for attack and defense. Of one he took the command himself. It was the third day of May, the day of the most Holy Cross, that he chose for this grand and perilous attempt; and the pious King Fernando, to insure success, ordered that a cross should be carried as a standard at the masthead of each ship.

On the third of May, towards the hour of noon, the two ships descended the Guadalquivir for some distance, to gain room to come up with the greater violence. Here they waited the rising of the tide, and as soon as it was in full force, and a favorable wind had sprung up from

the sea, they hoisted anchor, spread all sail, and put themselves in the midst of the current. The whole shores were lined on each side with Christian troops, watching the event with great anxiety. The king and the Prince Alfonso, with their warriors, on the one side had drawn close to the city to prevent the sallying forth of the Moors, while the good Master of Santiago, Don Pelayo Perez Correa, kept watch upon the gates of Triana. The Moors crowded the tops of their towers, their walls and house-tops, and prepared engines and weapons of all kinds to overwhelm the ships with destruction.

Twice the bold admiral set all sail and started on his career, and twice the wind died away before he had proceeded half his course. Shouts of joy and derision rose from the walls and towers of Seville, while the warriors in the ships began to fear that their attempt would be unsuccessful. At length a fresh and strong wind arose that swelled every sail and sent the ships ploughing up the waves of the Guadalquivir. A dead silence prevailed among the hosts on either bank, even the Moors remained silent, in fixed and breathless suspense. When the ships arrived within reach of the walls of the city and the suburbs, a tremendous attack was commenced from every wall and tower; great engines discharged stones and offensive weapons of all kinds, and flaming pots of Greek fire. On the tower of gold were stationed catapults and vast cross-bows that were worked with cranks, and from hence an iron shower was rained upon the ships. The

Moors in Triana were equally active; from every wall and turret, from house-tops, and from the banks of the river, an incessant assault was kept up with catapults, cross-bows, slings, darts, and everything that could annoy. Through all this tempest of war, the ships kept on their course. The first ship which arrived struck the bridge on the part towards Triana. The shock resounded from shore to shore, the whole fabric trembled, the ship recoiled and reeled, but the bridge was unbroken; and shouts of joy rose from the Moors on each side of the river. Immediately after came the ship of the admiral. It struck the bridge just about the centre with a tremendous crash. The iron chains which bound the boats together snapped as if they had been flax. The boats were crushed and shattered and flung wide asunder, and the ship of the admiral proceeded in triumph through the open space. No sooner did the king and the Prince Alfonso see the success of the admiral, than they pressed with their troops closely round the city, and prevented the Moors from sallying forth; while the ships, having accomplished their enterprise, extricated themselves from their dangerous situation, and returned in triumph to their accustomed anchorage. This was the fatal blow that dismembered Seville from Triana, and insured the downfall of the city.

CHAPTER XIX.

INVESTMENT OF TRIANA.—GARCI PEREZ AND THE INFANZON.

ON the day after the breaking of the bridge, the king, the Prince Alfonso, the Prince Enrique, the various masters of the orders, and a great part of the army, crossed the Guadalquivir and commenced an attack on Triana, while the bold Admiral Bonifaz approached with his ships and assaulted the place from the water. But the Christian army was unprovided with ladders or machines for the attack, and fought to great disadvantage. The Moors, from the safe shelter of their walls and towers, rained a shower of missiles of all kinds. As they were so high above the Christians, their arrows, darts, and lances came with the greater force. They were skillful with the cross-bow, and had engines of such force that the darts which they discharged would sometimes pass through a cavalier all armed, and bury themselves in the earth.*

The very women combated from the walls, and hurled down stones that crushed the warriors beneath.

* *Cronica General*, pt. 4, 341.

While the army was closely investing Triana, and fierce encounters were daily taking place between Moor and Christian, there arrived at the camp a youthful Infanzon, or noble, of proud lineage. He brought with him a shining train of vassals, all newly armed and appointed, and his own armor, all fresh and lustrous, showed none of the dents and bruises and abuses of the war. As this gay and gorgeous cavalier was patrolling the camp, with several cavaliers, he beheld Garci Perez pass by, in armor and accoutrements all worn and soiled by the hard service he had performed, and he saw a similar device to his own, of white waves, emblazoned on the scutcheon of this unknown warrior. Then the nobleman was highly ruffled and incensed, and he exclaimed, "How is this? who is this sorry cavalier that dares to bear these devices? By my faith, he must either give them up or show his reasons for usurping them." The other cavaliers exclaimed, "Be cautious how you speak; this is Garci Perez; a braver cavalier wears not sword in Spain. For all he goes thus modestly and quietly about, he is a very lion in the field, nor does he assume anything that he cannot well maintain. Should he hear this which you have said, trust us he would not rest quiet until he had terrible satisfaction.

Now so it happened that certain mischief-makers carried word to Garci Perez of what the nobleman had said, expecting to see him burst into fierce indignation, and

defy the other to the field. But Garci Perez remained tranquil, and said not a word.

Within a day or two after, there was a sally from the castle of Triana and a hot skirmish between the Moors and Christians; and Garci Perez and the Infanzon, and a number of cavaliers, pursued the Moors up to the barriers of the castle. Here the enemy rallied and made a fierce defense, and killed several of the cavaliers. But Garci Perez put spurs to his horse, and couching his lance, charged among the thickest of the foes, and followed by a handful of his companions, drove the Moors to the very gates of Triana. The Moors seeing how few were their pursuers turned upon them, and dealt bravely with sword and lance and mace, while stones and darts and arrows were rained down from the towers above the gates. At length the Moors took refuge within the walls, leaving the field to the victorious cavaliers. Garci Perez drew off coolly and calmly amidst a shower of missiles from the wall. He came out of the battle with his armor all battered and defaced; his helmet bruised, the crest broken off, and his buckler so dented and shattered that the device could scarcely be perceived. On returning to the barrier, he found there the Infanzon, with his armor all uninjured, and his armorial bearing as fresh as if just emblazoned, for the vaunting warrior had not ventured beyond the barrier. Then Garci Perez drew near to the Infanzon, and eying him from head to foot, "Señor cavalier," said he, "you may well dispute my right to wear

this honorable device in my shield, since you see I take so little care of it that it is almost destroyed. You, on the other hand, are worthy of bearing it. You are the guardian angel of honor, since you guard it so carefully as to put it to no risk. I will only observe to you that the sword kept in the scabbard rusts, and the valor that is never put to the proof becomes sullied." *

At these words the Infanzon was deeply humiliated, for he saw that Garci Perez had heard of his empty speeches, and he felt how unworthily he had spoken of so valiant and magnanimous a cavalier. "Señor cavalier," said he, "pardon my ignorance and presumption; you alone are worthy of bearing those arms, for you derive not nobility from them, but ennoble them by your glorious deeds."

Then Garci Perez blushed at the praises he had thus drawn upon himself, and he regretted the harshness of his words towards the Infanzon, and he not merely pardoned him all that had passed, but gave him his hand in pledge of amity, and from that time they were close friends and companions in arms.†

* *Cronica General*, pt. 4. *Corona Gotica*, T. 3, § 16.

† *Cronica General*, pt. 4. *Cronica del Rey Santo. Corona Gotica*, T. 3, § 16.

CHAPTER XX.

CAPITULATION OF SEVILLE.—DISPERSION OF THE MOORISH INHABITANTS.—TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF KING FERNANDO.

ABOUT this time there arrived in Seville a Moorish alfaqui, named Orias, with a large company of warriors, who came to this war as if performing a pilgrimage, for it was considered a holy war no less by infidels than Christians. This Orias was of a politic and crafty nature, and he suggested to the commander of Seville a stratagem by which they might get Prince Alfonso in their power, and compel King Fernando to raise the siege by way of ransom. The counsel of Orias was adopted, after a consultation with the principal cavaliers, and measures taken to carry it into execution; a Moor was sent, therefore, as if secretly and by stealth, to Prince Alfonso, and offered to put him in possession of two towers of the wall, if he would come in person to receive them, which towers once in his possession, it would be easy to overpower the city.

Prince Alfonso listened to the envoy with seeming eagerness, but suspected some deceit, and thought it unwise to put his person in such jeopardy. Lest, how-

ever, there should be truth in his proposals, a party of chosen cavaliers were sent as if to take possession of the towers, and with them was Don Pero Nuñez de Guzman, disguised as the prince.

When they came to the place where the Moors had appointed to meet them, they beheld a party of infidels, strongly armed, who advanced with sinister looks, and attempted to surround Don Nuñez, but he, being on his guard, put spurs to his horse, and, breaking through the midst of them, escaped. His companions followed his example, all but one, who was struck from his horse and cut to pieces by the Moors.*

Just after this event there arrived a great reinforcement to the camp from the city of Cordova, bringing provisions and various munitions of war. Finding his army thus increased, the king had a consultation with Admiral Bonifaz, and determined completely to cut off all communication between Seville and Triana, for the Moors still crossed the river occasionally by fording. When they were about to carry their plan into effect, the crafty Alfaqui Orias crossed to Triana, accompanied by a number of Ganzules. He was charged with instructions to the garrison, and to concert some mode of reuniting their forces, or of effecting some blow upon the Christian camp; for unless they could effect a union and coöperation, it would be impossible to make much longer resistance.

* *Cronica General* pt. 4, p. 424.

Scarce had Orias passed, when the Christian sentinels gave notice. Upon this, a detachment of the Christian army immediately crossed and took possession of the opposite shore, and Admiral Bonifaz stationed his fleet in the middle of the river. Thus the return of Orias was prevented, and all intercourse between the places, even by messenger, completely interrupted. The city and Triana were now severally attacked, and unable to render each other assistance. The Moors were daily diminishing in number; many slain in battle, many taken captive, and many dying of hunger and disease. The Christian forces were daily augmenting, and were animated by continual success, whereas mutiny and sedition began to break out among the inhabitants of the city. The Moorish commander, Axataf, therefore, seeing all further resistance vain, sent ambassadors to capitulate with King Fernando. It was a hard and humiliating struggle to resign this fair city, the queen of Andalusia, the seat of Moorish sway and splendor, and which had been under Moorish domination ever since the Conquest.

The valiant Axataf endeavored to make various conditions; that King Fernando should raise the siege on receiving the tribute which had hitherto been paid to the miramamolin. This being peremptorily refused, he offered to give up a third of the city, and then half, building at his own cost a wall to divide the Moorish part from the Christian. King Fernando, however, would listen to no such terms. He demanded the entire sur-

render of the place, with the exception of the persons and effects of the inhabitants, and permitting the commander to retain possession of St. Lucar, Aznal Farache, and Niebla. The commander of Seville saw the sword suspended over his head, and had to submit; the capitulations of the surrender were signed, when Axataf made one last request, that he might be permitted to demolish the grand mosque and the principal tower (or Giralda) of the city.* He felt that these would remain perpetual monuments of his disgrace. The Prince Alfonso was present when this last demand was made, and his father looked at him significantly, as if he desired the reply to come from his lips. The prince rose indignantly and exclaimed, that if there should be a single tile missing from the temple, or a single brick from the tower, it should be paid by so many lives that the streets of Seville should run with blood. The Moors were silenced by this reply, and prepared with heavy hearts to fulfill the capitulation. One month was allowed them for the purpose, the alcazar or citadel of Seville being given up to the Christians as a security.

On the twenty-third day of November this important fortress was surrendered, after a siege of eighteen months. A deputation of the principal Moors came forth and presented King Fernando with the keys of the city; at the same time the aljamia, or council of the Jews, pre-

* *Mariana*, L. 13, c. 7.

sented him with the key of Jewry, the quarter of the city which they inhabited. This key was notable for its curious workmanship. It was formed of all kinds of metals. The guards of it were wrought into letters, bearing the following signification,—"God will open—the king will enter." On the ring was inscribed in Hebrew, —"The King of kings will enter; all the world will behold him." This key is still preserved in the cathedral of Seville, in the place where repose the remains of the sainted King Fernando.*

During the month of grace the Moors sold such of their effects as they could not carry with them, and the king provided vessels for such as chose to depart for Africa. Upwards of one hundred thousand, it is said, were thus convoyed by Admiral Bonifaz, while upwards of two hundred thousand dispersed themselves throughout such of the territory of Andalusia as still remained in possession of the Moors.

When the month was expired, and the city was evacuated by its Moorish inhabitants, King Fernando the Saint entered in solemn triumph, in a grand religious and military procession. There were all the captains and

* In Castile, whenever the kings entered any place where there was a synagogue, the Jews assembled in council and paid to the Monteros, or bull-fighters, twelve maravedis each, to guard them, that they should receive no harm from the Christians; being held in such contempt and odium, that it was necessary they should be under the safeguard of the king, not to be injured or insulted.*

* Zuniga, *Annales de Sevilla.*

cavaliers of the army, in shining armor, with the prelates, and masters of the religious and military orders, and the nobility of Castile, Leon, and Aragon, in their richest apparel. The streets resounded with the swelling notes of martial music and with the joyous acclamations of the multitude.

In the midst of the procession was the venerable effigy of the most Holy Mary, on a triumphal car of silver, wrought with admirable skill; and immediately after followed the pious king, with a drawn sword in his hand, and on his left was Prince Alfonso and the other princes.

The procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been purified and consecrated as a Christian temple, where the triumphal car of the Holy Virgin was placed at the grand altar. Here the pious king knelt and returned thanks to Heaven and the Virgin for this signal victory, and all present chanted *Te Deum Laudamus.*

CHAPTER XXI.

DEATH OF KING FERNANDO.

WHEN King Fernando had regulated everything for the good government and prosperity of Seville, he sallied forth with his conquering army to subdue the surrounding country. He soon brought under subjection Xerez, Medina Sidonia, Alua, Bepel, and many other places near the sea-coast; some surrendered voluntarily, others were taken by force; he maintained a strict peace with his vassal the King of Granada, but finding not sufficient scope for his arms in Spain, and being inflamed with a holy zeal in the cause of the faith, he determined to pass over into Africa, and retaliate upon the Moslems their daring invasion of his country. For this purpose he ordered a powerful armada to be prepared in the ports of Cantabria, to be put under the command of the bold Admiral Bonifaz.

In the midst of his preparations, which spread consternation throughout Mauritania, the pious king fell dangerously ill at Seville of a dropsy. When he found his dying hour approaching, he made his death-bed confession, and requested the holy Sacrament to be adminis-

tered to him. A train of bishops and other clergy, among whom was his son Philip, Archbishop of Seville, brought the Sacrament into his presence. The king rose from his bed, threw himself on his knees, with a rope round his neck and a crucifix in his hand, and poured forth his soul in penitence and prayer. Having received the *viatica* and the holy Sacrament, he commanded all ornaments of royalty to be taken from his chamber. He assembled his children round his bedside, and blessed his son the Prince Alfonso, as his first-born and the heir of his throne, giving him excellent advice for the government of his kingdom, and charging him to protect the interests of his brethren. The pious king afterwards fell into an ecstasy or trance, in which he beheld angels watching round his bed to bear his soul to heaven. He awoke from this in a state of heavenly rapture, and, asking for a candle, he took it in his hand and made his ultimate profession of the faith. He then requested the clergy present to repeat the litanies, and to chant the *Te Deum Laudamus.* In chanting the first verse of the hymn, the king gently inclined his head, with perfect serenity of countenance, and rendered up his spirit. "The hymn," says the ancient chronicle, "which was begun on earth by men, was continued by the voices of angels, which were heard by all present." These doubtless were the angels which the king in his ecstacy had beheld around his couch, and which now accompanied him, in his glorious ascent to heaven, with songs of holy

triumph. Nor was it in his chamber alone that these voices were heard, but in all the royal alcazars of Seville, the sweetest voices were heard in the air and seraphic music, as of angelic choirs, at the moment that the sainted king expired.* He died on the 30th of May, the vespers of the Holy Trinity, in the year of the Incarnation one thousand two hundred and forty-two, aged seventy-three years—having reigned thirty-five years over Castile and twenty over Leon.

Two days after his death he was interred in his royal chapel in the Holy Church, in a sepulchre of alabaster, which still remains. It is asserted by grave authors that at the time of putting his body in the sepulchre, the choir of angels again was heard chanting his eulogium, and filling the air with sweet melody in praise of his virtues.†

When Alhamar, the Moorish king of Granada, heard of his death, he caused great demonstrations of mourning to be made throughout his dominions. During his life he sent yearly a number of Moors with one hundred wax tapers, to assist at his exequies, which ceremony was observed by his successors, until the time of the conquest of Granada by Fernando the Catholic.‡

* Pablo de Espinosa, *Grandesas de Sevilla*, fol. 146. *Cronica del Santo Rey*, c. 78. *Corona Gotica*, T. 3, p. 166.

† Argoti de Molina, *Nobleza de Andaluzia*, L. 1, c. 21. Tomas Bocio, *Signales de la Iglesia*, L. 29. Don Rodrigo Sanchez, Bishop of Palencia, pt. 3, c. 40.

‡ Pablo de Espinosa, fol. 146.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

SPANISH ROMANCE.

To the Editor of "The Knickerbocker":—

SIR,—I have already given you a legend or two, drawn from ancient Spanish sources, and may occasionally give you a few more. I love these old Spanish themes, especially when they have a dash of the Morisco in them, and treat of the times when the Moslems maintained a foothold in the peninsula. They have a high, spicy, oriental flavor, not to be found in any other themes that are merely European. In fact, Spain is a country that stands alone in the midst of Europe—severed in habits, manners, and modes of thinking from all its continental neighbors. It is a romantic country; but its romance has none of the sentimentality of modern European romance; it is chiefly derived from the brilliant regions of the East, and from the high-minded school of Saracenic chivalry.

The Arab invasion and conquest brought a higher civilization, and a nobler style of thinking into Gothic Spain. The Arabs were a quick-witted, sagacious, proud-

spirited, and poetical people, and were imbued with oriental science and literature. Wherever they established a seat of power, it became a rallying-place for the learned and ingenious; and they softened and refined the people whom they conquered. By degrees, occupancy seemed to give them a hereditary right to their foothold in the land; they ceased to be looked upon as invaders, and were regarded as rival neighbors. The peninsula, broken up into a variety of states, both Christian and Moslem, became for centuries a great campaigning ground, where the art of war seemed to be the principal business of man, and was carried to the highest pitch of romantic chivalry. The original ground of hostility, a difference of faith, gradually lost its rancor. Neighboring states, of opposite creeds, were occasionally linked together in alliances, offensive and defensive; so that the Cross and Crescent were to be seen side by side, fighting against some common enemy. In times of peace, too, the noble youth of either faith resorted to the same cities, Christian or Moslem, to school themselves in military science. Even in the temporary truces of sanguinary wars, the warriors who had recently striven together in the deadly conflicts of the field, laid aside their animosity, met at tournaments, jousts, and other military festivities, and exchanged the courtesies of gentle and generous spirits. Thus the opposite races became frequently mingled together in peaceful intercourse, or if any rivalry took place, it was in those high courtesies and nobler acts

which bespeak the accomplished cavalier. Warriors of opposite creeds became ambitious of transcending each other in magnanimity as well as valor. Indeed, the chivalric virtues were refined upon to a degree sometimes fastidious and constrained, but at other times inexpressibly noble and affecting. The annals of the times teem with illustrious instances of high-wrought courtesy, romantic generosity, lofty disinterestedness, and punctilious honor, that warm the very soul to read them. These have furnished themes for national plays and poems, or have been celebrated in those all-pervading ballads, which are as the life-breath of the people, and thus have continued to exercise an influence on the national character which centuries of vicissitude and decline have not been able to destroy; so that, with all their faults, and they are many, the Spaniards, even at the present day, are, on many points, the most high-minded and proud-spirited people of Europe. It is true, the romance of feeling derived from the sources I have mentioned has, like all other romance, its affectations and extremes. It renders the Spaniard at times pompous and grandiloquent; prone to carry the "pundoner," or point of honor, beyond the bounds of sober sense and sound morality; disposed, in the midst of poverty, to affect the "grande caballero," and to look down with sovereign disdain upon arts "mechanical," and all the gainful pursuits of plebeian life; but this very inflation of spirit, while it fills his brain with vapors, lifts him above a thousand mean-

nesses; and though it often keeps him in indigence, ever protects him from vulgarity.

In the present day when popular literature is running into the low levels of life, and luxuriating on the vices and follies of mankind; and when the universal pursuit of gain is trampling down the early growth of poetic feeling, and wearing out the verdure of the soul, I question whether it would not be of service for the reader occasionally to turn to these records of prouder times and loftier modes of thinking, and to steep himself to the very lips in old Spanish romance.

For my own part, I have a shelf or two of venerable, parchment-bound tomes, picked up here and there about the peninsula, and filled with chronicles, plays, and ballads about Moors and Christians, which I keep by me as mental tonics, in the same way that a provident housewife has her cupboard of cordials. Whenever I find my mind brought below par, by the commonplace of everyday life, or jarred by the sordid collisions of the world, or put out of tune by the shrewd selfishness of modern utilitarianism, I resort to these venerable tomes, as did the worthy hero of La Mancha to his books of chivalry, and refresh and tone up my spirit by a deep draught of their contents. They have some such effect upon me as Falstaff ascribes to a good sherris sack, "warming the blood, and filling the brain with fiery and delectable shapes."

I here subjoin, Mr. Editor, a small specimen of the

cordials I have mentioned, just drawn from my Spanish cupboard, which I recommend to your palate. If you find it to your taste, you may pass it on to your readers.

Your correspondent and well-wisher,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.

LEGEND OF DON MUNIO SANCHO DE HINOJOSA.

IN the cloisters of the ancient Benedictine convent of San Domingo, at Silos, in Castile, are the mouldering yet magnificent monuments of the once powerful and chivalrous family of Hinojosa. Among these reclines the marble figure of a knight, in complete armor, with the hands pressed together, as if in prayer. On one side of his tomb is sculptured, in relief, a band of Christian cavaliers capturing a cavalcade of male and female Moors; on the other side, the same cavaliers are represented kneeling before an altar. The tomb, like most of the neighboring monuments, is almost in ruins, and the sculpture is nearly unintelligible, excepting to the keen eye of the antiquary. The story connected with the sepulchre, however, is still preserved in the old Spanish chronicles, and is to the following purport:—

In old times, several hundred years ago, there was a noble Castilian cavalier, named Don Munio Sancho de

Hinojosa, lord of a border castle, which had stood the brunt of many a Moorish foray. He had seventy horsemen as his household troops, all of the ancient Castilian proof, stark warriors, hard riders, and men of iron; with these he scoured the Moorish lands, and made his name terrible throughout the borders. His castle hall was covered with banners and scimetars and Moslem helms, the trophies of his prowess. Don Munio was, moreover, a keen huntsman; and rejoiced in hounds of all kinds, steeds for the chase, and hawks for the towering sport of falconry. When not engaged in warfare, his delight was to beat up the neighboring forests; and scarcely ever did he ride forth without hound and horn, a boar-spear in his hand, or a hawk upon his fist, and an attendant train of huntsmen.

His wife, Doña Maria Palacin, was of a gentle and timid nature, little fitted to be the spouse of so hardy and adventurous a knight; and many a tear did the poor lady shed when he sallied forth upon his daring enterprises, and many a prayer did she offer up for his safety.

As this doughty cavalier was one day hunting, he stationed himself in a thicket, on the borders of a green glade of the forest, and dispersed his followers to rouse the game and drive it towards his stand. He had not been here long when a cavalcade of Moors, of both sexes, came pranking over the forest lawn. They were unarmed, and magnificently dressed in robes of tissue and embroid-

ery, rich shawls of India, bracelets and anklets of gold, and jewels that sparkled in the sun.

At the head of this gay cavalcade rode a youthful cavalier, superior to the rest in dignity and loftiness of demeanor, and in splendor of attire; beside him was a damsel, whose veil, blown aside by the breeze, displayed a face of surpassing beauty, and eyes cast down in maiden modesty, yet beaming with tenderness and joy.

Don Munio thanked his stars for sending him such a prize, and exulted at the thought of bearing home to his wife the glittering spoils of these infidels. Putting his hunting-horn to his lips, he gave a blast that rung through the forest. His huntsmen came running from all quarters, and the astonished Moors were surrounded and made captives.

The beautiful Moor wrung her hands in despair, and her female attendants uttered the most piercing cries. The young Moorish cavalier alone retained self-possession. He inquired the name of the Christian knight who commanded this troop of horsemen. When told that it was Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, his countenance lighted up. Approaching that cavalier, and kissing his hand, "Don Munio Sancho," said he, "I have heard of your fame as a true and valiant knight, terrible in arms, but schooled in the noble virtues of chivalry. Such do I trust to find you. In me you behold Abadil, son of a Moorish alcaid. I am on the way to celebrate my nuptials with this lady; chance has thrown us in your

power, but I confide in your magnanimity. Take all our treasure and jewels; demand what ransom you think proper for our persons, but suffer us not to be insulted or dishonored."

When the good knight heard this appeal, and beheld the beauty of the youthful pair, his heart was touched with tenderness and courtesy. "God forbid," said he, "that I should disturb such happy nuptials. My prisoners in troth shall ye be, for fifteen days, and immured within my castle, where I claim, as conqueror, the right of celebrating your espousals."

So saying, he despatched one of his fleetest horsemen in advance, to notify Doña Maria Palacin of the coming of this bridal party; while he and his huntsmen escorted the cavalcade, not as captors, but as a guard of honor. As they drew near to the castle, the banners were hung out, and the trumpets sounded from the battlements; and on their nearer approach, the drawbridge was lowered, and Doña Maria came forth to meet them, attended by her ladies and knights, her pages and her minstrels. She took the young bride, Allifra, in her arms, kissed her with the tenderness of a sister, and conducted her into the castle. In the meantime, Don Munio sent forth missives in every direction, and had viands and dainties of all kinds collected from the country round; and the wedding of the Moorish lovers was celebrated with all possible state and festivity. For fifteen days the castle was given up to joy and revelry. There were tiltings and

jousts at the ring, and bull-fights, and banquets, and dances to the sound of minstrelsy. When the fifteen days were at an end, he made the bride and bridegroom magnificent presents, and conducted them and their attendants safely beyond the borders. Such, in old times, were the courtesy and generosity of a Spanish cavalier.

Several years after this event, the king of Castile summoned his nobles to assist him in a campaign against the Moors. Don Munio Sancho was among the first to answer to the call, with seventy horsemen, all stanch and well-tried warriors. His wife, Doña Maria, hung about his neck. "Alas, my lord!" exclaimed she, "how often wilt thou tempt thy fate, and when will thy thirst for glory be appeased?"

"One battle more," replied Don Munio, "one battle more, for the honor of Castile, and I here make a vow that when this is over, I will lay by my sword, and repair with my cavaliers in pilgrimage to the Sepulchre of our Lord at Jerusalem." The cavaliers all joined with him in the vow, and Doña Maria felt in some degree soothed in spirit; still, she saw with a heavy heart the departure of her husband, and watched his banner with wistful eyes, until it disappeared among the trees of the forest.

The king of Castile led his army to the plains of Salmanara, where they encountered the Moorish host, near to Ucles. The battle was long and bloody; the Christians repeatedly wavered, and were as often rallied by the energy of their commanders. Don Munio was cov-

ered with wounds, but refused to leave the field. The Christians at length gave way, and the king was hardly pressed, and in danger of being captured.

Don Munio called upon his cavaliers to follow him to the rescue. "Now is the time," cried he, "to prove your loyalty. Fall to, like brave men! We fight for the true faith, and if we lose our lives here, we gain a better life hereafter."

Rushing with his men between the king and his pursuers, they checked the latter in their career, and gave time for their monarch to escape; but they fell victims to their loyalty. They all fought to the last gasp. Don Munio was singled out by a powerful Moorish knight, but having been wounded in the right arm, he fought to disadvantage, and was slain. The battle being over, the Moor paused to possess himself of the spoils of this redoubtable Christian warrior. When he unlaced the helmet, however, and beheld the countenance of Don Munio, he gave a great cry, and smote his breast. "Woe is me!" cried he, "I have slain my benefactor! the flower of knightly virtue! the most magnanimous of cavaliers!"

While the battle had been raging on the plain of Salmanara, Doña Maria Palacin remained in her castle, a prey to the keenest anxiety. Her eyes were ever fixed on the road that led from the country of the Moors, and often she asked the watchman of the tower, "What seest thou?"

One evening, at the shadowy hour of twilight, the warden sounded his horn. "I see," cried he, "a numerous train winding up the valley. There are mingled Moors and Christians. The banner of my lord is in the advance. Joyful tidings!" exclaimed the old seneschal; "my lord returns in triumph, and brings captives!" Then the castle courts rang with shouts of joy; and the standard was displayed, and the trumpets were sounded, and the drawbridge was lowered, and Doña Maria went forth with her ladies, and her knights, and her pages, and her minstrels, to welcome her lord from the wars. But as the train drew nigh, she beheld a sumptuous bier, covered with black velvet, and on it lay a warrior, as if taking his repose; he lay in his armor, with his helmet on his head, and his sword in his hand, as one who had never been conquered, and around the bier were the escutcheons of the house of Hinojosa.

A number of Moorish cavaliers attended the bier, with emblems of mourning and with dejected countenances; and their leader cast himself at the feet of Doña Maria, and hid his face in his hands. She beheld in him the gallant Abadil, whom she had once welcomed with his bride to her castle, but who now came with the body of her lord, whom he had unknowingly slain in battle!

The sepulchre erected in the cloisters of the Convent of San Domingo was achieved at the expense of the Moor Abadil, as a feeble testimony of his grief for the

death of the good knight Don Munio, and his reverence for his memory. The tender and faithful Doña Maria soon followed her lord to the tomb. On one of the stones of a small arch, beside his sepulchre, is the following simple inscription: "*Hic jacet Maria Palacin, uxor Munonis Sancij De Hinojosa:*" Here lies Maria Palacin, wife of Munio Sancho de Hinojosa.

The legend of Don Munio Sancho does not conclude with his death. On the same day on which the battle took place on the plain of Salmanara, a chaplain of the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, while standing at the outer gate, beheld a train of Christian cavaliers advancing, as if in pilgrimage. The chaplain was a native of Spain, and as the pilgrims approached, he knew the foremost to be Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa, with whom he had been well acquainted in former times. Hastening to the patriarch, he told him of the honorable rank of the pilgrims at the gate. The patriarch, therefore, went forth with a grand procession of priests and monks, and received the pilgrims with all due honor. There were seventy cavaliers, beside their leader, all stark and lofty warriors. They carried their helmets in their hands, and their faces were deadly pale. They greeted no one, nor looked either to the right or to the left, but entered the chapel, and kneeling before the Sepulchre of our Saviour, performed their orisons in silence. When they had concluded, they rose as if to depart, and the patriarch and his attendants advanced to speak to them, but they were no more to be

seen. Every one marveled what could be the meaning of this prodigy. The patriarch carefully noted down the day, and sent to Castile to learn tidings of Don Munio Sancho de Hinojosa. He received for reply, that on the very day specified that worthy knight, with seventy of his followers, had been slain in battle. These, therefore, must have been the blessed spirits of those Christian warriors, come to fulfill their vow of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Such was Castilian faith in the olden time, which kept its word, even beyond the grave.

If any one should doubt of the miraculous apparition of these phantom knights, let him consult the "History of the Kings of Castile and Leon," by the learned and pious Fray Prudencio de Sandoval, Bishop of Pamplona, where he will find it recorded in the History of the King Don Alonzo VI., on the hundred and second page. It is too precious a legend to be lightly abandoned to the doubter.

THE END.

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